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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated

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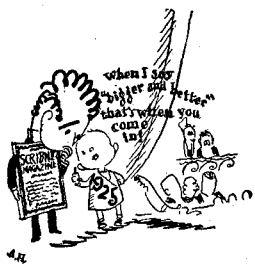
Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors



HAVING put off the disguising nimbus in the last number, readers inquire who it is we turn out to be. Well, we are the chap who writes this department and does various odds and ends about the shop.

This shop is a rather pleasant place to be, and from our point of vantage we are able to observe much that goes on. When Edward Bok comes in with two of those attractive girls from the Fifth Avenue Section with whom he has been out on a shopping tour, when Royal Cortissoz comes in with his copy for next month, or when the budding young artist tries to sell the art director a set of drawings, we see them all. The only drawback to our observatory is that we cannot escape the hunting eye of the insurance agent or other person who stops in because he was struck with the altruistic idea that he might be of service to us.

Scribner's Magazine wishes each of its readers a Merry Christmas and a New Year marked by joy, health, and prosperity. What we want most is that you shall realize your hopes and be able to see your life as something worthy and good, as something which gives you satisfaction; and that by being immersed in one interest you do not lose sight of life in its entirety.

"A fellow who somehow arouses admiration," a phrase the editor of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* applied to Senator Borah in an editorial the day after the recent election, is expressive. And since we happen to know that this editor is rather frugal in his enthusiasms, it is very expressive. Senator Borah's re-election was to the editor —and to us—one of three pleasant little bits of information "out of the débris of the morning."

"A Fellow Who Arouses Admiration"

We find ourselves having an ever growing respect and admiration for the Senator from Idaho. His new position as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, to which he succeeds by the death of Senator Lodge, gives him increased power and prestige. His article, "The Republican Victory—What Shall We Do With It?" is a clear outline of what the Republican party must do to retain liberal support, and stands out as a document which is sure to affect administration policies.

From politics we turn to literature, and from Senator Borah to Joseph Conrad. Mr. Galsworthy's reminiscences are among the finest things we have read in the great mass of material that Conrad's death called forth. And since we take no small pleasure in Mr. Galsworthy's own writings, you can see that we are liking this number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE pretty well. One particular delight is a vindication of an opinion of ours by Conrad himself. When, on the way to our observatory one morning, we saw the morning papers headlining the death of Joseph Conrad we experienced a distinct sinking feeling, and almost the first

From Borah to Conrad

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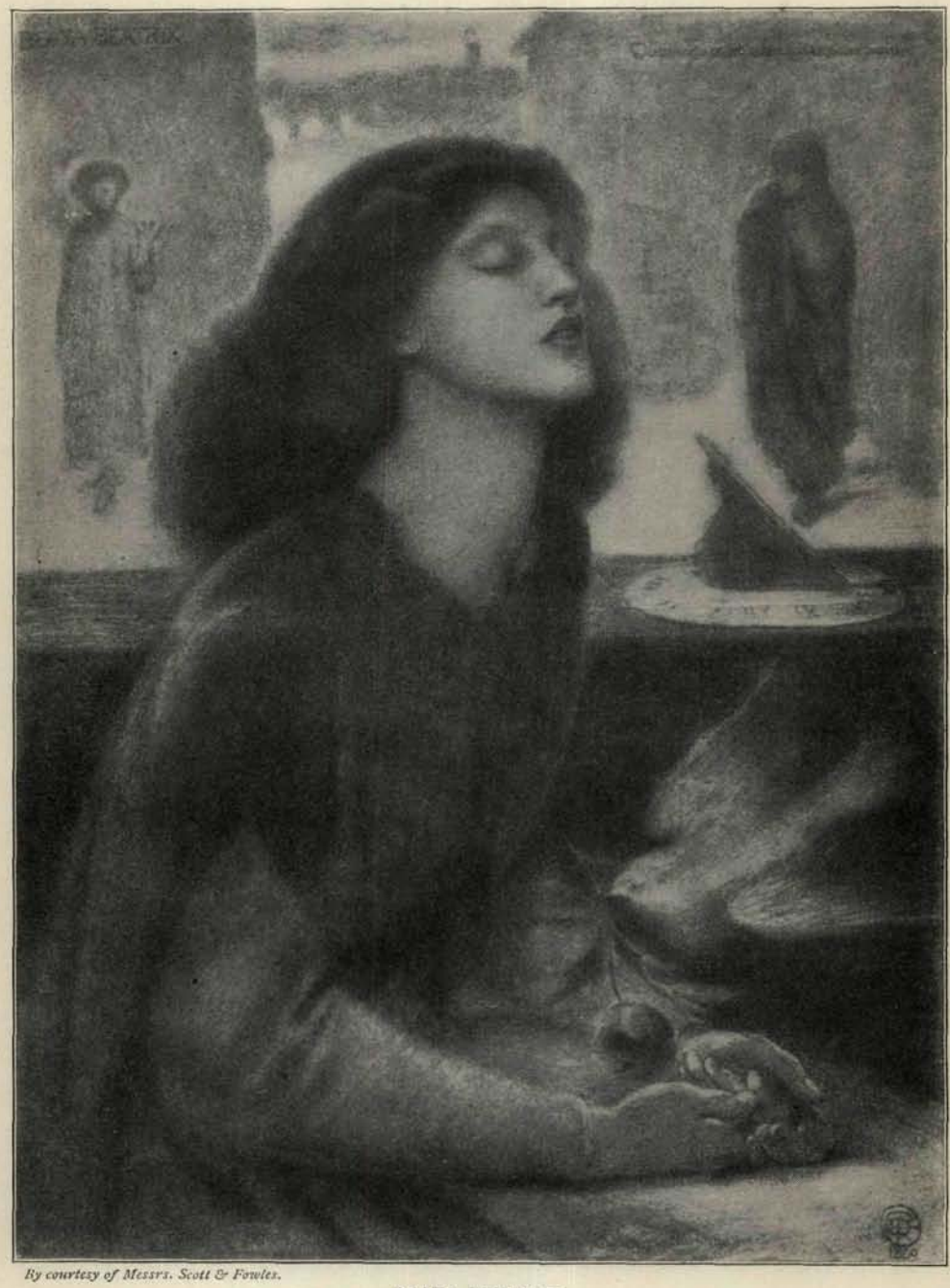

By courtesy of Messrs. Scott & Fowles.

BEATA BEATRIX.

From a drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

This is a version in crayon, done in 1869, of the painting of the subject executed six years before, which is preserved in the Tate Gallery in London. The drawing, now in this country, reproduces the features of the artist's wife.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVII JANUARY, 1925 NO. 1

The Republican Victory

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?

BY WILLIAM E. BORAH

Senator from Idaho

NEARLY five million voters, almost one-fifth of all who cast a ballot in the last election, registered their conviction that neither of the old parties was longer fit to administer the affairs of government. There was great rejoicing over the fact that the third party did not receive a larger popular vote. In my opinion it was quite large enough to put the party now in power upon notice—notice that a task is at hand, must be recognized and faithfully and courageously discharged. The future of the third party rests upon the manner in which the two parties now dividing power shall accept and dispose of their obvious obligations to the people. What are some of these manifest, imperative obligations, the disregard of which would be a self-confessed judgment either of pathetic incompetence or sordid betrayal?

The primary task of the Republican party is to rid the government of malfeasance and corruption. We have passed through a prolonged era of riotous disregard of the simplest and most fundamental principles of public service; nothing like it since the days of Walpole, when the paymaster stood near the gangway of the House of Commons and settled in cash with the political Judases as they passed into the night and into everlasting infamy. The aftermath of war brings always and ever a reign of looseness, both in public and private morals, an era of peculation and corruption. The unconscionable profiteering during the war took on a little different form after the war. Let no Republican suppose for a moment that the vote indicated indifference to this issue. The people are deeply concerned, and the slightest evidence that the party in power is shirking its task, now so well revealed, or is disposed to protect men for party reasons would bring condemnation. It may be said that the people should have condemned at the election. Had it not been for the exceptional confidence the people had in the integrity and purpose of the President, separate and apart from the record of the party, the story of the ides of November would have been quite different. They trusted Coolidge, and it is up to the party to give him active and aggressive support in what should be a most drastic programme of housecleaning.

Corruption is the miscreated offspring of extravagance—they are whelps from the same kennel. So far as the taxpayer is concerned, it makes little difference whether public property is bartered away by corrupt officers or whether the public treasury is simply looted through the yielding of a timid Congress to every organized demand of a menacing block of voters. Is there anywhere to be found a story of incompetence, waste, and extravagance, of utter disregard of the taxpayers' interests, equal to that which is found in the record of the government

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during the last ten years? The revolting tale of the Shipping Board, the perfidy of the Alien Property administration, the crime of the airplane enterprise, the shame of the oil deal, together with numerous bills and measures equally unjust, and unnecessarily adding millions directly to the taxpayers' burdens!

In 1913 our tax bill, state and federal, was $2,194,000,000. Eight years thereafter and four years after the close of the war, when many of the war expenses should have been eliminated, our tax bill was $7,061,000,000. In 1913 we were taking 6.4 per cent of our national income for taxes. In 1922 we were taking 12.1 per cent. In 1901 our appropriations were $705,666,298.83. Twenty-three years afterward our appropriations were $3,706,779,063.12. In 1894 our taxes were $12.50 per capita. In 1923 they were about $68 per capita. I haven't the slightest doubt—and I say this after a very careful investigation and after consulting people who were far more capable of investigating—but that at least five billion dollars of our national debt represents sheer waste, extravagance, and profiteering.

Turning to the States, the situation is even worse. The percentage of increase in taxes in the States ranged from 100 per cent to 350 per cent during the last ten years. The tax bill of the farmers in 1913 was $624,000,000; in 1922 it was $1,436,000,000. Measured by the ratio of income, the farmer in 1922 paid 16.6 per cent of his entire income for taxes. Professor Richard T. Ely makes the startling statement that "taxes on farm lands are steadily and rapidly approximating the annual value of farm lands." While we are investigating to find out what is the matter with agriculture, I beg leave to say that the great trouble is that we are taxing the farmer to death. No one is more affected by railroad rates than the producer, the farmer, and the live-stock man, and when we turn to the increase of taxes upon these industries we find that in 1902 railroad taxes per mile were $272; in 1922 they were $1,241 per mile.

The issue of economy was the issue which broke across party lines and brought Mr. Coolidge more votes than all the other issues combined. He had convinced the people of his purpose relative to this important issue. Extravagance is the most subtle and dangerous disease with which a free government has to contend. It is now a national disease. The Republican party must cope with it. It will require skill and courage and great persistence to eliminate it from the body politic. Any one who is interested in the future of the party and, what is far more important, in the future of our country will stand true in this fight.

The second great obligation of the party imposed upon it by reason of this election is to give the people economy in government. The more we think upon it, the more we examine it, the more we will find what a stupendous task has been imposed upon us.

Law enforcement has become a great national problem. This government was founded upon the theory that the people would obey the laws which they helped to make. Upon no other theory can it be maintained. The basis upon which the whole structure rests is obedience to the law because it is the law. This principle is being sadly challenged by actual facts. I do not know of a more startling document than a report lately made by a special committee of the American Bar Association. According to this report, in 1920 there were 9,000 homicides in the United States; in 1921, 9,500. During the last ten years 85,000 people from poison, the pistol, the knife, or other unlawful means have suffered death. That seems inconceivable in a government less than one hundred and fifty years old founded upon the will and loyalty of the people and expressing through its institutions the highest exemplification of law and order. In 1922 there were 17 murders in the city of London, 260 in the city of New York, 137 in the city of Chicago. In 1921 there were 121 robberies in all of England and Wales combined, 1,445 in New York City, 2,417 in the city of Chicago. This presents a great national problem which can never be remedied except through the invincible power of public opinion, through bringing ourselves to understand again that respect

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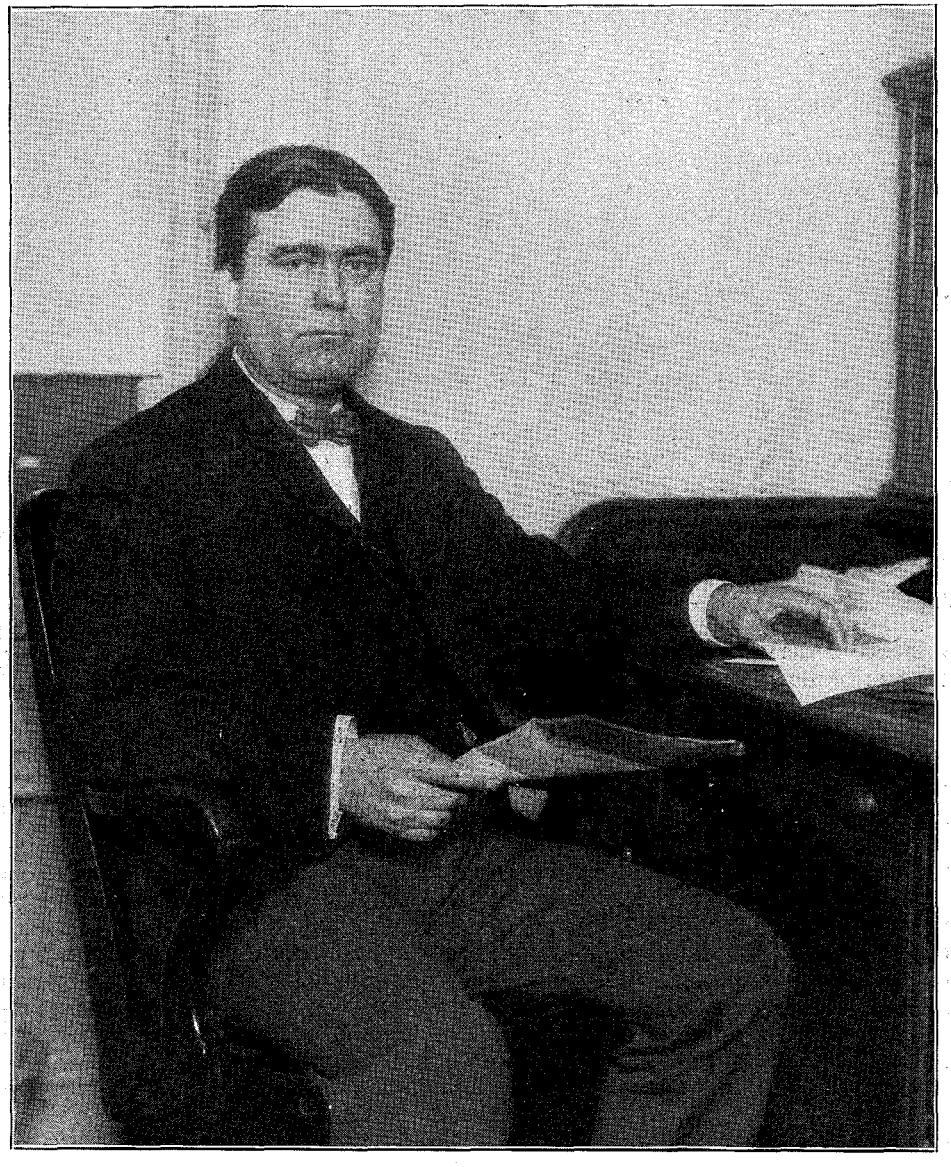

William E. Borah, Senator from Idaho.

for and devotion to established law is indispensable to our happiness and to our prosperity and to the maintenance of our civilization.

While disregard for any law is serious enough, it has always seemed to me far more significant and far more serious when that disregard relates to the great charter of government under which we live. Defiance or disregard of the Constitution, or any of its provisions, strikes at the very foundation of a government of law and order, undermines the whole structure of orderly and regulated liberty. I am aware that there are provisions in our Constitution, particularly the Eighteenth Amendment, which many of our people believe ought not to be there. But certainly no reflecting or law-abiding citizen will contend that, so long as the Constitution stands unmodified and unchanged, every consideration of good gov-

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ernment requires that the Constitution be respected and enforced. No one can deny the right of a citizen, or a body of citizens, to urge a change of the Constitution—to rewrite all or any part of it is a right which no one ought to challenge. But while it is the fundamental law, it is nothing less than a betrayal of the first principles of free government to disregard it, or any provision of it.

There should be a nation-wide movement for law enforcement, not alone an appeal to the officers to do their duty, but also to the people generally, that public opinion may be molded in support of the cause. The Republican party can perform no greater service to the cause of good government than by making law enforcement one of its primary obligations and duties. The people as a whole expect it and good morals and sound and secure government demand it.

I have sought to accentuate the importance of the foregoing because I regard them as the most immediate and important problems with which the party must deal. The discussion of these matters leaves neither time nor space to more than mention some of the other things of only little less importance.

The transportation problem, the coal problem, legislation touching the development of electric power, present a line of work which calls for a vast amount of careful preparation and the highest order of constructive talent. The responsibility has been placed upon the party for four years in the executive department and probably as long in the legislative department. We shall have to deal with these subjects within that time. They cannot wait, and we cannot take the risk of having them wait. The sooner we get at the task the better.

It would seem that we should take up the work at once and begin by appointing agencies for investigation and study, to be followed by legislation, somewhat as we are proposing to do with the agricultural problem. Delay is dangerous, principally for the reason that, too long postponed, a crisis will come and we shall have to enact ill-considered and hasty and harmful legislation. Under the whip and overnight, as is our wont, we will undertake to solve some of the most difficult and delicate problems imaginable. If this winter should present the coal proposition as it was presented some two winters ago we would be at the mercy of two groups of men—the government would be in a distressing situation and practically helpless. If these were new problems, it would be different, but they have been waiting for consideration a long time.

In foreign affairs the most interesting questions of a century are begging for attention. I am just as much opposed to foreign political entanglements or engagements as one could well be. They seem to me not only unwise and dangerous but actually an embarrassment, a hindrance in the great leadership which may, if we choose, be ours in the cause of disarmament and peace. The fact that we want no foreign political obligations or entanglements does not in any sense relieve us from concern and consideration touching those great principles which lie at the base of not only our material but our spiritual progress and power.

We ought to lead out in re-establishing and bringing down to date a body of international law. A court without a body of laws under, and in accordance with, which it may function would be unworkable, and if workable most undesirable—a menace. We ought to seek to incorporate in that code provisions which would express the judgment of mankind that war is a crime and should no longer be accepted among enlightened nations as a legitimate institution for the settlement of international disputes; then the establishment of an international judicial tribunal divorced from and independent of all international politics or political institutions, with power and jurisdiction to hear and decide all questions arising under international law or treaties. We can render a singularly great service to the cause of peace and disarmament and to the advancement and happiness of the whole human family, and we can do so without sacrificing or even putting in pawn our freedom of action or our sovereignty and without departing from the traditional policies under which we have come into our present place of prestige and power.

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Reminiscences of Conrad

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

MANY writers knew my dear friend, and will write of him better than I; but no other writer knew him quite so long, or knew him both as sailor and novelist.

It was in March, 1893, that I first met Conrad on board the English sailing ship *Torrens* in Adelaide Harbor. He was superintending the stowage of cargo. Very dark he looked in the burning sunlight—tanned, with a peaked brown beard, almost black hair, and dark brown eyes, over which the lids were deeply folded. He was thin, not tall, his arms very long, his shoulders broad, his head set rather forward. He spoke to me with a strong foreign accent. He seemed to me strange on an English ship. For fifty-six days I sailed in his company.

The chief mate bears the main burden of a sailing ship. All the first night he was fighting a fire in the hold. None of us seventeen passengers knew of it till long after. It was he who had most truck with the tail of that hurricane off the Leeuwin, and later with another storm. He was a good seaman, watchful of the weather; quick in handling the ship; considerate with the apprentices—we had a long, unhappy Belgian youth among them, who took unhandily to the sea and dreaded going aloft; Conrad compassionately spared him all he could. With the crew he was popular; they were individuals to him, not a mere gang; and long after he would talk of this or that among them, especially of old Andy the sailmaker: "I likéd that old fellow, you know." With the young second mate, a cheerful, capable young seaman, very English, he was friendly; and respectful, if faintly ironic, with his whiskered, stout old English captain. I was supposed to be studying navigation for the Admiralty Bar, and every day would work out the ship's position with the captain. On one side of the saloon table we would sit and check our observations on this important matter with those of Conrad, who would sit on the other side of the table and look at us a little quizzically. For Conrad had commanded ships, and his subordinate position on the *Torrens* was only due to the fact that he was then still convalescent from the Congo experience which had nearly killed him. Many evening watches in fine weather we spent on the poop. Ever the great teller of a tale, he had already nearly twenty years of tales to tell. Tales of ships and storms, of Polish revolution, of his youthful Carlist gun-running adventure, of the Malay seas, and the Congo; and of men and men; all to a listener who had the insatiability of a twenty-five year old.

When, seven or eight years later, Conrad, though then in his best period and long acclaimed a great writer by the few, was struggling, year in year out, to keep a roof over him amidst the apathy of the many who afterward fell over each other to read him in his worst period, I remember urging him to raise the wind by tale-telling in public. He wouldn't, and he was right. Still, so incomparable a *raconteur* must have made a success, even though his audience might have missed many words owing to his strange yet fascinating foreign accent.

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On that ship he talked of life, not literature, and it is *not* true that I introduced him to the life of letters. At Cape Town, on my last evening, he asked me to his cabin, and I remember feeling that he outweighed for me all the other experience of that voyage. Fascination was Conrad's great characteristic—the fascination of vivid expressiveness and zest, of his deeply affectionate heart, and his far-ranging subtle mind. He was extraordinarily perceptive and receptive. If we remember his portraits of the simple Englishmen of action—the inexpressive Creightons, McWhirrs, Lingards, Bakers, Allistouns, and the half-savage figures of some of his books, we get some conception of his sympathetic scope by reading the following passages in a letter to me of February 1899 on the work of Henry James:

"Technical perfection, unless there is some real glow to illumine and warm it from within, must necessarily be cold. I argue that in Henry James there is such a glow, and not a dim one either; but to us, used, absolutely accustomed, to unartistic expression of fine headlong honest (or dishonest) sentiments, the art of Henry James does appear heartless. The outlines are so clear, the figures so finished, chiselled, carved, and brought out, that we exclaim—we, used to the shades of the contemporary fiction, to the more or less malformed shades—we exclaim: 'Stone!' Not at all. I say flesh and blood—very perfectly presented—perhaps with too much perfection of *method*. . . . His heart shows itself in the delicacy of his handling. . . . He is never in deep gloom or in violent sunshine. But he feels deeply and vividly every delicate shade. We cannot ask for more. Not every one is a Turgenev. Moreover, Turgenev is not civilized (therein much of his charm for us) in the sense Henry James is civilized. *Satis.*"

From these sensitive words it is clear that he appreciated the super-subtle, the ultra-civilized, as completely as he grasped the life and thoughts of simple folk. And yet there is not, so far as I can remember, a single portrait in his gallery of a really subtle English type, for Marlowe, though English in name, is not so in nature.

Between his voyages in those last days of his sailor's life Conrad used to stay at rooms in Gillingham Street, near Victoria Station. It was there that he read so prodigiously, and there that he suffered from bouts of that lingering Congo fever which dogged his health and fastened a deep, fitful gloom over his spirit. In a letter to me he once said: "I don't say anything of actual bodily pain, for, God is my witness, I care for that less than nothing." He was, indeed, truly stoical, and his naturally buoyant spirit reacted with extreme suddenness. But all the years I knew him—thirty-one—he had to fight for decent health. Such words as: "I have been abominably ill—abominably is the right word," occur again and again in his letters, and his creative achievement in a language not native to him, in face of these constant bouts of illness, approaches the marvellous.

It was the sea that gave Conrad to the English language. A fortunate accident—he could so easily have written in the French language. He started his manhood, as it were, at Marseilles. In a letter to me, 1905, he says: "In Marseilles I did begin life thirty-one years ago. It's the place where the puppy opened his eyes." He was ever more at home with French literature than with English, spoke that language with less accent, liked Frenchmen, and better understood their clearer thoughts. And yet, perhaps, not quite an accident; for, after all, he had the roving quality which has made the English the great sea nation of the world; and, I suppose, his instinct led him to seek in English ships the fullest field of expression for his roving nature. England, too, was to him the romantic country; it had been enshrined for him, as a boy in Poland, by Charles Dickens. He always spoke of Dickens with the affection we have for the writers who captivate our youth.

No one, I take it, ever read the earliest Conrad without the bewildered fascination of one opening eyes on a new world; without, in fact, the feeling he himself describes in that passage of "Youth," where he wakes up in the open boat in his first Eastern port, and sees "the East looking at him." I doubt if he will ever be surpassed as a creator of what we

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Westerners term "exotic atmosphere." The Malay coasts and rivers of "Almayer's Folly," "An Outcast of the Islands" and the first pages of "The Rescue"; the Congo of "Heart of Darkness"; the Central Southern America of "Nostromo," with many other land and sea scapes, are bits of atmospheric painting "in excelsis." Only one expression adequately describes the sensations of us who read "Almayer's Folly" in 1894. We rubbed our eyes. Conrad was critically accepted from the very start; he never published a book that did not rouse a chorus of praise; but it was twenty years before he was welcomed by the public with sufficient warmth to give him a decent income.

"Chance," in 1914—an indifferent Conrad—at last brought him fortune. From that year on to the end his books sold well; yet, with the exception of "The Secret Sharer" and some parts of "Victory," none of his work in that late period was quite up to his own exalted mark. Was it natural that popular success should have coincided with the lesser excellence; or was it simply an example of how long the strange takes to pierce the pickled hide of the reader of fiction?

It does disservice to Conrad's memory to be indiscriminate in praise of his work. Already, in reaction from this wholesale laudation, one notices a tendency in the younger generation to tilt the nose skyward and talk of his "parade." The shining work of his great period was before their time; it places him among the finest writers of all ages. Conrad's work, from "An Outcast of the Islands" to "The Secret Agent," his work in "The Secret Sharer," in the first chapters of "The Rescue" (written in 1898), and in some portions of "Victory," are to his work in "The Arrow of Gold" and the last part of "The Rescue," as the value of pearl to that of mother-of-pearl. He was very tired toward the end; he wore himself clean out. To judge him by tired work is absurd; to lump all his work together, as if he were always the same Conrad, imperils a just estimate of his greatness.

I first re-encountered Conrad some months after that voyage when we paid a visit together to "Carmen" at Covent Garden Opera. "Carmen" was a vice with us both. It was already his fourteenth time of seeing that really dramatic opera. The blare of Wagner left him as cold as it leaves me; but he had a curious fancy for Meyerbeer. In June 1910 he wrote: "I suppose I am now the only human being in these islands who thinks Meyerbeer a great composer; and I am an alien at that, and not to be wholly trusted." But music, fond though he was of it, could play no great part in a life spent at sea, and, after his marriage in 1895, in the country. He went up to town but seldom. He wrote always with blood and tears and needed seclusion for it. A letter to me, from Pent Farm in July 1900, thus describes the finish of "Lord Jim." "The end of 'Lord Jim' has been pulled off with a steady drag of twenty-one hours. I sent wife and child out of the house (to London) and sat down at 9 A. M. with a desperate resolve to be done with it. Now and then I took a walk round the house, out at one door, in at the other. Ten-minute meals—a great hush. Cigarette ends growing into a mound similar to a cairn over a dead hero. Moon rose over the barn, looked in at the window and climbed out of sight. Dawn broke, brightened. I put the lamp out, and went on with the morning breeze blowing the sheets of MS. all over the room. Sun rose. I wrote the last word and went into the dining-room. Six o'clock. I shared a piece of cold chicken with Escamillo" (his dog), "who was very miserable and in want of sympathy, having missed the child dreadfully all day. Felt very well, only sleepy; had a bath at seven, and at 8:30 was on my way to London."

I find another letter, on the finish of "Nostromo."

PENT FARM,
1st September, 1904.

"Finished! Finished on the 30th, in Hope's house in Stanford in Essex, to which I had to take my brain that seemed to turn to water. For a solid fortnight I've been sitting up. And all the time horrible toothache. On the 27th had to wire for dentist (couldn't leave the work), who came at 2 and dragged at the infernal thing, which seemed rooted in my very soul. The horror came away at last,

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leaving, however, one root in the gum. Then he grabbed for *that* till I leapt out of the chair. Thereupon he said: 'Don't think your nerves will stand any more of this.' I went back to my MS. at 6 P. M. At 11 : 30 something happened—what, I don't know. I was writing, and raised my eyes to look at the clock. The next thing I knew, I was sitting (not lying), sitting on the concrete outside the door. When I crawled in I found it was nearly one. I managed to get up-stairs and said to Jessie" (his wife): "'We must be off tomorrow.' I took thirty drops of chlorodyne and slept till 7. At 10 the motor-car from Ashford was in the yard, a 12 h. p. Darracq. I sat by the man's side like a corpse. Between Canterbury and Faversham he said to me, 'You look ill, Sir. Shall I stop?' Sittingbourne I remember as a brandy and soda. Good road, twenty-four miles an hour. In Chatham street crowded, packed. Going dead slow. Knocked down a man—old chap, apparently a bricklayer. Crowd around, cursing and howling. Helped him to my front seat, and I, standing on the step, got him to the hospital. No harm, only shaken. Got to Hope's at 5. That night I slept. Worked all day. In the evening Mrs. Hope gave me four candles, and on I went. Finished at 3."

I put this letter on record to show the painful and hectic conditions under which the end of "Nostromo" was written, because the melodramatic finish of that great book is the weakness thereof.

This spurt was characteristic of Conrad's endings; he finished most of his books in that way—his vivid nature instinctively staged itself with dramatic rushes. Moreover, all those long early years he worked under the whip-lash of sheer necessity. In 1909, writing to my wife, he says: "Excuse this discordant strain, but the fact is that I've just received the accounts of all my publishers, from which I perceive that all my immortal works (13 in all) have brought me last year something under five pounds in royalties. That sort of thing quenches that *joie de vivre* which should burn like a flame in an author's breast and, in the manner of an explosive engine, drive his pen onwards at thirty pages an hour."

A sailor and an artist, he had little sense of money. He was not of those who can budget exactly and keep within it; and anyway he had too little, however neatly budgeted. It is true that his dramatic instinct and his subtlety would take a sort of pleasure in plotting against the lack of money, but it was at best a lugubrious amusement for one who had to whip his brain along when he was tired, when he was ill, when he was almost desperate. Letter after letter, talk after talk, unfolded to me the travail of those years. He needed to be the Stoic he really was.

I used to stay with him a good deal from 1895–1905, first at Stanford in Essex, and then at Stanford in Kent. He was indefatigably good to me while my own puppy's eyes were opening to literature. In 1901, when I was still in the early stages of that struggle with his craft which a writer worth his salt never quite abandons, he could write thus: "That the man who has written once the 'Four Winds,' has written now the 'Man of Devon' volume, is a source of infinite gratification to me. It vindicates my insight, my opinion, my judgment, and it satisfies my affection for you—in whom I believed and am believing. Because that *is* the point: I *am* believing. You've gone now beyond the point when I could be of use to you otherwise than just by my belief."

His affectionate interest was always wholly generous like that. In his letters to me, two to three hundred, there is not a sentence which breaks, or even jars, the feeling that he cared that one should do good work. There is some valuable criticism, but never any impatience, and no stinting of appreciation or encouragement. He never went back on friendship. He never went back on anything, I think. The word "loyalty" has been much used by those who write or speak of him. It has been well used. He was always loyal to what he had at heart—to his philosophy, to his work, and to his friends; he was loyal even to his dislikes (not few) and to his scorn. People talk of Conrad as an aristocrat; I think it rather a silly word to apply to him. His mother's family, the Bebrowskis, were Polish landowners; the Korzeniowskis, too, his

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father's family, came, I think, of landowning stock; but the word aristocrat is much too dry to fit Conrad; he had no touch with "ruling," no feeling for it, except, maybe, such as is necessary to sail a ship; he was first and last the rover and the artist, with such a first-hand knowledge of men and things that he was habitually impatient with labels and pigeonholes, with cheap theorizing and word debauchery. He stared life very much in the face, and distrusted those who don't. Above all, he had the keen humor which spifflicates all class and catalogues, and all ideals and aspirations that are not grounded in the simplest springs of human nature. He laughed at the clichés of so-called civilization. His sense of humor, indeed, was far greater than one might think from his work. He had an almost ferocious enjoyment of the absurd. Writing seemed to dry or sardonize his sense of fun. "Borys" (his eldest son, then very small) "wants to know whether you are related to Jack the Giant-Killer—otherwise he is well." In a letter to my wife he thus describes the advent of his second son, who happened to be born in our house. "He arrived here to-day at 9:30 A. M. in a modest and unassuming manner which struck me very favorably. His manner is quiet—somnolent, his eyes contemplative, his forehead noble, his stature short, his nose pug, his countenance ruddy and weather-beaten." Referring to a little harmless carriage accident we had at Charing Cross, he writes: "I always feel that the bit of Strand in front of Charing Cross Station is about as near Eternity as any spot on earth." But in conversation his sense of fun was much more vivid; it would leap up in the midst of gloom or worry, and take charge with a shout.

Conrad had six country homes after his marriage, besides two temporary abodes. He wrote jestingly to my wife: "Houses are naturally rebellious and inimical to man." And, perhaps, having lived so much on ships, he really had a feeling of that sort. He certainly grew tired of them after a time.

I best remember Pent Farm—that little, very old, charming, if inconvenient, farmhouse, with its great barn beyond the yard, under the lee of the almost overhanging Pent. It was a friendly dwelling where you had to mind your head in connection with beams; and from whose windows you watched ducks and cats and lambs in the meadows beyond. He liked those quiet fields and that sheltering hill. Though he was not what we should call a "lover of nature" in the sense of one who spends long hours lost in the life of birds and flowers, of animals and trees, he could be vividly impressed by the charm and the variety of such things. He was fond, too, of Hudson's books; and no lover of Hudson's work is insensible to nature.

In Conrad's study at the Pent, we burned together many midnight candles, much tobacco. In that house was written some of the "Youth" volume, "Lord Jim," most of the "Typhoon" volume, "Nostromo," "The Mirror of the Sea," "The Secret Agent," and other of Conrad's best work. Save that "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and the story "Youth" were written just before, at Stanford in Essex, the Pent may be said to synchronize with Conrad's best period. Kent was undoubtedly the county of his adoption, and this was the first of his four Kentish homes. Many might suppose that Conrad would naturally settle by the sea. He never did. He had seen too much of it; like the sailor, who when he turns into his bunk takes care that no sea air shall come in, he lived always well inland. The sea was no friend of one too familiar with its moods. He disliked being labelled a novelist of the sea. He wrote of the sea, as perhaps no one, not even Herman Melville, has written; but dominant in all his writing of the sea is the note of struggle and escape. His hero is not the sea, but man in conflict with that cruel and treacherous element. Ships he loved, but the sea—no. Not that he ever abused it, or talked of it with aversion; he accepted it as he accepted all the inscrutable remorselessness of Nature. It was man's job to confront Nature with a loyal and steady heart—that was Conrad's creed, his contribution to the dignity of life. Is there a better? First and last he was interested in men, fascinated by the terrific spectacle of their struggles in a cosmos about which he had no illusions. He was sardonic, but he had none of the cynicism characteristic of small, cold-hearted beings.

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He customarily labored in the morning, and often would sit long hours over a single page. In 1906, when he was staying in our London house, he wrote to my wife: "I don't know that I am writing much in the little wooden house" (out in the garden), "but I smoke there religiously for 3½ hours every morning, with a sheet of paper before me and an American fountain pen in my hand. What more could be expected from a conscientious author, I can't imagine."

In later years, when his enemy, gout, often attacked his writing hand, he was obliged to resort a good deal to dictation of first drafts. I cannot but believe that his work suffered from that necessity. But there were other and increasing handicaps—the war, which he felt keenly, and those constant bouts of ill-health which dragged at his marvellous natural vitality. I think I never saw Conrad quite in repose. His hands, his feet, his knees, his lips—sensitive, expressive, and ironical—something was always in motion, the dynamo never quite at rest within him. His mind was extraordinarily active and his memory most retentive, so that he stored with wonderful accuracy all the observations of his dark-brown eyes, that were so piercing and yet could be so soft. He had the precious faculty of interest in detail. To that we owe his pictures of scenes and life long past—their compelling verisimilitude, the intensely vivid variety of their composition. The storehouse of his subconscious self was probably as interesting and comprehensive a museum as any in the world. It is from the material in our subconscious minds that we create. Conrad's eyes never ceased snapshotting; and the millions of photographs they took were laid away by him to draw on. Besides, he was not hampered in his natural watchfulness by the preoccupation of an egoistic personality. He was not an egoist; he had far too much curiosity and genuine interest in things and people to be that. I don't mean to say that he had not an interest in himself and a belief in his own powers. His allusions to his work are generally disparaging; but at heart he knew the value of his gifts; and he liked appreciation, especially from those (not many) in whose judgment he had faith. He received more praise, probably, than any other writer of our time; but he never suffered from that *parvenu* disease, swelled head; and "I," "I," "I," played no part in his talk.

People have speculated on the literary influences that for him were formative. Flaubert and Henry James have been cited as his spiritual fathers. It won't do. Conrad was a most voracious reader, and he was trilingual. A Slav temperament, a life of duty and adventure, vast varied reading, and the English language —those were the elements from which his highly individual work emerged. Not I, who have so often heard him speak of them, will deny his admiration for Flaubert, de Maupassant, Turgenev, and Henry James: but one has only to read Conrad's first book, "Almayer's Folly," to perceive that he started out on a path of his own, with a method quite peculiar to himself, involuted to a dangerous degree, perhaps; and I can trace no definite influence on him by any writer. He was as different from Henry James as East from West. Both had a certain natural intricacy and a super-psychological bent, but there the likeness stops. As for Flaubert—whom he read with constancy —that conscientious Frenchman and determined stylist could do nothing for Conrad except give him pleasure. No one could help Conrad. He had to subdue to the purposes of his imagination a language that was not native to him; to work in a medium that was not the natural clothing of his Polish temperament. There were no guides to the desert that he crossed. I think perhaps he most delighted in the writings of Turgenev, but there is not the slightest evidence that he was influenced by him. He loved Turgenev's personality, and disliked Tolstoi's. The name Dostoievski was in the nature of a red rag to him. I am told that he once admitted that Dostoievski was "deep as the sea." Perhaps that was why he could not bear him, or possibly it was that Dostoievski was too imbued with Russian essence for Polish appetite. In any case, his riderless extremisms offended something deep in Conrad.

I have spoken of his affection for Dickens. Trollope he liked. Thackeray I think not over much, though he had a

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due regard for such creations as Major Pendennis. Meredith's characters to him were "seven feet high," and his style too inflated. He admired Hardy's poetry. He always spoke with appreciation of Howells, especially of the admirable "Rise of Silas Lapham." His affectionate admiration for Stephen Crane we know from his introduction to Thomas Beers's biography of that gifted writer. Henry James in his middle period—the Henry James of "Daisy Miller," "The Madonna of the Future," "Greville Fane," "The Real Thing," "The Pension Beaurepas"—was precious to him. But of his feeling for that delicate master, for Anatole France, De Maupassant, Daudet, and Turgenev, he has written in his "Notes on Life and Letters." I remember he had a great liking for those two very different writers Balzac and Merimée.

Of philosophy he had read a good deal, but on the whole spoke little. Schopenhauer used to give him satisfaction twenty years and more ago, and he liked both the personality and the writings of William James.

I saw little of Conrad during the war. Of whom did one see much? He was caught in Poland at the opening of that business, and it was some months before he succeeded in getting home. Tall words such as "War to end War" left him, a Continental and a realist, appropriately cold. When it was over he wrote: "So I send these few lines to convey to you both all possible good wishes for unbroken felicity in your new home and many years of peace. At the same time I'll confess that neither felicity nor peace inspire me with much confidence. There is an air of 'the packed valise' about these two divine but unfashionable figures. I suppose the North Pole would be the only place for them, where there is neither thought nor heat, where the very water is stable, and the democratic bawlings of the virtuous leaders of mankind die out into a frozen, unsympathetic silence." Conrad had always a great regard for men of action, for workmen who stuck to their last and did their own jobs well; he had a corresponding distrust of amateur omniscience and handy wiseacres; he curled his lip at political and journalistic protestation; cheap-jackery and clap-trap of all sorts drew from him a somewhat violently expressed detestation. I suppose what he most despised in life was ill-educated theory, and what he most hated, blatancy and pretence. He smelled it coming round the corner and at once his bristles would rise. He was an extremely quick judge of a man. I remember a dinner convoked by me, that he might meet a compatriot of his own married to one who was not a compatriot. The instant dislike he took to that individual was so full of electricity that we did not dine in comfort. The dislike was entirely merited. This quick instinct for character and types inimical to him was balanced by equally sure predilections, so that his friendships were always, or nearly always, lasting—I can think of only one exception. He illustrated vividly the profound truth that friendship is very much an affair of nerves, grounded in instinct rather than in reason or in circumstance, the outcome of a sort of deep affinity which prevents jarring. His Preface to the "Life of Stephen Crane" supplies all the evidence we need of Conrad's instantaneous yet lasting sympathy with certain people, and of his instant antipathy to others. It contains also the assurance that he "never kept a diary and never owned a notebook"—a statement which surprised no one who knew the resources of his memory and the brooding nature of his creative spirit. "Genius" has somewhere been defined as the power to make much out of little. In "Nostromo" Conrad made a continent out of a few casual sailors' landings on the Central American coast twenty years before. In "The Secret Agent" he created an underworld out of probably as little actual experience. On the other hand, we have in "The Nigger," in "Youth" and "Heart of Darkness" the raw material of his own life transmuted into the gold of fine art. People, and there are such, who think that writers like Conrad, if there be any, can shake things from their sleeve, would be staggered if they could have watched the pain and stress of his writing life. In his last letter to me but one, February 1924, speaking of "The Rover," he says: "I have wanted for a long time to do a seaman's 'return' (before my own departure), and this seemed a possible peg to

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hang it on. The reception was good—and so were the sales—but when the book came out I was too seedy to care. I had about ten weeks of pretty bad time. My recovery was swift, but my confidence has been badly shaken. However, I have begun to work a little—on my runaway novel. I call it 'runaway' because I've been after it for two years ('The Rover' is a mere interlude) without being able to overtake it. The end seems as far as ever! It's like a chase in a nightmare—weird and exhausting. Your news that you have finished a novel brings me a bit of comfort. So there are novels that *can* be finished—then why not mine? Of course I see 'fiction' advertised in the papers—heaps of it. But published announcements seem to me mere phantasms. . . . I don't believe in their reality." There are dozens of such allusions to almost despairing effort in his letters. He must, like all good workmen, have had his hours of compensation; but if ever a man worked in the sweat of spirit and body, it was Conrad. That is what makes his great achievement so inspiring. He hung on to his job through every kind of weather, mostly foul. He never shirked. In an age more and more mechanical, more and more given to short cuts and the line of least resistance, the example of his life's work shines out; its instinctive fidelity, his artist's desire to make the best thing he could. Fidelity! Yes, that is the word which best sums up his life and work.

The last time I saw Conrad—about a year ago—I wasn't very well, and he came and sat in my bedroom, full of affectionate solicitude. It seems, still, hardly believable that I shall not see him again. His wife tells me that a sort of homing instinct was on him in the last months of his life, that he seemed sometimes to wish to drop everything and go back to Poland. Birth calling to Death—no more than that, perhaps, for he loved England, the home of his wandering, of his work, of his last long landfall.

If to a man's deserts is measured out the quality of his rest, Conrad shall sleep well.

Kindly Silences

BY FLORA SHUFELT RIVOLA

SOME DAY, when all the air about our hearts
Is holy-awed and tender-keen with Spring,
I know that you for me and I for you
Will rend the veil that covers everything.

No—it must be a riper time than Spring,
Else that great day must know, as this, a lack;
And when the veil of Silences is rent—
Beloved—there will be no turning back.

We, then, must look on life cleft to the core
With eyes that, fearful, yet are unafraid;
So we must bring to that great day of ours
All wisdom that all other days have made.

There must be courage that has stood harsh cold,
Eyes that can lift against a summer glare,
And Autumn ripeness 'gainst Spring's tender buds;
All these, beloved, and more need be there—

When you for me and I for you shall lift—
Oh, this, beloved, still's the old, old dream,
And dreams must end in waking; let me wrap
You round with silence—robe without a seam.

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Mesocracy in France

THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

Author of "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend," "The 'New History,'" etc.

I

"FRANCE and America are sister republics and sister democracies." On the 4th and 14th of July this venerable phrase is as full of unspeakable comfort as the blessed word Mesopotamia. In the sober remainder of the year it may sound a trifle —democratic. For democracy is Proteus. Napoleon, we are told in good earnest, was the archangel of democracy. Jefferson was a democrat. Lincoln was democracy incarnate. The unreconstructed South is obstinately democratic. Tammany is a stronghold of democracy. Woodrow Wilson would make the world safe for democracy. George Clemenceau was a radical democrat before Woodrow Wilson was born. But Wilsonian democracy had better not go for a ride on the Tiger—Princeton, Tammany, or Clemenceau. And our heads begin to whirl.

It was a keen disappointment for the friends of France in this country to discover that France was democratic neither in thought nor in deeds. On the other hand, our enthusiasm for democracy, pure and undefined, struck our French friends as a token of political immaturity. Clemenceau referred with something akin to affectionate sarcasm to "la noble candeur" —the holy simplicity—of President Wilson. When it was agreed that the Great War was a crusade for democracy, France raised no objection; the French leaders might have repeated the words of the old English parliamentarian (Lord Melbourne, I believe): "It does not much matter what we say; but we must all say the same thing." But when President Wilson practically promised Germany a free pardon if she would put on the white robe of democracy, or when he sent his generous greeting to the first assembly of the Pan-Russian Soviet, France—political France —demurred. Clouds rear themselves into magnificent castles; but such visions should not interfere with the work to be done in a world of realities. And for the best-trained French intellects in our generation, democracy is not a reality.

It is hard to agree upon a definition of democracy. The government of the people, by the people, and for the people, will do as well as any. Translated into concrete terms, this implies universal suffrage. Every widening of the franchise is a step toward democracy. Caste and property qualifications, race and sex disabilities have been swept away. There remains one stronghold of privilege, one survival of ancient arbitrary discriminations—age. Universal suffrage is at best adult suffrage. A manifest injustice: for many a promising high-school student might cast a more intelligent vote than some of his elders. When babes in arms are taken to the polling booth, we shall have perfect democracy. As this hardly belongs to the realm of practical politics, we are compelled to tone down our high-sounding definition. Democracy never was, and never could be, the government of the people by all the people. Whether it has ever been a government for the whole people is a question which history cannot answer offhand with an exultant affirmative. Ideally, it is the government of the people by the best of the people. Practically, it is the government of the people by alternating minorities of professional politicians, indorsed, with enthusiasm or with resignation, by a majority of qualified voters. It may be a bare majority, so bare as to be indecent.

We take it for granted that the more progressive thought in a country must be also the more democratic. This is by no

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means invariably the case. The "advanced" elements in Europe have repeatedly turned their backs on democracy. The Jacobins at the time of the great Revolution, the Syndicalists in our own days, frankly proclaimed the right of a "conscious, or enlightened, minority" to lead the ignorant masses. Jacobinism, Syndicalism, and Bolshevism are words of ill repute. But the same problem presented itself to moderate Republicans, with whom we are in full sympathy, and was settled in their minds in the same way: a more or less open denial of the democratic dogma. The crucial instance was this: in 1848, the sovereign People saw fit to elect Louis Napoleon President of the Republic, simply because he was a Bonaparte. When, four years later, he made himself Emperor, he could rightfully claim that he held his crown "by the grace of God and the will of the people" —assisted by a little bit of juggling. This placed the Republicans in a most painful quandary: the application of the democratic principle had led to what they thought the suicide of democracy. Victor Hugo had to admit that democracy might be deluded; in other terms, that you could fool the great majority of the people some of the time, and then fool them again with something else, and so *ad infinitum*. When you called upon the People to raise its god-inspired voice, you might get an answer from a totally different entity, the Rabble:

"*Oui, le Peuple est en haut, mais la Foule est en bas.*"

The chief distinction between the two is that the People votes for us and the Rabble against us. So the great democratic poet came to the conclusion that votes should be weighed rather than counted; the enlightened Republicanism of the Parisian working men should mean more than the gregarious Bonapartism of the rural masses; la Ville-Lumière, the Metropolis of Light, had a right to dictate to the rest of the country—a right which was asserted once more in March, 1871, during the tragic farce of the Commune.

Another case of conflict between radicalism and democracy in France is offered by the woman-suffrage question. In theory, the Radicals approve of it. In practice they know—or they believe—that French women are much more conservative than the men, much more under the influence of the Catholic Church. If they were given the vote, radicalism would be "snowed under." So democracy must be protected against itself. It is much wiser to sacrifice principles than men; for what would be the use of democratic principles if there were no democrats to apply them, or profit by them? The Radicals resigned themselves to their painful duty, and strangled suffrage on the altar of democracy—a reasoning akin to that of Ugolino, who devoured his children so that they would not be fatherless.

Before condemning those French democrats who are afraid of democracy, it would be well to remember that we, who proclaim the sanctity of the democratic dogma in politics, reject it contemptuously in all other domains. Democracy exists neither in art nor in science. A best-seller is not *ipso facto* a masterpiece, else Harold Bell Wright would be our Balzac. And it would be farcical to submit Einstein's theory—or Darwin's, for that matter—to a popular referendum. In the economic world, many political democrats shudder at the thought of democracy. It seems natural to intrust the fate of a huge concern like the city of New York, or the Union itself, to the decision of the multitude. But it is heretical to suggest the same form of government for a much more modest industrial or commercial concern. It is monstrous that a man should be chief executive of a nation by hereditary right; that a judge should openly purchase his seat on the bench and bequeath it to his son; that a captain should buy his company or a colonel his regiment. But we find it perfectly normal that a captain of industry should purchase a new plant—thereby controlling more intimately than any politician the welfare of thousands; and that Captain Junior should step into his father's shoes. If democracy be indeed absurd in art, science, commerce, and industry, it is hard to see why it should be held sacred in politics.

II

NOTHING would be more unjust, therefore, than to condemn our friends unheard, simply because their conception of

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democracy is not absolutely co-extensive with ours. The French, for instance, are backward enough to appoint their judges instead of electing them; but our federal bench, likewise, is appointed, and we are not sure that it is inferior to the judiciaries of the different States. With all these preparations, I think I may safely discuss my main point: to wit, that the French Government is not a democracy. It uses a democratic vocabulary, and it affects the form of a Constitutional Monarchy of the English type. But it remains today, under M. Doumergue, what it was already under Louis-Philippe, Louis XIV, Louis XI, Philip the Fair: a government by permanent officials, recruited from the middle class and embodying the ideal of the middle class; a Bourgeois Bureaucracy, in terms borrowed directly from the French; or, to use the word suggested by our best authority on South American affairs, Victor Andrès Belaúnde, a "mesocracy."

It is the tritest of paradoxes to say that the political machinery in France is of trifling importance: the three real powers are the Bureaucracy, the Press, and Money. Parliament might very well shut up shop, as it did in Spain; Presidents and Cabinet ministers might grow lettuce *à la Dioclétienne*, or translate Horace in rural retreats; and France would miss nothing vital—only an exciting and expensive form of sport, more humane than bull-fights and more intellectual than baseball. The Bureaucracy would keep functioning, as it has functioned from time immemorial, under King, Emperor, or President: self-recruiting, honest on the whole, proud of its particular branch of the service, fairly efficient, and wofully unprogressive.

This is not a wild hypothesis: it is a plain statement of fact. France had at least half a dozen revolutions and *coups d'état* within less than a hundred years (1789–1871). Dynasties, flags, and régimes passed away: the Bureaucracy neither died nor surrendered. Not only did it preserve its traditional methods unshaken, but most of its personnel clung to their official armchairs with the same tenacity as the Vicar of Bray to his benefice. The same men received renewed investiture from Bonaparte, Bourbon, Orleans, or Republic; the France they served —the France they *were*—had existed long before the political puppet that happened to strut in Paris for a season, and it would endure long after dynasties had gone to the scrap-heap.

Take the management of foreign affairs: M. Philippe Berthelot, who retired (under a Chinese cloud) not so very long ago, had been the power behind the throne at the Quai d'Orsay under the nominal leadership of a dozen ministers. M. Jusserand represented France at Washington for nearly twenty years, and he was continuously in the diplomatic service for no less than forty-five. Such men are keeping up the traditions of Talleyrand, who served the Ancient Régime, the Revolution, Napoleon, the Restoration, and Louis-Philippe; and Talleyrand was but continuing Vergennes, de Lionne, and Richelieu.

In home affairs, the Prefects of the Third Republic are the lineal descendants of the Prefects of Napoleon, who were but the *Intendants* of the old Monarchy under a more classical name. There is no more curious instance of the stability of the Bureaucrats, and of their independence of political power. The Prefects are the heads of the ninety subdivisions of France known as Departments. They are the chief executives in their districts, as the representatives, not of the local population, but of the central government—somewhat in the same manner as the governors of colonial possessions. Appointed by the Home Office, or Ministry of the Interior, they are supposed to be the instruments of the Cabinet in power, and to support its policies. They, at any rate, might be expected to be political appointees and to follow the fate of their patrons. But such is not the case. Prefects remain at their posts under Moderates and under Radicals; they would still carry on under Napoleon IV, Philip VII, or a Soviet. All that a new government does is to shift them round a little. A Prefect who is *persona grata* with his Minister will be transferred to a pleasanter or more influential prefecture. One who has incurred disfavor will be sent to a sleepy little town, or to one in which local society still ostracizes government officials, as in some of the Western provinces.

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But he is not dismissed. He may even be kicked upward instead of out; or he may be put in cold storage in some well-paid sinecure. Except in a case of scandalous unworthiness—a case so rare as to be almost unthinkable—a Prefect is as secure in the possession of his rank as a general in the regular army. Both may be unsuitably employed and in comparative disgrace, like a famous general under President Wilson, but both are sure of holding their title, and a job.

There is a French proverb which expresses this invincible continuity of French life, whatever may be the frail and pretentious little craft that float upon its stream: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

III

We said that the Bureaucracy in France was self-perpetuating. There is no strict equivalent for our spoils system. In most branches there is an examination at the entrance of the career, and appointments are made practically for life. It would be excessive to claim that political pull has no part in securing admission or promotion; but as Ministers come and go, while officials are permanent, it is hardly safe for a man to commit himself too completely to one political group. Then, the Bureaucrats have a strong *esprit de corps;* they resent, and attempt to thwart the intrusions of the politicians.

All this would not be radically contrary to democracy, if the officials were recruited from all classes, and were themselves free from class feeling. But such is not the case. Although there have been signs of change within the last twenty years—the growth, within the Bureaucracy, of a proletariat permeated with syndicalist ideas—Officialdom is still the stronghold of the bourgeoisie.

It was so from the beginning: for centuries the nobles had scorned the work of administration, reserving their activity for war and social pleasure. The kings, distrusting the nobility, did not encourage them to take part in the government either of provinces or of the realm as a whole. The masses were disqualified on account of their ignorance. So the honorific and profitable burden of administration fell upon the Third Estate: an intelligent middle class, the most substantial, the most permanent element in French society; and this class is ruling to-day.

The limits of the French bourgeoisie are real, and yet hard to define. Within our own lifetime the upward boundary has practically disappeared; the nobility survives, but almost completely merged with the plutocracy (Jewish, American, and even French), and the plutocracy, in its turn, is nowhere separated from the bourgeoisie. Thus the word bourgeoisie, which used to denote exclusively the *middle* class, is now extended by socialist writers to the capitalistic upper class. In this new parlance a duke, a rich merchant or manufacturer, and a high government official are all bourgeois.

A caste system—a class is but a caste which has not yet solidified—could not endure without external marks of distinction: conversely, when there are indelible physical differences between elements in the population, a caste system is bound to arise, as in the colonies of most European powers and in our own South. In France, the physical criterion is not racial; no one has ever been socially damned because he had brown eyes and a high cephalic index. It is entirely a question of costume and personal habits. A bourgeois is a man with a white collar and uncalloused hands. He may be a struggling clerk or shop walker, much poorer than many peasants and mechanics. But as soon as he assumes the uniform of the ruling class, he also adopts its mentality. He is a bourgeois, with reverence for order, property, tradition, with contempt for men whose clothes are grimy, whose hands are horny, and whose speech is rude—a contempt which will not be lessened, but intensified, if the objectionable person be of their own kin. Just as patriotism is most extreme on the border, class consciousness is most intense at the boundary between the bourgeoisie and the people. There is more democracy of manners among the descendants of the feudal aristocracy than among the men just risen from the abyss, who are in mortal fear of being dragged back into it. The son ashamed of his parents whose lifelong sacrifice has opened for him the

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magic gate of the bourgeoisie—this sordid tragedy recurs daily throughout France. Once more the line of cleavage is not so much wealth as manual labor. To toil with one's hands is still accounted servile.

Only from 1830 to 1848 did the bourgeoisie enjoy the full title as well as the substance of power. The king of its choice was but the first of the bourgeois; the masses were not enfranchised. Government was but a police for the protection of property, a fence erected round the Haves to keep out the Have Nots. If wealth be, as we are taught, the reward of foresight, thrift, industry, it deserves power. Only the richest taxpayers had a vote. A régime of privilege? "Not any more," Guizot would answer, "than the rule reserving teaching positions to men holding a degree. If you want power, qualify yourself for it: you are free to do so. *Enrichissez-vous!* Get rich!"—a piece of advice to which Guizot's enemies have given a sinister twist, but which after all is sound enough. Never was there a better adaptation between the political and the economic doctrines of the country. France was managed like a great corporation, in which only shareholders could elect the directors.

The régime had its faults: the worst was that France was bored. But there are many virtues in that solid, hard-working, educated, legalistic, patriotic bourgeoisie, of which M. Poincaré is the sturdy flower. (This is original: I do not think M. Poincaré has ever been called a flower before.) Mesocracy is not mediocracy. At any rate, the middle class know what they want, because they already have it. Definiteness of purpose makes for efficiency. Rather be ruled by the middle class than by the muddle class.

But manhood suffrage came in 1848. Enormous as it is compared with the ancient privileged orders, the bourgeoisie remains a minority—certainly not twenty per cent of the population. How was it able to retain a practical monopoly of political and administrative power?

The first reason is the force of tradition. Conservative as we undoubtedly are in America, we have none the less, one and all, been uprooted from our native land, and have struck new roots in virgin soil. It is hard for us to appreciate the age-long habit of subordination, if not always of respect, that the French Revolution has not been able to destroy. Then, although the bourgeoisie is efficiently walled in, although its gates are narrow and the path of approach is steep, still the gates swing open to the pushful, and the path is not impassable. Every man hopes, if he cannot become a bourgeois himself, at least to make his son a bourgeois. Albert Thierry, a workingman's son, proclaimed as his motto: "Le refus de parvenir"—the refusal to leave his class; but he was unique, and he died young. Privileges and even abuses do not seem so intolerable when you nurse a reasonable expectation of profiting by them. The poor man on the road to wealth is already a plutocrat at heart. Hazing is submitted to by the finest young fellows, in spite of its degrading features, because they can anticipate the glorious day when they will be among the hazers and not among the hazed.

Then the majority, the "lower classes," the working classes, the "people" in the antidemocratic sense of the term, do not form a solid and conscious body. The peasants have different interests, and therefore different principles, from the industrial workers. Although they too are socially ostracized by the bourgeoisie, they own their land, and they cast in their lot with the middle class as the defender of property. As France was until quite recently overwhelmingly rural, the alliance between the bourgeoisie and the peasantry against urban democracy would seem to be invincible.

We can now understand how the bourgeoisie, with the help of the peasants, has been able to intrench itself in the one great governmental power in France, the Bureaucracy. The professions—including administrative careers—require a long and costly preparation. Now high school education in France is divided, *on social lines*, into two main branches: higher primary, commercial, technical, on the one hand, which is given free to all who are fit for it; and secondary education proper, of greater duration, and for which fees are charged. The former is democratic, but does not lead to the professions. The student of a technical school will hardly ever

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become an "engineer" in the French sense of the term; he will remain a foreman. Secondary education alone, given in *Lycées* and *Collèges*, leads to the Bachelor's and Licenciate's degrees, and to the graduate professional schools. No doubt a number of scholarships are offered to deserving sons of the people: the bourgeoisie has sense enough to aggregate to itself the best elements in the other classes. But these scholars are a minority; they are placed in a bourgeois atmosphere, they are taught bourgeois traditions, and their desire is to break as completely as possible with their origins. One must draw the line somewhere, and the logical place is between one's father and oneself.

The fees and the long period of studies make secondary education almost prohibitive for the masses. Democratic self-support of the American type hardly exists at all; and the very strict age limit set for entering the great professional schools makes it impossible for a young man to interrupt his studies, earn some money, and then resume his course. But another and still more effective protection is raised against an influx of democratic elements into the sacred preserves of the bourgeoisie: the professions, for the first few years, do not pay. Hardly any member of a legal profession, hardly any officer in the army or navy, hardly any man in the more promising branches of the civil or diplomatic services, can expect to live on his salary. Young men have to pass difficult examinations and wait until they are thirty to secure a munificent pay of some four hundred dollars.

The "marriage of convenience" is another factor of social stability. In an ancient country like France inherited wealth looms much larger than it does with us: opportunities for making new fortunes are fewer. So a "suitable match" is a recognized step in a young man's career: it is prepared for more sedulously than a university degree. And the trust of inherited wealth, the bourgeoisie, controls the matrimonial market.

Even in politics, the bourgeois is supreme. It takes money to be elected, even by honest means, more money than the deputy will receive from the state in the four years of his term. It takes education—that classical, literary education which, as we have seen, the sons of the people have no fair chance of getting—to be successful in the bourgeois milieu of the Chamber. So the peasants, and even the social-democratic population of the cities, are represented by bourgeois doctors, lawyers, and professors, like Jaurès. But for one Jaurès who remained faithful to the class that had elected him, we find dozens of men who naturally reverted to, or veered toward, the upper class which held the good things of this world and was willing to welcome them. Thus Messrs. Viviani, Briand, Millerand began their political careers as socialists and representatives of workingmen's districts. And we know how completely they have been purged of their youthful errors.

IV

THE problem therefore is not: How does the French bourgeoisie manage to keep democracy down?—but How, under such unfavorable circumstances, did French democracy manage to assert itself at all, to be a power in the land and in the world?

First of all, immediately before and immediately after the great Revolution, the bourgeoisie had to fight against the privileges of the nobility, and in that fight, it was compelled to invoke democratic principles and the support of the people. When the fight was securely won, the bourgeoisie turned round—some as early as 1794, some in 1830, more in 1848. But they could not undo all the mischief they had done: they could not frankly combat the democracy to which they had been rendering lip service. The long struggle between Voltairian free thought and the Catholic Church had the effect of splitting the bourgeoisie into two factions, the more progressive of which had to strike an alliance with the democratic elements. It was the issue of clericalism *vs.* anticlericalism alone that kept many bourgeois on the liberal side. Without it, we should never have seen such a typical conservative bourgeois as Waldeck-Rousseau heading a Ministry of Republican Defense with the sympathy of the socialists. Anticlericalism is the stock in trade of the bourgeois radicals, their sole *raison d'être*. Hence the fierceness with which

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they are whipping that poor dead horse at the present day.

But another factor has worked in favor of democracy, and counterbalanced to some extent the overwhelming superiority of the bourgeois-peasant alliance: the democrats occupied strategic positions, the great cities, particularly Paris. The working people of Paris were better educated, could come and act together more rapidly, than the peasants and even the provincial bourgeoisie. Over the purely Parisian bourgeoisie they had the superiority of numbers. They were strengthened by many deserters from the upper class, who came to the people either out of idealism or for less worthy reasons. Thanks to the centralization for which the Ancient Régime was striving, which was perfected by Napoleon, an order from Paris would at first be blindly followed by provincial France. This is the secret of the jerky course of French history from 1789 to 1871. Repeatedly, the radical elements congregated in Paris, supported by the Parisian populace, would make a sudden bid for power, and take a bold step toward democracy. The provinces would remain passive for a while, then slowly, irresistibly, the permanent superiority of the bourgeois-peasant alliance would make itself felt. In 1830, 1848, 1871, conservative France "came back," and with increasing rapidity and violence. It may be said that in the Commune insurrection of 1871 democratic Paris finally lost the fight. Since that date a Parisian revolution out of keeping with the temper of the vast conservative classes has become almost unthinkable. Paris has been tamed at last. In 1789 the bourgeoisie got what they wanted—the suppression of all privileges except their own; the peasantry secured what they were craving for—a clear title to the land they had tilled for centuries. So both are now in agreement to keep things as they are, and against their combined strength the industrial workers are powerless.

And such an order of things is not to be despised. France, on the whole, is decently governed and quietly prosperous. The members of the French Parliament are rather better educated than our average Congressman, and they are more brilliant than the average British M. P. They are honest, as deputies go. They are probably less under the thumb of big business than the very gentlemanly members of the House of Commons. Scandals like the Marconi affair, which were politely hushed at Westminster, would have been pitilessly thrashed out at the Palais Bourbon. The French constitution has no damning fault. It does not prevent France from getting the government she deserves—no better, no worse. Once more, the substance of power is not there: it is in the bureaucracy, in the plutocracy, and in the press, those three powers that a modern Montesquieu should study rather than the old-fashioned executive, legislative, and judiciary. Give the women a vote; decentralize; create a genuine system of proportional representation; give ministers a safer and longer tenure of office; have the President elected by an independent college, or by the whole people: all these reforms may be desirable. But, even though all were achieved, you would repeat: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." On the contrary, without any political change at all, a peaceful revolution may take place. With her newly conquered mines, with the development of water-power, with the resources of her colonial empire, France may evolve from a bourgeois-peasant republic to a republic of industrial workers; then new problems will arise, a new temper, and new methods. If such be the case, Parliament will have no choice but to register, clumsily and a little late, the inevitable trend of national life. And our successors may regret, like a vanished Arcadia, the France of Royer-Collard, Casimir-Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Ferry, Waldeck-Rousseau, and Raymond Poincaré.

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How to Be Ill

BY HARRISON RHODES

TO fall ill is all too easy, and since no philosopher of any age has maintained that illness is a pleasure—possibly none even that it is a good—no discussion shall take place here of how one may become sick. And here a word of explanation may be interjected. To an active and pleasant American elevator boy who had inquired after the author's well-being, the answer had been made that he had been ill. "Sick you mean?" the boy replied, and the reproof was just. "Sick" is exactly what is meant, and sick and ill are here to be used interchangeably, as they should be in any article in the American language, and if the wretched creature who is an invalid is also freely called a sick man, every one will understand.

"How to be ill" will seem to many a serious and depressing subject, and it cannot be denied that solemn thoughts must come to every one who even for a moment clings on the brink of the abyss which is illuminated by the lambent fires of hell and by the radiance of the Pearly Gates. Death has forever inspired and will continue to inspire the greatest things which men can write. But it has not inspired this article. Indeed its sick men are not to die but to live on and to learn, if they can, to practise that reasoned and beautiful invalidism which is one of the most graceful of the home arts.

These suggestions are written by an expert invalid, at least by one of three years' standing, and if there are any readers who believe there should be a literary lethal chamber to which authors should be led the moment they fall ill, such are quite welcome to their opinion. It is possible that this writer may not have learned all the refinements of his *mêtier* of sick man; but he can at least pretend to great interest in the subject, and to no inconsiderable knowledge. To hear of a fellow-victim is at once to want to know him, in rare cases even to aid him, and this, it is to be supposed, is one of the results of that softening of the heart which, we are so often told, comes with suffering. It means, at any rate, that an interchange of trade secrets has taken place which must make the invalid speak with wider knowledge of the class of sick men.

First, we should discourse of the pleasures, if there are any, of being attacked by disease or decay. It is conceivable that very often the Tired Business Man (who is here used as typical of any American, male or female), that this overworked and hunted creature may at the outset, under the sharp impact of a strange blow, even feel real relief at the surrender of responsibility, at saying in his heart to the doctor and his various nurses, professional and amateur, that he is done with the "carcass" that he is and that he turns it over to them, to bring it back to life or to let it sink into forgetfulness, if they like. This for many may represent the first freedom from care known since growing up. But it can only be indulged in as a pleasure when one is mentally under the spell of the great American Get-Well system and can believe implicitly that all is well and safe so long as one has a good doctor and a good trained nurse. Later one may gradually come to doubt whether there is such a thing as a good doctor or a really trained nurse. But for the time being here is safety.

It may gradually be borne in upon the sick man's mind that this perfectly functioning American system is not primarily meant for him, but for others. The idea of caring for him is not altogether his safety, but that of those around him—the peace and security of sorrowing hearts, watching his bedside, which otherwise would find great difficulty in attending to business or doing their Christmas shopping. An invalid must never forget to think of the happiness of others. The whole body of doctors, although it owes

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its very existence to the presence in the world of illness, is enormously invigorated by there being a body of beings abjectly dependent on them and trusting in them. As for the profession of nursing, enough can never be said for the suffering human beings who have created the need for these fine, independent, hard, self-supporting women, who help to heal us at so much per day. Even sick folk must try to be reasonable and to understand why a good season for the nurse means one in which there are many pneumonia cases which, although they mean hard work, mean also quick and decisive results for better or for worse. The activities of both doctors and nurses are on the whole benign, and the ten per cent commission which until lately undertakers used to pay nurses, has gone out almost everywhere over the country.

To attack doctors and nurses is a favorite relaxation of the invalid mind, but it should be remembered that both classes have a monstrous tale to tell of the irritability and lack of decent consideration on our part; and that it is as well to remind ourselves occasionally that even a sick man may still be a gentleman. With all the irritability which is often felt at both doctors and nurses one can also have moments of being justifiably glad that the whole thing can be upon a basis of payment.

A well-known man of letters was once heard threatening never again to go to his dentist, because this practitioner had had "the impertinence" to charge him less than the rich who "brought their fangs" to be filled with gold. The author was, however, so many may think, merely receiving one of the just prerequisites of fame, and many physicians, we know, feel strongly that they would be glad to be "socialized," that is, to be paid a living wage by the government for serving alike rich and poor. Invalids will sympathize often with such doctors; for there comes a time when it seems to a sick man just a little ill-bred to be too much interested in oneself, and when, in consequence, he is glad to feel under no obligation to doctor or nurse which cannot be discharged on a financial basis, as it so often only too evidently can. It seems to do away with sentimentality. Doctors, it must also be remembered, live nowadays in a not wholly friendly world. There are so many new cults which profess to make well in other than material ways that the physician must feel that, the moment his back is turned, some one will "jump out" at his charge and attack the whole science of medicine. The sick man can possibly well afford to be sorry for his doctor.

The ill know, better than any one, how distressing it can be, and how really sapping of courage, to have too many people sorry for them. At these moments the invalid can never be too grateful for the so neatly invented and so impersonal name by which he is known—the patient! Since at least the eighteenth century we impatients have been called patients, and the word has emphasized the cool aloofness in which we are placed, so that there may be no sentimentalizing over us. One can even learn to feel a certain pride of race in those of us so prostrate as to be carried to and fro; we are what are technically known to trained nurses as "stretcher-patients."

A well-known arthritic says with a certain bitter air of pleasure that he has given incredible comfort to many of his fellow-sufferers from the same disease by being absolutely the worst case on record, so much worse even than any one of them is. After all, the lesson which sickness should teach is the old one, not to think of ourselves too much, but to live for the good of others. Females in good health particularly are notoriously made of a softer and more lovely character by the suffering of men under their control, made to glow too with a new color and strength. The demand upon their responsibility brings self-respect; and pity, inspired by those of the once stronger sex, makes their bloom softer. It cannot be too strongly said that if all women would only keep patients as pets, their own sweetness and beauty would be increased manifold. It has become the writer's custom of late to advise all working women with whom he comes in contact, such as chambermaids, laundresses, and so forth, never to marry unless they can get invalids as husbands. The almost universal fear seems to be that a sick man would not be able to earn "good money"; but when the economic independence of woman has finally

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come, one may surely hope for a time when rich women will all crave and secure the luxury of patient-husbands.

There is no wish here to make sport of the sympathy and the practical kindness which women, and indeed almost all the laity or non-sick, feel for us. The over-sensitive invalid would only laugh at it that he might not cry. It is good for him neither that others should pity him too much nor that he should be too sorry for himself; so here indeed the slogan probably should be "a rough regime for the patient." Yet in simple justice it should be said that, oftener than not, people do not know how to show pity for the ill because they do not quite understand how they—the sick men—feel. And it is hoped that through the advice to the ill and the bullying of them which shall here be indulged in, something may be seen of what it is like to be an invalid and to be forced to come to terms with life in quite a new way. Sick folk are really not the most fortunate or happiest in the world, nor are they so cross-grained and cantankerous a race as they must often seem. A plea may be made for even them.

Their poor little attempts to do something for themselves are not all the product of a proud desire to be independent and to scorn help. They may merely come from a wish, as it were, to hide their weakness and not to obtrude it indecently upon others. The sick man's desire to put on his own shirt and his trembling attempt to raise the spoon containing his cereal food to his own lips may mean a rather pathetic gallantry, a perhaps despicably bad try at waving his own banner in the breeze. But as invalid to invalids, one must tell them a few truths. There are many who almost envy us the life we lead.

Most of us have at some time in our lives longed for the quiet life, for repose, the reading of good books, peaceful talk with friends and freedom from responsibility. Now, quite against our will, much of this comes to us sick men. We should at least enjoy these things. The business man and many others will say at once that to be free from care means merely to be living in want. But want so often only means that you really must cut your coat according to your cloth; and once you are accustomed to such tailoring, so little known in America, you may find yourself not envying your spendthrift neighbors. To discover suddenly that your income is limited and yet is perforce sufficient, is really as relieving as to have come into a fortune, if to come into money would be calming. And if you ought to have more money, in a way it is a comfort to know that *you*, at least, can do nothing about it. Perhaps you now realize that you are married, and that to a spouse and to children you must hand over the charge of supporting you. It may also be that they like it and that you are really giving them a chance for self-development. Writing quite seriously, it is a beautiful and blessed thing that every responsibility given up, every effort abandoned, in short, every renunciation made, merely brings us what seems wealth and freedom, and gives a greater chance for wisdom to all those around our sick-beds.

Even the regimen of the invalid, with all its prohibitions and limitations, may have its own charm. In our dreams of the quiet life most of us have probably imagined bread, green vegetables (no spinach need apply), fruit, and a cup of cool water from the spring, all possibly taken from a marble table on a terrace with a view of the Grecian sea. While well, we have decided that ideally "better a dinner of herbs—where love is—than the stalled ox," etc.; and if in health a man can be so sensible, why should not some of his wisdom last into illness?

Pain is the great evil of illness. And it is admitted that the invalids spoken of here are those whose sufferings are fairly mild (as is so often true). Acute and almost intolerable torment is a matter between the sick man and his God. The problem is as old and as puzzling as that of the existence of evil. About all that can be said is that it is to be presumed that most who are ill prefer living in pain to dying, and have in the secret dark recesses of their souls struck the balance somehow. To write of all this too freely would be presumptuous and indecent. It is very usual with invalids to question whether their life is worth living and to conclude that it is not. This is presumably mostly rubbish, for, to put it quite brutally, it is always open to them to die,

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except to the rare few who are truly deterred from any lack of care of themselves by religious motives. It is also common to hear that so many others would suffer by his absence that it is the duty of a patient to live. This may sometimes be true, but the wise sick man has a right to be sceptical. In any case, the truth is that most invalids do not try to live on for others but for themselves, and that it is perhaps rather a pity to talk nonsense.

Of comparatively minor matters the invalid is apt to complain. And such irritation is largely the result of his condition —is pathological, in short. It is so known and partly excused by most people. But because the invalid also has this knowledge he need not excuse himself and give free rein to his talent for lamentation.

The conditions of his life are naturally all changed and by comparison with the wild, free corsair sort of fellow of his well days he seems to have become a tame domestic animal. He is behind the scenes of the home; in particular has he been removed to the women's quarters. He experiences all the small niggling care which comes to that sex (may it make him kindlier and more understanding if he ever gets well). Perhaps, for example, he may have read in articles in the Sunday papers how household economy dictates that every left-over bit of food should be tricked out in some new way and served again; he may remark acidly, as he detects the camouflaged old dishes, that every housewife, if she can, "should keep a pig as a scavenger." This only reinforces the view that every house should have a pet patient in it, if only to eat up the scraps.

Very few well persons order their lives by any scheme, but are rather the prey of impulse. It can therefore be scarcely expected that many invalids will plan their existence. Yet it is hoped to make here some slight contributions to a philosophy which may aid them to do so. Sick folk should think sufficiently about their illness and take a reasonable amount of advice, but not too much. There is an old story in the rural districts of an invalid who tried conscientiously to follow everybody's advice and was soon reduced to a diet of chewing gum and cistern water. Does not some such regimen seem to threaten us all? Do not take *all* the medicines, patent or otherwise, which are offered you, either freshly bought for you or no longer needed by others and about to be thrown away. There is such a thing as making yourself a mere drug or patent-medicine scavenger, as do so many penurious folk. Beyond observing the ordinary precautions as to his health, the invalid should spend his energy and his inventiveness making his life a succession of little festivals. How wise lately was France when she made camomile tea the momentary vogue instead of the infusion of the Chinese (or more often Indian) herb! And how profoundly, if unconsciously, sagacious was the young lady in the eighteenth-century English novel who found the waters of Bristol Spa, which she was ordered to drink, so "agreeably mawkish"! If a thing must be mawkish let us think that it is agreeably so. *Verbum sap.* A word to the wise sick man should be sufficient. He will in any case have ample time left for thought and meditation.

The sick man is in an excellent position for taking stock of what he possesses and planning to extract the most and the best from it. His most frequent complaint, in secrecy to himself, is that other people do not seem to realize that his illness is the most important thing in the world. They do not, for the excellent reason that it is not; not at all because they are hard-hearted, unsympathetic, or forgetful. A young invalid beginning his career as sick man should at the outset try to realize a little of his unimportance even in his own little world. People do not watch us so closely as we think. If you are a cripple you may hobble along without fear. Even the roughest and least gentle often show amazing tact.

Invalids sometimes complain of the too boisterous and hearty good-will of those around. To hope that they see the sick man in "rude health" is the common wish of the unthinking, which tempts a patient to prove that ill-health can really be the rudest. And there is also the cloying optimism which many feel should be displayed before us, an optimism which would assure a man with one foot in the tomb that he radiates well-being.

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If the invalid wishes his old friends to love him he must make them do so. Memories only of how agreeable he once was will not keep his grave green, if one may be permitted that expression. How agreeable he is now is the question. And this discipline is excellent for the patient if he is a fair-minded person and encourages him to his best efforts.

If he discovers that a certain lady liked him in the past because he was an agreeable dinner guest or a good dancer, why should he complain when now that he is no longer either she does not seek him out? There is a great deal of loose and illogical talk always going on about being liked for ourselves alone. But what ourselves? Possibly many people never saw any but the dining and dancing selves, which no longer exist. And whose fault is this, pray? Not theirs certainly. Let the average invalid be only too glad if he can be liked at all for *any* reason.

Many things are done for the invalid which would never be done for him if he were well. Not only do people bring him insipid dishes allowed by his doctor but rich ones forbidden by the same authority. They pay him a deference rare in the modern world. They occasionally listen to what he is saying. They commonly give him the best chair in the room, and so forth. All this, of course, is not worth being ill for; but perhaps it has never happened before, perhaps will never happen again. The patient had better take it when he can get it and ask no questions. Deference often does not beckon to a man twice. Many a family man who has never eaten the breast of chicken had better do so the first time it is offered him, even if he is flat on his back. And it is always to be remembered that the best chair in the room is the best chair.

Why are invalids so often cheerful? Not because they like being ill, nor because their characters and dispositions are so much better than the equipment of others. There is a natural wish in humanity to make the best of a bad bargain. And there is, as has been tried to point out here, a silver lining to every illness. Let no sick man be in too great a hurry either to die or to get well. Much comfort which he now enjoys will never come again. And it may be that new human relationships, made during suffering, have had a perfume that still lingers. Some memories of kindnesses given and received may perhaps throw a rosy light over the sick-bed or the wheeled chair where the invalid sat in the sun.

The wish to recover is, of course, natural and justifiable. And some people *do* get well. But the invalid will lose many privileges as he goes back into the world. He should beware, he may only find himself a king in exile!

Old Farm

BY JOHN V. A. WEAVER

The empty house yawns gloomily
Up at the empty, cloudless sky;
The scorching August sun-rays beat
On a dull wilderness of heat.

The pump is crumbling, red with rust;
The door is silver-white with dust.
No hay-ricks, joggling homeward, pass;
A chipmunk scuttles through the grass.

The burdock and the ragweed keep
Corners where roses used to sleep.
The crazy windows leer and stare
At ragged trees that once were fair.

And still, beneath that empty sky
It stands in changeless dignity.
Few things I know are quite as grave
As any house—or quite as brave.

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The Kentucky Boy

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THE letters S O S, so grouped, have a multitude of meanings. Coming from a ship at sea they are a signal of distress and a plea for help; used in common speech they apply to subjects which have become distasteful through repetition. But to John Goodwin those letters described the hellish invention of some especially adept fiend.

Draw a wavering line from Verdun through Château-Thierry, and in that area south of that line, from Toul to Marseilles, you will have Goodwin's S O S. It was a maze of training camps where men were taught to load a rifle; warehouses of food, clothing, and ammunition, general and sectional headquarters, military police, and hospitals—the service of supplies. And all of it filled Goodwin with a sharp disgust.

He would have said, as he lay in one of a row of white iron beds and glared at the swarthy hospital apprentice who was trying to bluster a wounded man into taking hold of a broom, that he had always hated the S O S, hated it instinctively from the moment he had heard of it. But this would not have been true. There had been a time, from March to June, when the service of supplies seemed a desirable place to be. Unexplored, it was greatly preferable to standing in a muddy trench four hours out of every eight, sleeping in a watery dugout, and eating canned tomatoes and corned beef. It had made Goodwin anxious for a minor wound which would take him to a bed with sheets and dry blankets, where his food would be cooked and served on a plate, and toward the middle of June, as he crouched in a shell hole, to the left of Vaux, his desire was fulfilled by the German artillery. One moment he heard a softly whirring noise, an explosion, and then through a cloud of thick, pungent gas he had rolled from his shelter, choking and gasping.

There was this to be admitted in favor of the S O S: at the evacuation hospital Goodwin had been given a bath and a clean suit of pajamas. And on the hospital train the Red Cross had given him a bar of chocolate. Other than that, nothing was to its credit. He had been made to stand in line for his food, his unlaced shoes sinking in the mud, a blanket thrown over his shoulders. He was told to make his own bed. The hospital attendants were bullies and thieves, the nurses were inattentive to the privates, and the doctors could have been less slipshod in their treatment of the patients.

"All right, soldier. Snap out of it. Almost time for inspection."

Goodwin looked up, prepared to scowl, to curse, if necessary. But it was Hawthorne, so he asked with interest: "Got a cigarette?"

"Sure, I got a cartoon, but what good does that do? Yuh can't smoke in here." Hawthorne thrust his big brown hand in his jacket pocket and exhibited a package of cigarettes.

"Lord," Goodwin sighed. "But I wish I had my clothes."

"Git 'em," said Hawthorne with succinctness. "Git 'em."

Goodwin sat up, interested. "'Y gosh, I believe I will."

"Go ahead," encouraged Hawthorne. "An' we'll beat it outa here."

"Gosh——"

"Attention!" The hospital apprentice in charge of the ward shouted warning of the inspector's approach. A row of heads on either side of the room looked sharply toward the door; the patients in uniform stood stiffly by the foot of their beds, nervously smoothing out the wrinkles in the counterpane, and the medical officer, with

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a nurse and a sergeant following his bulbous hips, marched sternly into the room.

Goodwin, lying with his feet together and his hands flat at his sides, wondered whether Hawthorne would go, or whether he had spoken lightly. A trip alone through the network of the S O S, with its military police and its railroad-transportation officers, would be disagreeable, but

"Carry on," called the hospital apprentice as the inspecting officer left the ward. The bodies relaxed, turning to one another to rid themselves of pent-up speech. Hawthorne approached, pushing his unloved overseas cap to one side of his head.

"D'ja git it?"

Goodwin showed him the slip of paper.

"Come on, then. We'll see what we kin

. . . a minor wound which would take him to a bed with sheets and dry blankets.—Page 23.

with Hawthorne to accompany him he could have "a hell of a lot of fun." And Hawthorne, even from the little he knew of him, was not the sort of person to say what he didn't mean. The inspecting doctor was approaching and he had to decide quickly.

"Sir, can I get my clothes?" He tried to work his features into an expression of health, eagerness, of a burning desire to fight in a holy cause.

The hips, wedged in between the two beds, wedged out again, and from the wide aisle the sergeant wrote out a requisition and handed it to Goodwin, leaving him to wait, restlessly, until the undignified formality was finished for the day.

talk outa the quartermaster. You wanta take everything you can lay your hands on."

"Do you mean it, sure enough to go back to the outfit?"

"Mean it? Hell, yes, soldier. Jist watch me." And with this assurance they walked out of the ward to the commissary, indistinguishable from the other buildings in its sallow complexion, its tarred roof, its eight little windows cut in the side, and the setting of drab mud where neither trees nor grass could be seen. Only officers, nurses, and important-looking non-coms of the medical corps strolled in twos and threes, planning dances at the hideous Y. M. C. A. or

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. . . as he crouched in a shell hole . . . his desire was fulfilled by the German artillery.—Page 23.

reminiscing over reckless supper-parties in the near-by town.

Inside the quartermaster building a bespectacled youth and a red-faced corporal stood behind a rough plank counter on which were articles of clothing. Goodwin handed the paper to the corporal, who passed it to the youth with spectacles.

"Size blouse ya wear?" asked the corporal.

Goodwin knew; he wasn't to be tricked into accepting ill-fitting garments. "Blouse, thirty-eight; underclothes, thirty-six; hat, seven and a quarter——"

"Matter a damn about that, buddy. I asked ya what size blouse you wore."

"I wouldn't let him call *me* buddy," Hawthorne seriously advised Goodwin. "I'd tell 'im the story of the apple and the——"

"Hey, let them pants alone," admonished the youth to Hawthorne, who was examining the stack of breeches on the counter. But Hawthorne imperturbably continued: "Git a good pair while you're at it, soldier. Here—" He drew a pair of whip-cord breeches from the pile and handed them to Goodwin. "Regular officer's britches, and they're jist your size. Now we'll pick out a blouse."

Half an hour later the pair walked out of the building, enjoying the luxury of cigarettes. "How do I look?" asked Goodwin.

"Well, the hat's ridin' a little high an' the britches look like they was full of bricks, but the coat an' leggin's fit you fine." Hawthorne regarded him closely. "Pull up the britches and tear the band outa your hat an' you'll look like a Jigadier Brindle."

Goodwin unbuttoned his new blouse and pulled at his breeches until there was an unbroken line between the end of his spiral puttees and his hips. "Guess I'll throw away that rain-coat," he said, tearing out his hatband.

Hawthorne took the rain-coat from him,

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drawing off in an attitude of surprise. "Soldier, you actually pain me. Why, that there rain-coat's good for forty francs any place in this country."

"You mean sell it?" asked Goodwin.

"Sell it? Not if we seen some pore ol' woman with ten orphans standin' out in the rain without anything to eat an' no place to go. No, we'd give it away then. But if we don't see this ol' woman, the forty francs is ourn."

Goodwin chuckled. "An' this extra pair of shoes ought to bring fifty."

Before the thought of their departure, its risks, the danger of arrest, the high-keying sensation of travelling alone through foreign countries, outwitting M. P.'s and officers, and the prospect of arriving again among their own, everything else dissolved in a mist. On other days the meals were grumbled over, but to-day the dinner's bad qualities, the lumps of tomato, the uncooked pieces of beef, were unnoticed. And in high excitement, they dipped their mess-kits in the lukewarm water, dried them on a borrowed towel, and marched busily to the extreme end of the camp, vaulted a wall, and were on the highroad, bursting with deviltry and joy.

This highroad would have conquered less robust spirits. For miles ahead of them and behind it ran a straight course. The mud was an inch thick, and very slushy; under their feet and out on the brown stubble of grass, large chunks of it had been thrown by the wheels of passing cars. In rear of them, Goodwin heard the chug of a heavy motor, and he looked in vain for a spot on which he might stand and be safe from the mud. The truck came on.

"Wait," said Hawthorne. "Let's ask 'em for a ride. Look and see if there's an officer in the front seat." There was none, nothing but red cords; and both men signalled wildly. The truck slowed down, and they climbed over the end gate and were hauled aboard.

"Hello, Artillery." Hawthorne's voice was neither high nor deep. It was rather a voice, medium to begin with, which had acquired terrible clarity through sounding over long fields and wide valleys. "How far ye goin'?"

"Le Mans," said the sergeant in charge.

"Where's that at, Artillery? On the way to Paris?"

"It's on the way, as you might say," answered Artillery. "You can take a train from there."

"That's the place we'll go; huh, Goodwin?"

They settled down in the end of the bumping, careening truck, smoking cigarettes until they could hold the shortened stubs no longer, and gazing restively at the flat, damp ground on either side of the road. A few miles ahead, Le Mans was already to be seen, the buildings gray in the afternoon light. It had the appearance of great size, and Goodwin wondered if the entrances were patrolled by military police, who, no doubt, would arrest them when they were discovered to be without travelling orders. But they could do nothing but chance it now.

The truck rolled over the pavement of the city, past the steep-roofed houses, and stopped at the beginning of a row of small shops. "Far as we go," said Artillery.

"Much obliged," said Hawthorne. They climbed down from the truck and walked along the street. To the right and left and on the main thoroughfare Le Mans was filled with American soldiers who lounged in doorways, swaggered along the sidewalk, explored narrow streets, overflowed the bakeries and cafés, until it seemed unlikely that room could be found for two more.

"This is no place for us," said Goodwin. "Let's find the railroad-station."

"Let's have a drink first."

"There'll be a café near the station," said Goodwin nervously. "I don't like this town myself."

They walked on, unnoticed in the throng, until they saw the railroad tracks, two pairs of them on a black, cindery bed which rose above the street.

A picket fence secured the station from trespassers, but it was low and easily surmounted, Goodwin noticed with gratification. Nevertheless, it would be better to wait for evening to get a train. There were bound to be officers about the station. And the inevitable M. P.!

"There's the café," announced Hawthorne. "Now where's the drink?"

"Let's guess," said Goodwin, striding after Hawthorne's long legs, which were

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rapidly shortening the distance to a dilapidated brick building with musty windows.

The front room of the café was deserted, but in the rear a group of soldiers sat about a rectangular table, their blouses unfastened, their hats pushed high on their foreheads, with small glasses before them. One man, whom baldness had visited early and whose remaining hair grew about the scalp like a horseshoe, was talking with a great deal of smugness:

"Yes, and why shouldn't we be the best division in France? In the first place, we're selected men, and, in the second place, we're from New York. There's no bums among us. We didn't have to come into the army to make a livin'; we made ours in business."

Hawthorne sat listening, his drink untouched before him. He seemed very grave, as if he were intent on understanding all that was being spoken. Finally he asked, curious: "How long you been over here?"

The bald man stopped talking, smiled knowingly about the table, and answered: "Oh, about as long as you have, I guess."

"Have you ever been up to the front?" asked Hawthorne calmly.

"If we had you'd a seen our names in the paper, brother," said the bald man.

"What outfit did you say you was from?"

"New York's Own—selected division," said the man proudly. "What division are you from?"

"The First Division of Regulars," said Hawthorne.

"Oh," said the bald man superiorly. "You with them yellowbellies?"

Hawthorne got slowly to his feet, reached for the iron coffee-stand, and threw it deliberately at the bald spot. The iron weapon struck the wall, jangling harshly to the floor a moment after the bald head disappeared under the table. "Why, damn you," said Hawthorne. He started to climb over the table, but Goodwin encircled his waist and coaxed: "Come on, Hawthorne. Let the poor fool alone. Can't you see he don't know any better? He don't mean anything; he jist ain't got any sense." Goodwin breathed hard through his exertion, but his arms remained straining about Hawthorne's narrow waist.

The bald head appeared at the corner of the table nearest the door, then ran. Hawthorne lunged to free himself, to reach the door, but Goodwin held on fast as the bald head bobbed out of sight.

"Gosh," said Goodwin, "I never seen anybody git under cover as fast as that in all my life."

"Damn lucky he did or I'd a brained him."

"Damned lucky he did or you'd be in jail long after the war is over." The consequences of such an act struck a cold chill down Goodwin's spine. "Gosh!" he shivered. "That iron thing would a killed him sure." In that event he too would have had to go to jail!

Madame came in to light the lamps, frowning over her task, every one of her movements showing disapproval of what had happened. She, too, would have been affected if the coffee-stand had struck the bald man. She would have been arrested by the American officers for selling cognac and her café would have been closed.

Goodwin pushed his glass away. "Let's git outa here."

In the street the evening made outlines of houses and shadows of doorways. A bell from the railway-station, somewhere over the raised ground and beyond the picket fence, struck up a warning of an approaching train. "Let's hop it," said Goodwin. He led the way up the grassy embankment, and grasping hold of the top bar climbed over the fence. There were red and green signal-lights, and men with lanterns moving about on the platform of the dimly lighted station. Then the train rushed in, throwing up a maze of ruddy sparks out of the mouth of the squat chimney. Goodwin, between the two tracks, followed the waiting line of coaches to the first-class compartments. "Hurry up," he called, unfastening the door. "We'll ride in style." It swung open and they hurried inside as the shrill little whistle made infuriated noises. The wheels turned and the train rolled out of the station.

Through a thick, concave glass inset in the roof of the compartment, the electric lights gleamed coolly on the gray covering

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of the seats, each with its triangular bit of lace for a head-rest and separated from its neighbor by a padded arm. There were six seats in the compartment, three on each side, but Hawthorne and Goodwin were the only passengers. They sat facing each other by the window. Goodwin smoked, but Hawthorne gazed out at the hurtling scene like a shy but eager child. Colored lights on the railroad track, pin-points of gold through the darkness, clusters, fields of blinking lights in the distance, pale faces of girls outside the compartment as the train stopped for a moment, then went on. It was all very fascinating and mysterious. He grinned.

"Gosh!" Goodwin unexpectedly remarked. "Gosh, but I got a good outfit. A fine bunch. Wy, we wouldn't have a guy like that skunk in the café around us for more'n two minutes."

"So've I," said Hawthorne. "There's only one fellah in the whole lot that I can't git along with."

"Who's that?" asked Goodwin.

"Our damn mess sergeant."

"Oh," said Goodwin. "That's the way with all mess sergeants."

"No." Hawthorne slowly shook his head, as if he had fully considered Goodwin's explanation and found it lacking in truth. "No, soldier, I don't think so. Now you take our mess sergeant when we was up in the trenches last Febuary. We had it pearty tough up there, standin' watch four on and eight off, sleepin' in the mud and bein' et up by cooties, but do you think that damn mess sergeant'ld ever send us down warm chow? No, sir. It wasn't that he couldn't a. The kitchen was in a forty-foot dugout where they had plenty of wood and plenty of greaseballs to keep things hot. But whenever I sent up a coupla men from my relief to git the chow, they'd always bring it back cold. No damn sense in it at all. So one day I goes up there with the chow detail. He was settin' down eatin' a big pie. 'Lentz,' I says to him, 'Lentz, how come we never git any hot chow?' He looked at me and mumbled: 'I guess your chow's hot enough.' 'Lentz,' I says, 'you're a damn liar and you know it. An' I'll tell you somepn else: if our chow's not hot today I'm gonna raise hell.' Well, he stands up at that and begins to git excited. 'Don't you call me a liar or I'll put ya out of here.' That made me peeved. I never liked 'im anyways. 'Lentz, you come here,' I said; and when he didn't come I went after 'im an' we tangled. I pounded that guy until my knuckles looked like raw meat, an' then I set out to kick hell out of 'im. I'd a done it too if they hadn't a ganged up on me, but what kin ya do aginst four greaseballs and a damn lieutenant?" Hawthorne made a deprecatory gesture with his big brown hands, his first movement since he had begun his story. In fact, he made no expression of any sort, his voice remaining at the same droning pitch.

"Je's," said Goodwin. "Too bad you didn't wait till some dark night. I suppose they socked you in the hoosegow?"

"Sure they did. 'You'll fight the war from the bull-pen, Hawthorne,' says the lieutenant. 'Yes, sir,' I said, 'and it's a damn good thing for that Lentz too, because if I ever git at 'im agin you won't have no evidence left to try me with.'"

"Gosh," said Goodwin, "you oughtn't to have said that. I'll bet that one crack put three more months on your sentence. No, sir, I wouldn't of said that, Hawthorne."

Hawthorne grinned. "So they put me in the bull-pen, an' it was a hell of a sight better'n doin' four on an' eight off. It was at first, anyways, 'cause I didn't have any work to do. Then we moved back to a rest camp where the rest of the gang drilled an' dug trenches all day long. I was jist gittin' used to settin' around agin when they sticks me in front of a guy with a bayonet, give me an axe an' puts me on the wood-pile, splittin' rails for the kitchen stove. An' there wasn't nothin' else to do but swing that axe all day. Then on the second day I was out there at work with that sentry behind me an' I saw Lentz comin' along. He didn't see me at first, an' I went right on choppin' until he got within about ten feet of me. He was walkin' along, lookin' at the ground, and all at once he looks up an' sees me. He laughed so I jist let loose of that axe an' shied it at 'im."

"Je's," said Goodwin, horror-struck. "Did it hit 'im?"

"No, damn it. Only the handle. An' off he limped to report me to the O. D."

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"I pounded that guy until my knuckles looked like raw meat . . ."—Page 28.

Goodwin shook his head. "That'ld mean a general court in my outfit. We've had guys sent to Leavenworth for less than that."

"It's a general in ours, too," said Hawthorne coolly. "An' I'd a got it except that we got shoved up to the front again. The day before we left, the captain comes in the bull-pen an' says: 'Hawthorne, we're goin' up to the front to do a job that'll make that other time we was in the trenches look like a sewin'-bee. Now you can take your choice: you can stay back here in the guard-house or you can go up in the front line an' let me see what you're made of.' 'All right, sir,' I says, 'I'm rarin' to go, but you better keep me away from that damn Lentz or I'll take him for

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a Squarehead.' 'Lentz won't be up there, you needn't worry about that,' says the captain, an' the next day we broke camp." Hawthorne paused.

"I guess your outfit wasn't up with us at Cantigny, was it?"

"No," said Goodwin. "We was up around Château-Thierry."

"Well, anyway, we went into the trenches at Cantigny the next day, an' them Squareheads seemed to know the minute we got there. They threw everything they had at us: sea-bags, Jack Johnsons, whizz-bangs, Lord only knows what. An' there we was, in that old muddy trench, listenin' to them shells bustin' all around. Pow! pow! powie! they went, an' when they stopped an' we stuck our heads up over the firin' bay there was a nice thick line a Dutchmen pokin' along up to our trench. Y'ever seen 'em come over? They don't look human, do they? Maybe it's them long gray coats or maybe it's them funny-lookin' helmets that come down over their heads like flower-pots, but they sure don't look human. Then it might be the long bayonets—" Hawthorne speculated carefully: "Well, I don't know, only I say they don't look human. 'N'en I got a crazy feeling that they was goin' to come right over an' step right down in our trench an' chase us out. 'Cause you couldn't kill nowheres near all of 'em even if we did smoke up the old barrels of our rifles till they was too hot to hold.

"But as I was gonna say, on they come, an' it looked like good night for us, when our own artillery opens up and lays down a barrage so thick it looked like rain. You could see the Squareheads sort of stop an' break up a little an' then come on agin, but our machine-guns caught 'em in an enfilade fire, an' the first thing we knowed somebody blowed a whistle in our trench an' everybody started yellin' 'Forward.'

"'So it's up an' at 'em!' I says to Crawford in a kind of a joke, but he hadn't anything to say. Something had walloped him in the head. Well, it was tough work gittin' outa that trench. The mud was so soft an' the trench so deep an' the barb wire so tough I thought I never would git out. An' then we starts over that yellow ground, dodgin' into shell holes and gittin' up and runnin' like rabbits towards the Squareheads' trench. I got about half-way there an' that was all. They got me jist below the knee with a machine-gun bullet." Hawthorne stopped talking, bent over, and carefully unwrapped his cloth puttee. Between the calf and the knee was a bandage, already soiled around the edges, in the centre of which a crimson bit of rust was showing.

"Gosh," said Goodwin, "you better be takin' care of that dressing or you won't have any leg left." He paused, staring down at his hobnailed boots in a bewildered manner. "You sure was lucky, Hawthorne. You got away with murder," he said slowly. Of course it was Hawthorne's own business if he wanted to carry on in that way, but Goodwin could not approve of it. There was something about Hawthorne's experience that flouted natural laws. It was almost an insult to the whole body of soldiery that he could pummel a non-com, be arrested, and, while under guard, deliberately throw an axe at the same non-com, and then not be punished for anything. But Hawthorne had learned his lesson; no doubt about that. . . . Poor old Hawthorne. He sure would be in bad if he and Goodwin were taken up by one of the military police. Why, with his record, he would get life imprisonment. He never should have gone with him on this escapade. He wouldn't if he had known the trouble Hawthorne had been in. But now that he had gone, had abetted him, almost, it developed upon him to keep Hawthorne from the clutches of the M. P.'s.

"Hawthorne," he said earnestly, "I don't think we oughta go to Paris. It's too damned dangerous. I guess it's a great city, all right, but we ought to see it from the picture-cards this time."

"Soldier, you don't wanna miss Gay Paree: It's a bon sec*tor*. That's where everybody goes."

"I know it is. The M. P.'s is there, too."

"How will we git back to our outfits if we don't go to Paris?"

"Well, I didn't mean not to go there, exactly, Hawthorne. Course we got to go there to change trains. But there'll be a lot of M. P.'s at the station we come in at,

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an' I thought we could jump off at a suburb an' take a street-car through town to the other station."

"I s'pose it's all right," said Hawthorne, "but I'd like to see some of the town."

"Well, we can see it from the street-car."

"Lord, soldier, I don't mean thataway," said Hawthorne gloomily. "Be-

decided at once. "Yeh," admitted Goodwin.

"All right," grinned Hawthorne, "I won't ditch ya, soldier. When do we git off?"

The train was slowing down, and before it had fully stopped they had jumped from the compartment to the cinder walk where an Ancient patrolled the premises with a swinging lantern.

Now Hawthorne could go back to his outfit and live down his attack on the mess sergeant.—Page 33.

sides, they'll see us at the station we go out at, anyways."

"Yeh," considered Goodwin. "But they don't bother yuh if you're goin'; it's only when you're comin' in that they pick yuh up."

"I thought you wanted to see Paris, soldier?"

"I did." How strongly he wanted to see Paris, how long he had been fascinated by tales of the Café de la Paix and the Folies Bergère, the Apache district! For a moment he weakened, but a moment only, for at the end of this merriment he saw Hawthorne in Saint Anne's Prison, with a service record that was black as ink, and charged with being absent without leave. "I don't want to now, though."

"Cold feet?" asked Hawthorne.

Goodwin gulped: Cold feet! But the train was speeding to Paris, Saint-Denis was the next stop, and the matter must be

Before them was a five-foot fence which terminated in a gate beside the brick wall of the station. The sign "Sortie" was above the gate, and before it stood the ticket-collector taking slips of pasteboard from the passengers.

"Don't let 'im stop us," cautioned Goodwin. Stepping quickly, with a sense of onslaught, they approached the gate, smiled at the collector, and—were halted. A ticket was demanded.

"Americain soldat," answered Hawthorne.

The explanation did not serve. Barring the exit, the collector repeated his demand.

"What?" asked Hawthorne, leaning over the Frenchman, as if he thought distance to be all that prevented him from understanding.

"Ticket, comme ça, comme ça!" The Frenchman, growing irritated, held out a ticket which he had taken from another passenger, to show what he wanted.

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"No savvy. I don't git ya, mister." Hawthorne slowly shook his head.

The collector danced in his exasperation over these Americans. "Ticket, ticket," he shouted.

"I don't know what you mean!" Hawthorne's voice was yet louder. "Here, how's this?" He reached in his pocket, withdrew his hospital order for a wound chevron, and held it forth.

The Frenchman violently shook his head.

"Tell 'im we're goin' back to our outfit, Hawthorne. Mussear, Boche! Bing, bing! Toot sweet! Allemande. Knock hell out of the whole bunch!" Goodwin gritted his teeth at imaginary Germans, lunged with an imaginary bayonet, pressed an imaginary trigger, and smiled ingratiatingly.

The Frenchman cursed, waved his hands, and despaired. They passed out into the street, gay in their achievement.

No street-cars were to be seen, but an English soldier whom Goodwin hailed piloted them to the Métro and gave them directions to the Gare de l'Est. And so, while the stage of the Folies Bergère was a tantalizing mist of gauze and flesh, while a field clerk paid for the dinner of a cocotte at the Moulin Rouge, while a respectable line officer lay prone on a bench by the Sacre-Cœur, and while the military police sleuthed the streets, Goodwin and Hawthorne rumbled through the bowels of Paris—the city of their latter dreams—to take the train for Toul.

Goodwin saw the dawn from a third-class coach in which he sat half-smothered by a detachment of French soldiers. He wondered how it was possible for Hawthorne to sleep. His charge was sprawled on the floor of the coach, his head resting on the feet of a snoring poilu and his legs serving as a pillow for another. Not that Hawthorne's position was too uncomfortable for rest. Goodwin himself had lain that way innumerable times. His wonder was that Hawthorne could forget about his peril. He was, as Goodwin saw it, in a dangerous position. If the least thing happened to him to cause his arrest, his past record would certainly be the cause of his going to jail. At this instant, if they were seen by a military police, a railroad-transportation officer, in fact, any commissioned man, Hawthorne would be arrested, and when the court-martial board saw his record he might be tried for desertion. How could he explain that he was going back to the front? Goodwin worried, looking out the window at the green and brown rectangular fields, the gray farmhouses, the villages clustered on the quiet hilltops.

Soon they would arrive in Toul, and if they got off the train and through the city without being challenged, Hawthorne would be comparatively safe. But Toul was a divisional headquarters. Officers and soldiers would be at the station. It would be useless to attempt to pass the ticket-collector. But they could, by leaving the train by the left side instead of the right and walking across the tracks, avoid the collector completely. So Goodwin schemed for the welfare of his friend while the friend slept on, in a mass between the seats, ignorant of Goodwin's scheming.

Toul tells its mediæval story by the thick walls, the moat which surrounds it, the turrets, with long slits for the archers, rising above the walls and looking out over the calm, fertile country of wood and farm. Goodwin saw it from the window; shook Hawthorne by the shoulder. "Get up, Hawthorne, here we are," he called.

"Huh! Where?" Hawthorne disentangled himself and sat up, staring at Goodwin.

"We'll be at Toul in a minute an' we'll have to git off the minute the train stops."

Hawthorne grinned. "All right, soldier, I guess I kin say 'No savvy' to the Frogs."

"I gotta stunt, Hawthorne. When the train stops we'll get off on the wrong side an' beat it while the coaches are still standin' between us an' the station."

The train slackened, jerked, the bumpers of the coaches struck and recoiled. Goodwin raised the latch and opened the door.

With Goodwin leading, they trotted across the tracks, cleared the fence, and followed the street which led through the outer gate at the north. Suddenly Hawthorne halted.

"I don't know about you, soldier, but my laig hurts and I want some chow."

"Come on, Hawthorne," Goodwin coaxed. He was hungry too, but he said: "We're nearly there now. We'll be at our

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outfits by noon. Maybe we can find a farmhouse along the way."

"Hell," said Hawthorne sceptically, "we won't see our outfit afore night, an' you know it. Besides, it's nearly all evacuated district between here an' the front."

"Come on, Hawthorne. The streets'll be full of soldiers in a minute an' we'll git run in," Goodwin pleaded.

Hawthorne resigned himself. "An' me with a gimpy laig," he said.

They walked under the heavy gateway to the road, a white ridge bending along green slopes past the walled town and through a wood where the ground levelled. There, the road was straight, with an appearance of coolness beneath the overhanging boughs. They walked without speaking. Hawthorne, because of the not-quite-healed wound in his leg, employed a kind of ploughing gait, and from time to time Goodwin would regard him stealthily, jealously, then look straight ahead again to the point where the road narrowed into nothingness. He was satisfied with himself, pleased with his success in bringing Hawthorne back to his outfit safely. If it hadn't been for him, Hawthorne would certainly have been arrested. And with his record! He would have been thrown in jail for the rest of his life. But now Hawthorne could go back to his outfit and live down his attack on the mess sergeant. At any rate, Hawthorne had learned his lesson.

In rear of them the revolutions of a motor sounded, and as they looked back they saw an ambulance speeding toward them. The brakes tightened, the rubber seared, skidding on the gravel, and an obliging driver stopped.

At the back of the car they sat facing each other on the long, leather-covered seats. Signs of the front grew more numerous each moment. The evacuation hospital, the camouflaged supply dump, the long-range guns hidden in a cellar and covered with leaves, the mended road, the concrete machine-gun emplacement—they passed all of them.

At a crossroad the ambulance stopped. To the left was a shell-raked farmhouse, headquarters of the brigade to which Hawthorne belonged. To the right, far beyond the blue-black woods, lay Goodwin's troops. Goodwin held out his hand.

"Well, Hawthorne, what'll you do when you git back to your outfit?"

"Hell," said Hawthorne, tightening his webbed belt and grinning, "I'll report for duty an' then carve my name all over the face of that Lentz."

"Who?" asked Goodwin.

"Lentz, the mess sergeant."

"Oh," said Goodwin dully, far down in his throat. "Well, so long, Hawthorne."

As he turned to the right he was sickeningly aware of the distance he had yet to go and the fact that he was very hungry.

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Toulouse.
The beautiful cloister of the museum.

The Provincial Universities of France

BY PAUL VAN DYKE
Lecturer to the French Provincial Universities of the Cercle Français of Harvard University, 1923

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE fifteen provincial universities of France are not distributed over the map according to any statistical plan either of territory or population, but they may be divided geographically into five groups: Lille, Nancy, Strasbourg, the northern group; Dijon, Besançon, Lyons, Grenoble, the eastern group; Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, Aix-Marseilles, the southern group; Caen and Rennes, the western group; Poitiers and Clermont-Ferrand, the central group.* They differ much in size, in situation, in particular characteristics, but they are alike in a certain impression they make upon one who, like the writer, visits them all within a few months. It is the inspiring experience of meeting in their professors a body of men devoted to the pursuit of truth and the great task of handing on the deposit of the world's knowledge to the next generation, who live with dignity under narrow material conditions, finding their chief pleasures in the things of the mind and the consciousness of a service rendered to their country.

The French universities are not, like the universities of the United States, separate and independent institutions. On the contrary, while each retains a certain individual liberty of management and action, they form integral parts of

* No mention has been made in this article of the University of Algiers, a French state university, which the writer was unable to visit. I hear from Americans who have studied there that it offers good opportunities of instruction by an excellent faculty. It has about 1500 students.

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the French system of national education—they are, so to speak, important wheels in that great machine. They all have the same chief, the Minister of Education and Fine Arts, and are under the direction and inspection of the Director of Higher Education. At regular intervals their rectors assemble at Paris to take counsel together, and with the central authorities, upon their common task. They have a common organ of communication with educational institutions outside of France in "The National Office of French Universities and Schools"—a sort of Foreign Office for the French educational system, which has representatives in New York and London.

Their common task can most easily be understood by noticing the fact that the Rector of Poitiers, for example, is sometimes spoken of as Rector of the Academy of Poitiers and sometimes as Rector of the University of Poitiers. This means that he has a double duty. He is the central executive of the university, conducting its affairs with the aid of the deans of the various faculties, and he is also the executive head of the entire school system—from primary school to normal school—in the district included by the Academy of Poitiers.

For all the state institutions of learning in that district the Rector of the university is a sort of educational archbishop, and the size of the province, which is the academy, has no necessary relation to the size of the university. Thus the University of Rennes in 1921 was the fifth in France in the number of its students; it was the second in France for the number of students of the schools forming part of the Academy of Rennes examined for the baccalaureate or graduation certificate from the secondary schools. This baccalaureate examination is conducted by a mixed commission of the Faculties of Letters and of Science and teachers in the lycées (somewhat like our high schools but receiving tuition fees). The student who has passed it in any academy has the key to the entrance gates of any university.

Once inside the university he is free to choose his faculty and, within that faculty, his studies, except that, if he wants either a special certificate (a sort of partial course differing in different universities) or the degree of doctor (necessary to the higher teaching posts and the learned professions), he must be ready to pass examinations, less frequent than ours, but more comprehensive and difficult. These examinations normally consist of two: the *licence*, sometimes divided into several examinations but more often comprised in one, and the doctorate. In addition there are competitive examinations, extremely severe, called aggregations, which are the entrance gates to professorships either in the lycées or the universities. In the faculty of medicine there are a number of examinations leading up to the doctorate.

This comparative liberty to do as he pleases without having his work controlled and checked at frequent intervals, in each of his various courses, does not lead to that neglect of regular work which might be feared from its immediate application to our American universities. A régime of liberty which treats the university student as a man capable of being left to his own responsibility to prepare himself by continued and regular daily effort for a distant and difficult test of his knowledge and attainments, is the ideal toward which our American universities ought to work. Its ruthless application as a theory without regard to the hard facts of the psychology of the youth which now enters our American universities, would result in much disillusionment to students and to their parents. The word "ruthless" is carefully chosen, for it is certainly a cruelty to force upon youths a responsibility which demands a larger ability for unaided self-control and a maturer judgment of the comparative value of things than they possess or are willing to use.

The average French student is more serious in his attitude toward what he comes to college to get and works very much harder than the average American student. Of the reasons for this, three may be noted.

First, what is known as college life, which, as it exists in many of our colleges and universities, is a very beautiful thing, exists in so much feebler a degree in French universities that it draws nobody to them for that alone. Whereas, the

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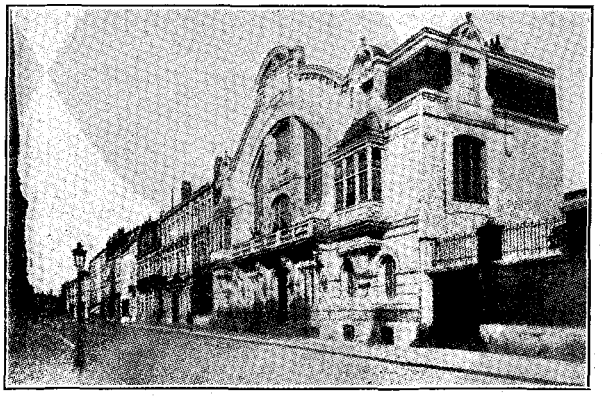
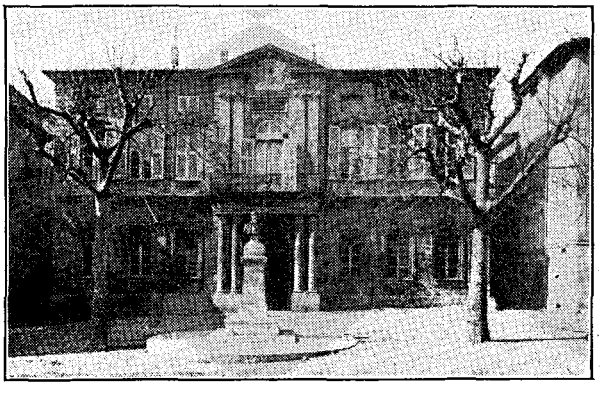
curse of our American institutions of learning is the number of lads entering them who have no desire in regard to learning except to avoid doing as much labor as possible in order to devote as much time as possible to what they believe to be "college life." Their inexperience hides from them that college life draws all its most subtle charms from the fact that it is the life of students; otherwise it degenerates and becomes as banal as the life of any other gang or set of people anywhere. The necessity of converting these foolish lads, or of eliminating the incorrigibles, is the chief reason why the first two years of most of our colleges and universities do not count for more than they do toward the task of training good citizens with cultivated minds.



Lille.
The Students Club.

Second, the French student who qualifies for a university by passing his baccalaureate has been, during his school course, a very hard worker. Most Frenchmen with whom I have talked believe that the average French boy or girl in the secondary school has to work too long hours for his physical, and even for his mental, health. I accept their opinion, and I also venture to express my own suspicion that the average American boy or girl in our schools is not made to work nearly hard enough. However that may be, the average French young man or woman comes through the gateway of the baccalaureate knowing what mental work is and used to doing it without too much babying.

Third, in a certain very marked respect the composition of the student bodies in French universities differs from that in American universities. French universities have always been a combination of the last two years of our American universities and our professional schools. My university friends tell me that since the war they have become more professional. The reason is not far to seek: France has buried 1,300,000 men—and the larger part of these dead are from the very flower of her youth. She has more than half a million more of crippled half-time workers. Some of the older men, as I have been told by more than one of them, are staying in harness beyond the time they had fixed for retirement to well-earned leisure, but that does not relieve much the enormous strain upon the successive crops of young men to fill up the empty ranks and rapidly take the places of their older brothers in conducting the life of France. Most French university students are preparing for examinations, without which they cannot earn their living, or studying subjects directly related to earning their living.



Aix.
Faculty of Law; a charming eighteenth century building.

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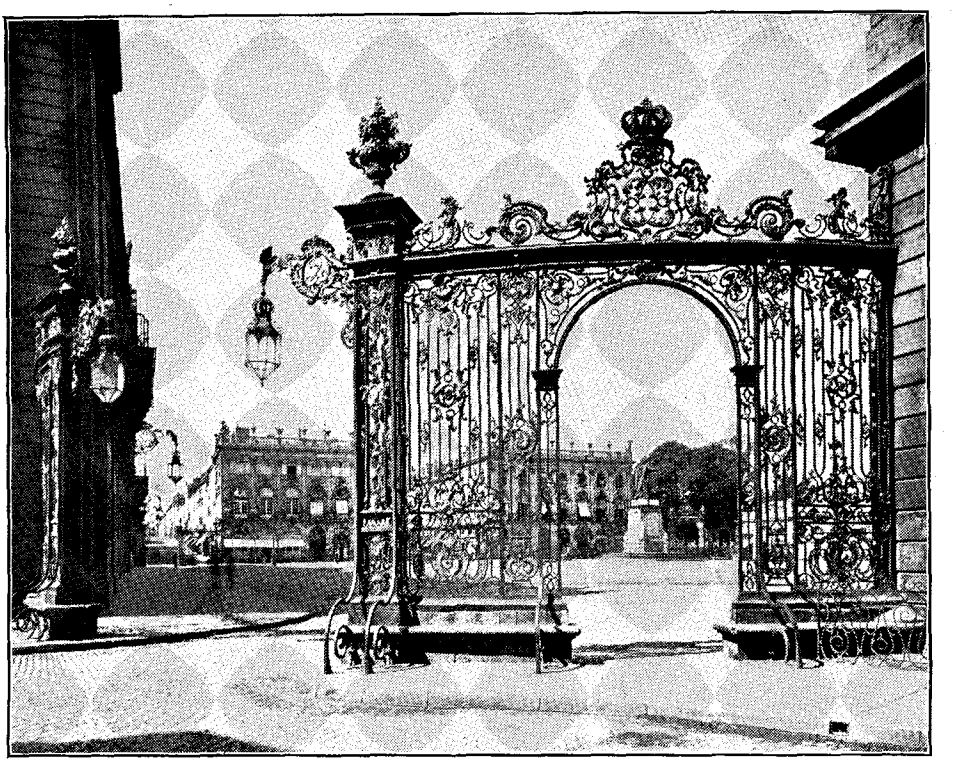
This desire to qualify as quickly as possible for their practical work in the world is enforced by the poverty of France, crushed with debt and still struggling with the enormous problem of the reconstruction of her devastated regions. The cost of living is terribly high. The franc buys less than a third of what it did before the war, and the 6,000 francs or more which are reckoned as the average cost of a year at the university, are a heavy drag on the budget of the father of a family who earns from 12,000 to 30,000 francs a year.

In this point of the composition of their student body the American universities differ for the moment from their French sisters. For a considerable number of our students the university examinations are in no sense gateways to their professions. They intend to enter business and they could, if they wished, begin earning money in business at eighteen instead of coming to college. For example, at Princeton more than half of those members of the last graduating class who had made a definite choice of life work expected to enter business. These students are under less pressure to work hard than are students whose studies bear a more direct and visible relation to their future bread and butter.



Nancy.

The central square with its beautiful wrought iron gates; a jewel of eighteenth century architecture.

The object is only to point out this difference and its results, and not at all to express any regret for it. Many French professors have, on the contrary, expressed to me their great regret over the comparative absence of this element in the present French student body. The presence of these students, who, as they sometimes say themselves, "don't need to go through college," gives to the American universities a great advantage over their French sisters in a certain chance to render service to the future of the Republic! An advantage due not at

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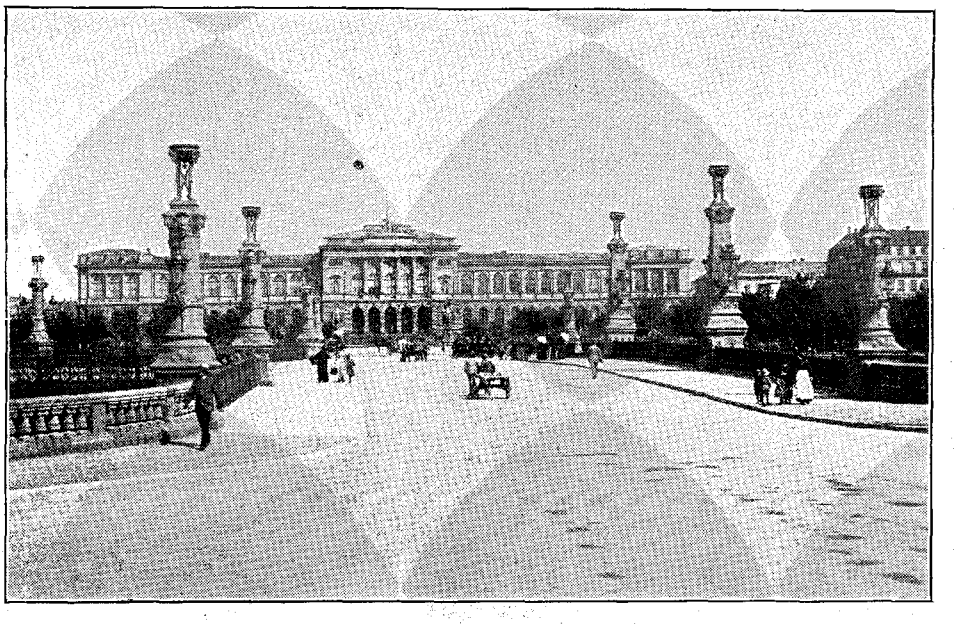
all to our own merits or to any fault of the French, but to the fearful loss of life and waste of capital through the war.

These men, destined for business life, who "don't need to go through college" but who chose to go, sometimes beginning their course for very frivolous reasons, are now a special leaven in our national life and may become a still stronger influence. Is it altogether beside the mark to guess, without having investigated all the facts, that a certain marked rôle in the progress we have made (at least in certain individual cases) toward better relations between labor and capital, a progress shown, for instance, in the successful adoption here and there of various methods of organization intended to give the workman a sense of ownership in what he is helping to create, has been due, in some degree, to the sons of manufacturers, who, graduating from a college or university, have brought to the paternal office broad views of social and economic relations gained from studies and comparisons unknown to their fathers? Certainly our colleges must never be allowed to degenerate into agreeable clubs, either city or country, for the sons of successful business men. But these sons of successful business men are an enormous potential power for good, and the colleges and universities which succeed in doing their duty by them have a very important part to play in their character and lives, and through them, a very important part to play in the life of the country. Certainly the experience of every man who has managed in any of the smaller cities of the United States enterprises with any humanitarian or intellectual element or any element of trained taste in them, is that the college and university men, and frequently the non-professional college and university men, are often centres of light and leading in their day and generation in that station of life to which God has called them.



Strasbourg.
The central university building; erected by the Germans.

The universities of France are in more or less close relations, not officially but personally, with the local learned societies or ancient "academies," which form centres of intellectual life and artistic taste all over France, outside of its sixteen cities in which universities exist. These societies and academies publish their "travaux" and, before the war, a great

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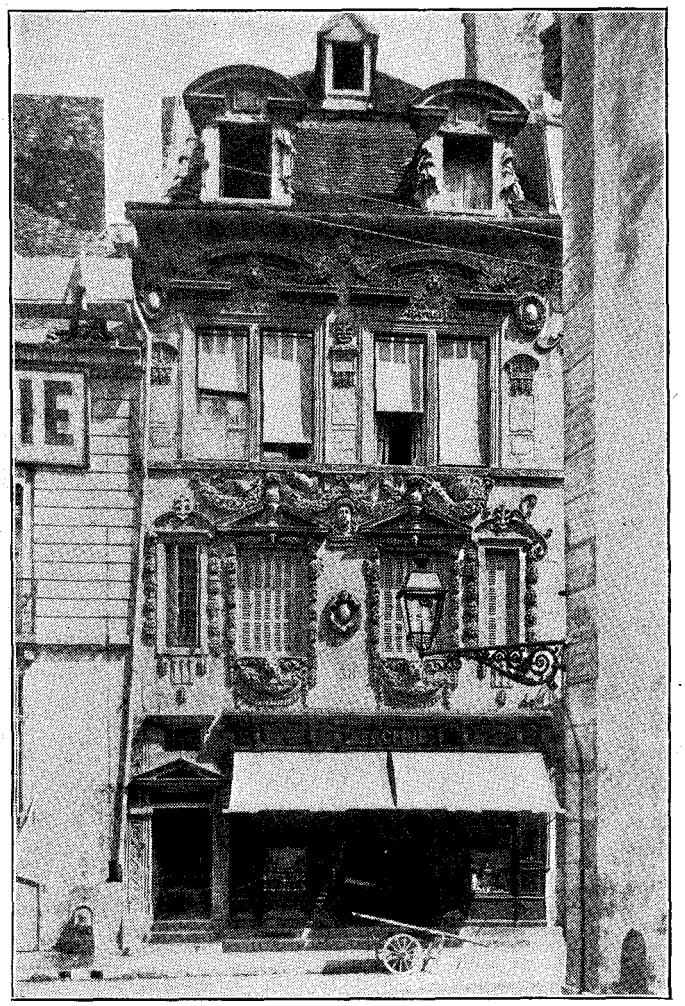
number of local reviews, filled with articles of high merit in the domain either of letters or of science. In 1922, for example, fourteen of these local learned societies (only two of them in university cities) published an astonishing list of "travaux"; ranging from "The Importation of Wine in the Region of Toulouse in the Time of Cicero," through the "Bandits of Comminges in the Age of Louis XIV," to "The Destruction of Forests about Rouen, Due to the War, and the Problem of Reforestation."

It is a great advantage that the intellectual life of France is not concentrated at Paris, in spite of the fact that forty-three per cent of the university students of France are at Paris. It is the practically unanimous opinion in France that the administration of the Republic, inherited from the absolute rule of Napoleon, ought to be decentralized. At all events I have never yet met a man who denied that this ought to be done in some measure. Nor have I ever discussed the subject of strangers getting some idea of France with any educated man, who did not tell me that the man who only knows Paris does not know France and therefore he does not thoroughly understand even Paris. When this process of decentralization, which everybody approves *en principe* but nobody seems very anxious to start actively, really does begin, the universities of France are ready-made local centres of intelligence of great future value. Meanwhile, they are rendering France an enormous service. They contain in their faculties many men of distinction, not only men comparatively young, but also older men who have refused invitations to migrate to Paris; for it is a delusion to suppose that all the ablest professors are concentrated at Paris.



Dijon.

One of the houses built by a member of the Parliament of Burgundy in the seventeenth century.

In provincial universities there is a strong intellectual life, shown by the publications of the professors. The list of publications of the professors of Strasbourg since 1920 is astonishing.

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Grenoble.

American soldier students on an excursion in 1919.

Although their faculties are not composed of men born in the city or the province in which they are teaching, the provincial universities show a very marked and commendable desire to take advantage of their special opportunities and to serve local needs. For example, Rennes is a great centre of Celtic studies and has published for forty years a review treating all possible subjects in connection with Brittany. Nancy has a school of brewing, Besançon of horlogerie, etc.

A great many of these institutions maintain special courses for foreign students, and in all of them Americans are very warmly welcomed. They are no new guests. The universities of France in the spring of 1919 opened their gates to about 5,000 officers and men of our army, for whom they instituted special three months courses, usually in the language, geography, history, and literature of France.

Ten out of the fifteen of these provincial universities now maintain summer schools for similar instruction. These courses last from six weeks to four months. The fees are very moderate and sections of four weeks' instruction can be taken. Few more pleasant and economical ways to spend the whole or part of a vacation for intelligent people who do not care for abject idleness, can be found than a visit to one of these summer schools. Several of these universities, for climatic reasons, hold their school outside of their own cities. Toulouse in the Pyrenées; Poitiers at Tours, in the midst of the château country; Rennes and Lille on the seacoast. In addition, Strasbourg holds a summer school for German at Mayence, on the Rhine; and Toulouse a school for Spanish in the mountain city of Burgos, in Spain.

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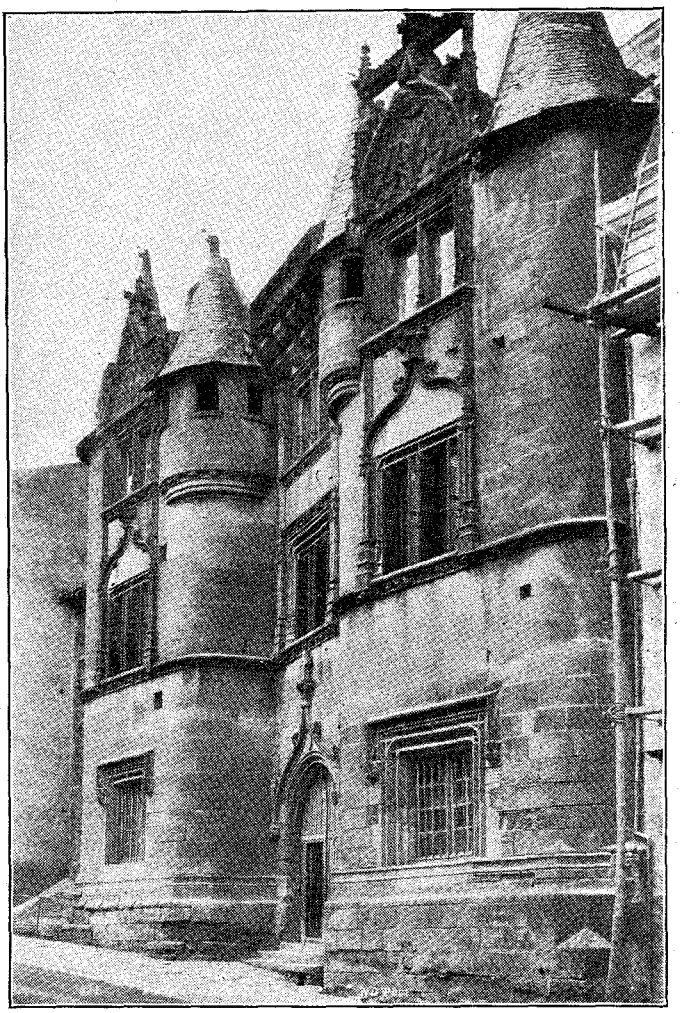
In the size of their student bodies the French provincial universities ranged in 1922 from 334 to 3,267. Two had less than 500 students, four less than 1,000, eleven less than 2,000, six between 2,000 and 3,000, one (Lyons) 3,267. The total number of students in the seventeen French state universities (Algiers included) was for the year ending July, 1922, 50,906, of whom 21,711 were at Paris. This is an increase in the total number of 10,655 over January, 1914. The number of foreign students, which, January, 1914, was about fifteen per cent of the total number, is also on the increase. Of twenty-one nations represented by students in January, 1914, all but four had at the end of 1920 increased the number of their students. The four were Germany, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Russia: none, except Serbia, has increased more rapidly than the United States.



Poitiers.

The new Faculty of Letters: a fifteenth century building modernized inside.

The provincial universities are situated in cities of from 30,000 to 600,000 inhabitants. Some of these cities are great industrial or commercial centres like Lille, Lyons, or Bordeaux (an ancient port re-

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built largely in the eighteenth century), stately cities with handsome parks and squares and fountains. Some are in small cities which contain many survivals of past ages, like Poitiers, Caen, or Dijon. In some, although the city is largely new, there survives, as in the squares with their splendid gates at Nancy, the very image of a vanished artistic epoch. Some are placed among charming surroundings like Besançon, Clermont-Ferrand, or Grenoble.

In one sense all are new, because the Revolution suppressed all the universities of France, which were reorganized and refounded in the nineteenth century. But most of them either have their roots in the remote past, like Toulouse, founded in 1229 to combat the Albigensian heresy, or Montpellier, which had free schools of medicine, law, and the arts by 1150, or succeed, like Strasbourg, some ancient institution of learning dating at least from the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Several of them, like Aix and Rennes and Bordeaux, were founded by the ruler of an ancient province which at the time of their foundation was not an integral part of France.

Because of the absence of many features of what we call college life we must not suppose that there is no common life among the students of French universities. In all of them there exist "Sociétés des Amis de l'Université," which represent our alumni associations. All of them have students' clubs or associations. At Lille, for example, the students' club is installed in a handsome building whose construction is due to the present Rector. It has a reading-room well supplied with daily papers and reviews and a library well stocked with modern literature. Every month there is a social reunion, for which the members provide the entertainment, musical or dramatic. There is a café, billiard, and fencing room, and the club publishes a monthly review.

Until recently French university students had been left to look after their own material comfort. But there is noticeable a movement on the part of university councils to concern themselves with it. Many have made themselves responsible for cheap co-operative restaurants. French universities have no dormitories. But recently some of the universities have begun, in a small way, to provide them. In Strasbourg, in Toulouse, and in other places there are buildings, under university control, where some students may obtain rooms. The two enterprises of this sort with whose details I am best acquainted have been undertaken recently at Paris, whose students have heretofore all been left to find lodgings for themselves. "The University Society of Friends of the Woman Student," whose president is the wife of the Rector, has built with the aid of a loan from the state, a Maison des Étudiantes, which, besides providing a large restaurant, lecture-halls, club-rooms, ten artists' studios, etc., lodges 138 girl students. The price of board and lodging ranges from 260 to 360 francs a month, which, of course, is much cheaper than such advantages can be obtained for elsewhere in Paris.

The lamented Mr. Deutsch de la Meurthe, at the suggestion of the Rector, gave not long before his death 10,000,000 francs to construct a dormitory for 300 students, with restaurant and common room for many more, at the edge of fifty acres presented to the university by the government on the site of the fortifications now being destroyed. On this site his fund is also creating a park whose effect will be enhanced by the close proximity of one of the prettiest of the small public parks of Paris. A site is offered gratis on the edge of the park to any nation which wishes to construct a dormitory for its students, and a number of nations have selected sites and intend to erect buildings.

These and similar less costly enterprises in other universities are perhaps the beginning of a new era in French "student life."

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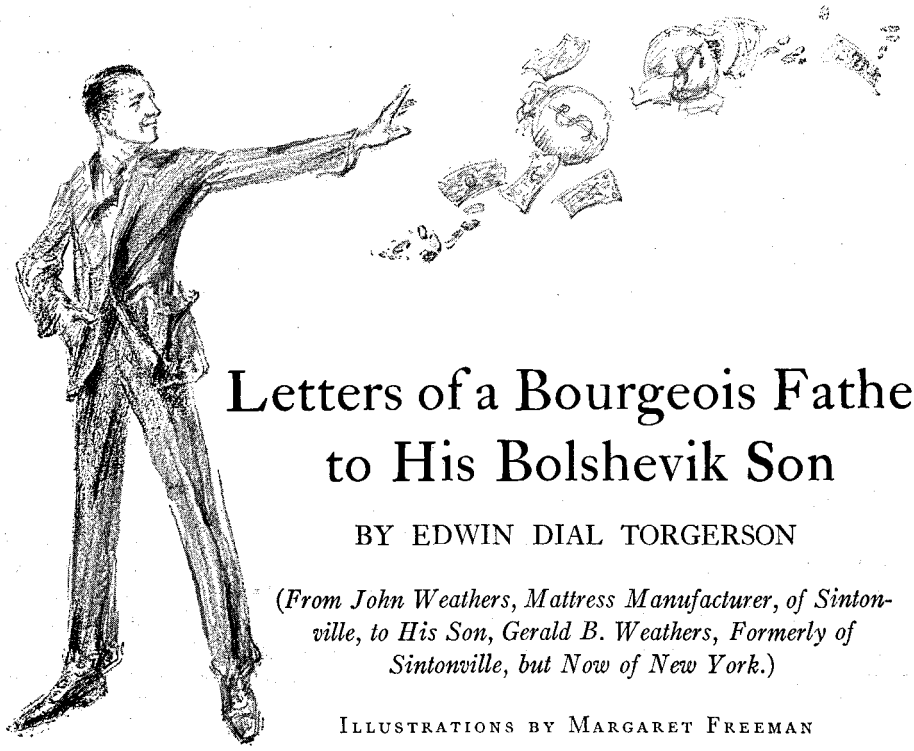

Letters of a Bourgeois Father to His Bolshevik Son

BY EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

(From John Weathers, Mattress Manufacturer, of Sintonville, to His Son, Gerald B. Weathers, Formerly of Sintonville, but Now of New York.)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

Sintonville, June 28, 19—
In your reply please refer to
JW: CL File 61W

DEAR JERRY:

Your letter of the 21st. inst at hand, and contents duly noted.

Yes, New York is a big place, and it hardly compares with Sintonville. The lions on the Library steps are larger than our statue of Senator Ipswich, and there are other points of dissimilarity. Sintonville, however, is the third largest mattress production centre of the United States, and I think New York is the fourth, so you need not be ashamed to tell people that you are from Sintonville. Everybody knows the "Sleep-easy" and "Comfy" brands of rest specialties, and no doubt you will be proud to refer to the fact that your father is the creator of them. Tell your friends to write for Booklet A.

You probably will be interested, however, in higher things, since you have set out upon a career of ideal communism. I tried to get you interested in overhead when you were here, which is the highest thing around the plant, and it was a keen disappointment to me that you did not seem to catch the spirit of the mattress industry. As our advertising man says, the human race spends one-third of its mortal life on some kind of mattress, and I do not think you can say the same of art and literature.

However, I never did believe in trying to argue with a horse that he ought to drink water. Your mother spent a modest fortune on your sister's musical education, and Eleanor hates Tschaikowsky worse than Bichloride. It's all because they forced the child to take music lessons when her natural inclination was to be out jumping rope or teasing cats.

Your mother and I agreed that she should rear Eleanor and I should *raise* you. Mama thinks I have made a pretty mournful mess of it, because of your so-called radical tendencies, but we will show them, won't we?

There is comfort to me in the fact that you *think*. It is far better to think wrongly than not at all. The man who uses his mental processes invariably outgrows the earlier crudities which he mistook for gems of thought. It's like a boy reading

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five-cent novels. My father castigated me because I clove to "Old Cap Collier" and "Diamond Dick," instead of "Oliver Twist" and "Paradise Lost." Little did he know that I was laying the foundation of a broader appetite, so to speak, in literature, and that, had I not started out with five-cent thrillers, I never would have cultivated a taste in reading which later made it possible for me to enjoy Pluto and Aristotle.

Viewing the matter from this distance, I do not blame my father. A book agent sold him a set of Milton illustrated with unhappy artists' models in Purgatory and even lower in the social scale, together with a set of Dickens's Works. My mother tore all the pictures out of Paradise Lost, which made it a dull and properly named book, even to Papa. But he wanted his children to be better educated than he was, hence his insistence in guiding my taste.

"The waiter said, 'No thanks,' when I offered him a seventy-five cent tip."

I am glad you have had greater educational advantages than your father, though I did manage to struggle through Allerton Tech. I cannot understand, of course, how an academic course at Harvard and a law course at Yale could result in so disrespectful an attitude toward dollars and cents as you display.

Speaking of money, though, if you ever have need of a few capitalistic dollars, they are waiting for you here. It seems rather odd that you do not care to accept further help from me.

I respect your determination to make a living for yourself and to pay me back all that I have expended on your education. I am sure that you are quite able to take care of yourself and that you will forge ahead in any endeavor which you select. However, I remember that your mother and I paid fifteen dollars for a cantaloupe and a cup of coffee one morning at the Ritzbilt when we were in New York, and the waiter said, "No thanks," when I offered him a seventy-five cent tip. If I were you, I would keep away from such places. They are quite likely to guess that you are from Sintonville.

Let me hear from you, boy, and don't feel too harsh toward

FATHER.

Dict. but not read.

(P. S.—Miss Larrimore makes mistakes every now and then, but I don't have time to read over and correct long foolish letters like this, so just overlook them.)

Sintonville, July 15, 19—.
In your reply please refer to:
JW: CL File 61W

DEAR SON:

In reply of yours of the 10th, inst.,

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would say that I am rather shocked to hear that I wrote anything that hurt your feelings.

You should not condemn the entire mattress industry simply because I asked you once if you would not like to learn how to run a factory.

If we are "oppressing" anybody in our plant, I have never been told of it before. The men and women who work for us seem to be satisfied with conditions. The girls' rest room has all the latest magazines and a fine beveled mirror in it, and the men have organized a baseball team and seem to think a lot of the gymnasium that we have put in, with the aid of the Y. M. C. A.

As for child labor—my dear boy, I do not see how you possibly could get such an impression, knowing me as you do, and as familiar as you are with our methods of running the business. We obey the Child Labor Law to the very letter.

I often wonder where I would be to-day if there hadn't been any child labor in your family, Jerry. My mother used to cry because she had to wake me up at three o'clock of a bitter morning, and I had to trudge a mile and a half through the snow to my job at the foundry. That was after my father died, and things were pretty lean with us. My mother managed to keep me in school, but I worked four hours every morning before other boys woke up.

This is too much about myself, son, but you will forgive me if I cannot understand how a lad who had everything that money could buy, as you had, could grow up to manhood with the peculiar ideas that you have.

I am glad that you found a job so quickly in New York. I never have seen a copy of "*Unchained*," but it must be an interesting sort of a magazine, judging from the name. Tell them to write our advertising manager and give him details of rates and circulation. I know you are not in the advertising department, but my experience with newspapers has been that they feel quite friendly toward those who say it with advertising. They printed my picture as a leading citizen of Sintonville in one of the annual special editions here recently for fifty dollars. My advertising man said that was just "mug-stuff" and a hold-up. But if they want a little mug-stuff on "*Unchained*," just let me know about it. If it will help you in your new job, I will put on a flannel shirt and start chewing tobacco instead of smoking cigars.

I don't think parents should ever stand in the way of their children. Your mother has just illustrated the futility of that sort of thing by forbidding Eleanor to have her own car. Yesterday Eleanor skidded out to the factory with a useless-looking admirer and a shiny little coupé which she said was hers. I asked her where she got it—I mean the car—and she said she bought it on the installment plan, and intended to pay fifty dollars a month out of her allowance until she had satisfied the "pay-as-you-ruin-it" automobile dealer, and wouldn't I be a sweet old darling and increase her allowance fifty dollars a month?

I think I have smoothed things over between your mother and Eleanor by suggesting that Mama give a dinner dance at the Country Club on some pretext or other.

Good luck to you, boy, and don't let the problems of the universe make a dyspeptic of you.

Fondly your

FATHER.

Dict. but not read.

Sintonville, July 26, 19—.
In your reply please refer to:
JW: CL File 61W

MY DEAR JERRY:

It seems you have got a job on a magazine that is very much like you. A magazine that refuses advertising is certainly as unique as a son who refuses money from his father. I am sorry they will not accept the announcement of the Paramount Mattress Corporation, for I am sure that a great many readers of "*Unchained*" are losing sleep, and space in the magazine would be good consumer advertising, as my publicity man says.

I get this impression after reading the copy you sent me. The editor has discovered more wrongs in this miserable little world than are dreamed of in my philosophy, or Horatio's. He makes twelve worries grow where one itched before. He really does not know what ele-

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gant propaganda he is spreading for the benefit of the mattress industry.

It sounds like an interesting experiment that you are working out. Every man gives his labor co-operatively without salary, and shares in the profits of the sale of "*Unchained*," if any, to the believers in your principles. Is that right?

". . . and wouldn't I be a sweet old darling and increase her allowance fifty dollars a month?"—Page 45.

If you could do something, now, to take the anxiety out of business, I know where you could get a lot of converts to your cause. It's all right, though, boy. Somebody always has been looking for the thing you are looking for. They used to call it the Philosopher's Stone.

Yes, I suppose you are right about our sinful extravagance. But if a man's only son, who has most of the brains and education in the family, won't take his father's money and use it judiciously, how can you blame Mama and Eleanor for wasting it?

I admire you for your aspirations and your ideals. The only trouble is, Jerry, that general principles are often good enough until they stand the acid test of concrete application. Ideals are fine until they come into practical contact with human nature.

If we could reform human nature, we wouldn't have any problems. But human nature is going to seek its own level, and all our isms and astics can only serve to dam it up in spots until such time as our artificial barriers crumble and the restless oceans of it claim their own again.

Speaking of human nature, your mother is sitting for her portrait. Same chap who painted the portrait of the Princess Catti. Mama thinks it's cheap at five thousand dollars, and I suppose it is. She might have picked the man who paints the King of England!

Won't you let me know if you need anything?

Faithfully,

DAD.

P. S.—I find Miss Larrimore hasn't been writing things exactly as I dictated, so I'd better read over my letters.

Sintonville, August 5, 19—.
In your reply please refer to:
JW: CL File 61W

DEAR JERRY:

Rather a curt little letter from you today.

I apologize for anything I said about "*Unchained*," if you think I was making fun of it. On the contrary, it's getting to be pretty serious to me. The latest issue, with your signed article in it, seems to have been read extensively in Sintonville. I happened to see two or three of the men in the plant with copies in their pockets—no one could ever mistake that black and red cover—and *The Journal* had a very merry time over it. Printed your picture and mine and a

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picture of the plant, with this headline over it:

SON OF WEALTHY "OPEN SHOP" MANUFACTURER JOINS FORCES OF SOCIAL REVOLUTION

I'll get Miss Larrimore to find you a clipping and send it to you.

It has been rather bothersome. The Sintonville Manufacturers' Association sent a committee to me and asked me if I didn't think it looked rather bad. I told them my son was free, white, and twenty-one, and it wasn't any of my business —or theirs, either—what he did. That seemed to displease them, and I guess I will hear more from them.

Mama thinks its perfectly horrid, and Eleanor, not knowing the difference between the proletariat and a corsage bouquet, doesn't care.

Go on, boy, and shoot at us. Chautauqua lecturers and cotton-brained congressmen are always prating about the sin of class conflict and its danger to our civilization. There has been class conflict ever since Cain chopped down the original farmer-labor candidate, Abel, and if some sort of scrapping doesn't continue as long as the world wags, we ought to have a Senate committee to go out and start a fight when needed.

The trouble with the capitalistic class has always been that it didn't have enough things to fret about, prior to the establishment of the firm of Marx & Engel. No cause, or religion, or nation or class ever attained lasting success unless it was compelled to fight for it. We have Nero and his ilk to thank for the almost universal spread of Christianity. And the enthusiastic Reds, by shooting a few thousand taxpayers in Russia, have helped us Bourgeois fellows just as spec-

"Mama thinks it's perfectly horrid, and Eleanor, not knowing the difference between the proletariat and a corsage bouquet, doesn't care."

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tacularly as though they threw a bevy of fat manufacturers to the lions in Madison Square Garden.

Not that we feel persecuted, or anything, Jerry. We ought to feel complimented that somebody is enough interested in us to step on our capitalistic toes and remind us that we've got the gout.

I am interested to learn that you are living in Greenwich Village, and that you hear the champ of honest horses' hoofs in the stable below all night. That should be an ideal location for the manufacture of bombs and home brew.

Eleanor has been trying to wheedle a trip to Europe out of me, mainly, I think, because Mother does not want her to go. However, I cannot see anything worse in that than sending her back to that finishing school. She elected French and horseback riding as her major courses last year, later dropping French.

Take care of yourself, son, and if you are troubled with fleas in the village, try the Bronx.

Faithfully,

DAD.

Sintonville, August 25, 19—.
In reply please refer to:
JW: CL File 61W

DEAR BOY:

You write a brilliant letter. I really would not attempt to argue with you along the lines of yours of the twentieth, so, instead of differing with you, I am going to agree with you. Certainly we shall not quarrel over the Economic Determination of History.

But you can't remove the economic causes because you can't take the human out of human nature. As long as you and I and Mars and Venus endure, Son, self-preservation is going to be the first law of nature, and me and my wife, my son John and his wife, are going to be interested primarily in us four and no more. Secondarily, we are interested in the welfare of our fellowman, but that's largely because we know if he doesn't get along happily, we won't be happy.

Speaking of happiness, the National Brotherhood of Journeymen Mattress Makers, or whatever they call it, has picked this town as a pretty good spot to start unionizing. Of course, that was to be expected, after the publicity we have been getting, through *The Journal*, "*Unchained*," and other channels.

Well, they won. They sent a committee to see me, and said they were perfectly satisfied with everything in the plant—working conditions, wages, bonuses, profit-sharing, group insurance and those things—but they did want their union recognized. I started to show fight, Jerry. You remember, perhaps, the trouble we had three years ago. Well, I was going to tell them to go hang, but one of the committee, who did the speech-making, took a copy of "*Unchained*" out of his pocket, and read to me your stirring appeal to the proletariat to rise and put an end to the tyranny of capitalistic persecution. So, I figured if I was persecuting anybody by refusing to recognize a union when I met it in the road, I had better do as you say.

The Manufacturers' Association has asked me to resign, not only as vice-president, but as a member also. The other mattress manufacturers are very much up in the air. Our recognition of the union, at our minimum wage scale, has brought on union agitation in all the other factories, and they are having strikes and lockouts and a generous exhibition of Saint Vitus solo dancing, while we are oversold on our production and are humming along mightily.

They have always criticized me in Sintonville, for doing too much for my workmen. I agree partly with Judge Gary on that subject—I mean doing good things for labor. He said they did it, in the first place, because they ought to, and in the second place, because it's good business. I always figured I did it because, in the first place, it is good business, and in the second place, I ought to. I bid higher in money and kindness, and I get the best men.

Speaking of Judge Gary, Son, you ought to print in "*Unchained*," the recent statement of earnings of the Steel Corporation, which shows that labor nowadays is getting 43 cents of the company's dollar, the company is getting 9 cents, and the rest goes to expenses. Your social revolution ought not to begrudge the poor steel magnates and investors their nine per cent on their investment. I'll bet the Reds are offering forty per cent and up to anybody

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who has enough nerve and bullet-proof undershirts to go into business in Russia.

But I mustn't butt into your business with suggestions. Write and tell me how "*Unchained*" is clanking along on the communistic basis.

Affectionately,
DAD.

Sintonville, September 16, 19—.
In your reply please refer to:
JW: CL File 61W

DEAR JERRY:

I am glad to hear that I don't know what I am talking about, but that you are pleased over the unionization of the Paramount plant.

It is not the Economic Determination of History that concerns me just now, so much as Eleanor's Determination to go to Europe against her Mother's Wishes. The worst of it is, that that worthless young dandelion, Priestly Newlan, is going with her on this cooked tour.

However, if I forbid Eleanor to see him, she probably will retaliate by marrying him, so I have determined not to oppose her wishes. This is a foolish time of year to be going abroad, of course, but Eleanor has her mind and reservations all made up. Miss Larrimore will wire you of the time of the party's arrival in New York, so you may see them. I wish you would select a few of your bitterest Nihilist friends and tell them that young Newlan is an idle scion of the predatory rich and a foe to labor. The latter is certainly no lie. He has never worked yet. I think he would blow up easily, so your friends would not have much trouble.

There is trouble brewing in the plant. I don't know what has got into the men. Production has not been up to par, and Stillson, the foreman, fired three men outright yesterday for inefficiency. They told him to step to Gehenna when he bawled them out for sloppy work, and said he'd hear from the grievance committee of the union for this sort of thing. Only they didn't say Gehenna.

I have a feeling that something ugly is going to pop.

Meanwhile, I notice that you are having your troubles, too. "*Unchained*" seems to be printed on cheaper paper this month. It's slimmer than I've ever seen it, and you don't print the cover in colors any more. You'd better make them reconsider their policy about advertising.

However, that's your business, and I've enough details of my own to look after, so I'll say no more.

Cordially your
DAD.

Sintonville, September 28, 19—.
In your reply please refer to:
JW: CL File 61W

DEAR JERRY:

I've only a moment to acknowledge your letter of the 25th.

The men have struck, and there's the devil to pay. The trouble extends to all factories in Sintonville.

More when I have time.

Hastily,
DAD.

Dict. but not read.

(*From Celia Larrimore, Secretary to John Weathers, to Gerald B. Weathers, Formerly of Sintonville, but Now of New York.*)

1923 Sept. 30 AM 10 35
xB32 7 BLUE PAID
Gerald B. Weathers,
Care Unchained Publishing Company,
11½ West Eleventh Street
New York, N. Y.

Miss Weathers and party arrive Pennsylvania Station 2:45 Thursday afternoon love

Celia

Sintonville, October 1, 19—.
In your reply please refer to:
JW: CL File 61W

DEAR JERRY:

This has been a blood-curdling week.

First, Eleanor prances out of the house after a most disgraceful quarrel with your mother, her last message to us being that she hoped she would never have to set foot in our house again. Your mother blamed me for the whole occurrence, and I suppose she is right.

But the affairs at the plant have kept me jumpy enough, without attaching undue importance to Eleanor's trip. The strike, as I indicated in my last letter to you, is not confined to our factory, but involves all our competitors, too. It hit us all like a thunderbolt. It was a walk-

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out—a twenty-four hour ultimatum for a twenty per cent advance of the scale, with time and a half for overtime. They wouldn't listen to arbitration suggestions.

Well, there's only one answer, Jerry. Up goes the price of mattresses.

The Journal keeps quoting everything you have to say in "*Unchained.*" The Chamber of Commerce has asked me to resign from the board of directors, and your mother isn't speaking to your father. Outside of that and a little rheumatism, everything is all right.

Probably you have seen your sister by this time, and can write me something cheerful.

As ever,

DAD.

1923 October 3 PM 2 56

x M54 BLUE PAID

Gerald B. Weathers,

Care Unchained Publishing Company,

11½ West Eleventh Street

New York, N. Y.

Rumored here that Eleanor and that Priestly Newlan pup married at Little Church Around the Corner yesterday Stop Have Newlan arrested for perjury Stop He is under age and must have sworn falsely when he applied for license Stop Wire me immediately when you have secured information Stop Will come at once if necessary to halt this ridiculous proceeding

DAD.

Sintonville, October 4, 19—.

MY SON:

I think I have made a pretty sad mess of everything.

When I showed your telegram to your mother, she simply turned away from me without a word, and ordered her trunks packed. She hasn't told me, but I think she is going out to visit your Aunt Doris in St. Louis. I take it back, she did say a word or two. She said I could have custody of the children if I beat the police to them.

How on earth was it possible for Eleanor and her sorry specimen to be married and sail for Europe before you even knew they were in New York? Did you meet the train as suggested in Miss Larrimore's wire?

What does it matter, now—what becomes of the plant? Mama is talking of divorce—after all these years of weathering the ugly squalls together. I can't conceive of it, Jerry.

I am scribbling this myself because something has come over Miss Larrimore, too, of all people! What on earth have I done to *her?* She has been hinting around about leaving me—taking a long rest or something. I offered her a long rest with pay, and she murmured something about perhaps getting married. She is my good right bower, and I don't know how I shall get along without her, Jerry.

Heaven knows I have enough to worry about out in the plant. Most of the men have stopped all pretense of trying to put in six days a week. Why should they, if they can make as much in five days as they made in six days before?

Why is it that efficiency goes down when wages go up? Do you have better success with the men running and owning the business? I wish you would write something in "*Unchained,*" to the effect that when men get all they ask out of the boss, they ought to put all they've got into their work.

Write me when you can, Jerry. It's pretty lonesome at the house now, and the club despises me worse than I despise the club.

Faithfully,

DAD.

Sintonville, October 20, 19—.

DEAR JERRY:

Things have been developing with such cinema speed that I have not had an opportunity before this to answer your good letter.

Frankly, I have reached the stage where I don't care a bag-piper's hoot what becomes of the business, or of civilization. I think the common sense thing to do would be to petition the Explosives Bureau of the I. W. W. to dynamite the plant.

We are not losing money—yet. We have not made any, for two months. We will not make any—nor will the other mattress manufacturers of Sintonville (one of the poor devils went to the wall last week) as long as present labor conditions endure. There is a surplus of labor, now, of course, and the union has demanded that we take care of the unem-

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ployed by creating two jobs where one sufficed before. The alternative to meeting their demands is to shut down the factory.

They have been very much influenced by what you have written in "*Unchained*" about proletarian control of industry, Jerry, and they sent a committee to me yesterday to ask that the men be given a greater voice in the control of the plant. I told them that if I had any voice left in it, it was a very weak one, and they were welcome to the few whispers that remain.

So we are going to adopt the suggestions outlined in your series of articles, and we are going to have just as nearly an ideal communistic system of factory operation as we can manage. It is fortunate that there are very few other stockholders in the Paramount, besides myself.

The sales manager has quit in disgust. We have abolished the board of directors, but that was just a matter of form, anyway, as you know. Instead, we are to hold weekly meetings of the Workers' Committee of Control, of which I am an honorary member. The men are really very good-natured about letting me in on their meetings.

The news has leaked out, of course, and has created a profound sensation in Sintonville. The local department stores have openly boycotted the "Sleep-easy," "Comfy" and "Downysoft" brands of our productions for sleep and rest. However, we can make up for that (according to the men) by putting out a new brand, to be known as the "Union-ease," which will be completely covered, top and bottom, by large and beautiful union labels.

"... the club despises me worse than I despise the club."—Page 50.

I hope I shall begin to sleep easy, myself, now that the men have got all that they want. You and Eleanor and Mama have removed all the incentives to work that I have left, so *Vive le Zemstvo, Boys,* or whatever they say in Russia.

I am withholding two good Russian words for my farewell speech. They are *da svidanya*, which, freely translated, means GOOD-NIGHT!

And good luck to you.

DAD.

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Sintonville, November 15, 19—.

DEAR BOY:

Why did you interrupt that series of articles on the proletarian control of industry? How do you expect us to run a first-class communistic mattress factory, if you don't tell us the rest of it?

The Committee of Control adopted your suggestion about advertising, and fired the advertising manager. I was coming to believe that advertising pays, myself, and had an attractive little motto framed and hung on my wall, which the advertising manager had found somewhere, I think, in Ben Jonson's works:

> He who whispers in a well
> That he has something nice to sell
> Doesn't get as many dollars
> As he who climbs a tree and hollers.

The Workers' Committee of Control asked me to take that down, because you had said that advertising was a Bourgeois invention, and was fundamentally wrong.

The whole plant is being run on a profit-sharing basis. Nobody gets any salary, but the men have decided that they will be satisfied with a weekly drawing account equivalent to the wages they received under the established scale. Then we will have quarterly disbursements of profits. The men have consented to allow the usual percentage for overhead, taxes, depreciation, interest, and such things that can't be helped. They were very much surprised when the auditor and I demonstrated to them that 39 per cent went in wages, and after all the above items were accounted for, only 11.1 was left during the fiscal year for "capital," which is me. The last fiscal year was a whiz-bang, too.

All these capitalistic details no doubt are irksome to you, and I'm not going to bore you with them further.

Stillson has resigned. We really don't need a foreman, any more than an advertising manager and a sales manager, and I really don't see any need for a president.

I must say, though, that I am finding this enterprise very diverting. I think it is good for an employer to take his employees fully into his confidence. They are learning lots of secrets about my end of the business, now, and I am coming to understand just exactly what they want. What they want is everything.

I have received a couple of post-cards from Eleanor, and she seems to be happily honeymooning on the Riviera. I haven't heard from your mother at all, which is a good sign.

It's too bad that you lost your best make-up man (whatever that is) and two linotype operators, because they couldn't wait for the profits to come in.

A lot of us are that way, nowadays.

Affectionately your

FATHER.

Sintonville, December 10, 19—.

DEAR JERRY:

You are getting so you don't write me any more, and I have missed my copy of "*Unchained*" for the current month.

I asked Miss Larrimore to try to buy a copy of "*Unchained*" somewhere, and she couldn't find one on the newsstands. She seems a little embarrassed when I talk with her about you. She even went so far as to say that she would rather I did not dictate to her my letters to you. I don't understand why she should feel so sensitive about that. Of course, I do write some intimate personal things in these letters, but Miss Larrimore has always been like one of the family. However, I ought to consider myself lucky in keeping her. She has decided not to leave me, thank goodness, and doesn't talk any more foolishness about getting married.

We had a very interesting general meeting out in the plant yesterday afternoon after the whistle blew. The auditor was the principal speaker of the occasion, and, believe me, he required some eloquence to convince the men what he set out to convince them—namely and viz., that the good old Paramount is losing money, and not making it.

Well, the auditor had a blackboard and drew a lot of charts and circles, and demonstrated how one slice of the circle which represents the company's dollar has been widening and widening—and this slice stands for wages. And another slice of the circle has been narrowing and narrowing, until its two sides have collided and become one straight red line—and that is *profits*.

Some of the men said they didn't under-

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stand it, and didn't want to understand, because it was capitalistic rot, but a few cooler and more sensible chaps got up and said that they were running the business now, and they had to make good.

could wheedle out of his father, I judge. Well, it is rather encouraging to have somebody ask me for money again.

I suspect your mother will be asking for it through her attorney soon.

"Some of the more fiery orators of the extreme left wing said it was the auditor's fault, and he ought to be fired to reduce expenses."—Page 54.

So the men finally sold themselves on the idea of cutting their own wages—that is, their drawing accounts.

This isn't making a hit at all with the rank and file of the men, I am sorry to say.

I have received a couple of letters and a cablegram from Eleanor. No doubt you can guess what the cablegram asked for. I read between the lines in her letters that her poor, benighted little rug-jumper of a husband, Newlan, has been at Monte Carlo trying to act like people act in stories. He has lost all the money he

Oh, well.

Buck up, son, and write to

Your FATHER.

(*Memorandum from Miss Celia Larrimore, Secretary to John Weathers, of Sintonville, to Gerald B. Weathers, Formerly of Sintonville, but Now of New York.*)

For pity's sake, come home. Your father's heart is breaking.

C. L.

Sintonville, January 3, 19—.

MY DEAR BOY:

I suppose by this time our attorneys'

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correspondents in New York have looked you up and told you what I have done.

It was very plucky of you not to say anything in your letter about the seriousness of the mess those people had got you into, but I consider it fortunate that I ran across the family name in the "Embarrassments" column of *The Courier of Commerce*. I have not done this thing for you, Jerry, I have done it for the fair business name of Weathers.

It was a very noble and altruistic thing for your colleagues to do—tie you up and get your name on the dotted line as responsible for all the indebtedness of "*Unchained.*" But don't be downhearted, lad, and don't lose faith in human nature because of that.

As a general rule, I think you may take it for granted that if you put three men in an enterprise, two of them eventually will combine against the third, and see no reason why they shouldn't squeeze him out. I say as a general rule. There are exceptions, of course, just as there are five-legged calves.

You said something in one of your recent letters about the property instinct being an attribute developed by man; dating from the time when, as a healthy cave dweller, he collected a lot of fish hooks and arrows and bearskins and decided that he would establish a family so he could keep them in the family.

The property instinct, son, goes back to the beginning of all life—to the big amœba who ate the little amœba, and the big tadpole who ate the big amœba, and so on down through the evolutionary stages of dinosaurs, elephants, congressmen, and stockbrokers.

You remember your old dog Pearl? Eleanor changed her name because in one last access of Rooseveltian pride of race she produced one puppy. Eleanor named the puppy Pearl, Junior, and re-named the maternal terrier Mother of Pearl.

Well, I roamed around the back yard Sunday, with Pearl, Junior, and Mother of Pearl. (They haven't divorced me yet.) The cook threw each of them a big bone. Mother of Pearl gnawed hers for a while contentedly, and Pearl, Junior, having dined sufficiently theretofore, I suppose, set off to hide her bone against the future recurrence of hunger.

Well, do you suppose Mother of Pearl was satisfied with her own juicy possession? Not so you might notice it! She kept her weather eye rolling in the direction of that puppy, and Pearl, Junior, knew she was being watched. The foxy little rascal hid the bone, carefully covering it with earth, and then produced from somewhere a decoy bone—an old one slightly resembling the one she had secreted. She trotted around the yard ostentatiously with the fake bone in her mouth, and fooled old Mother of Pearl completely. She hid it obviously and without shame, and then stood over its hiding place and growled threateningly. Well, sir, that fool dog Mother of Pearl fell for the bluff, unearthed that long-exhausted bone and ran away with it after only a show of resistance from the puppy; and then Pearl, Junior, with refreshing *sang froid*, trotted up and stole her mother's fresh morsel.

I'm not much of a moralist, Jerry, but that back yard performance reminded me of you and your friends who have set out to reform the world by extinguishing the property instinct. You might just as easily teach Pearl, Junior, not to hide her bone, but to leave it lying around for common gnawing by all dogs.

Please let me know right away if you have been successsful in making another business connection in New York. I am sending along something that you might use to tide you over temporarily. Of course, you can pay it back to me.

Faithfully your

I Encl. DAD.

Sintonville, January 17, 19—.

DEAR JERRY:

Why don't you come on home? There's a big job for you here.

The idea occurred to me yesterday, when we had a general meeting in the plant and a universal wrangle over the subject of the first quarterly disbursement of zero chopped into many parts. There is uttermost disgust in the personnel of the Paramount Mattress Corporation.

Some of the more fiery orators of the extreme left wing said it was the auditor's fault, and he ought to be fired to reduce expenses. They asked me what I was going to do about it, and I said I was powerless to do anything, except close down the factory.

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What the men lack is a leader, Jerry—someone like you who understands practical everyday communism thoroughly and can run this thing right.

If both you and Eleanor would come back to Sintonville, perhaps Mama—

But I mustn't ask too much.

Let me know at once what you think

"Miss Larrimore seems to think well of the proposition."

Miss Larrimore seems to think well of the proposition, though she merely reddened up and said nothing when I mentioned it to her. Then, all of a sudden, I asked her if you and she had ever met, socially, and she said yes. I'm a blundering sort of person, am I not? But it occurs to me as peculiar that you have never mentioned Miss Larrimore to me, in your letters.

Eleanor has cabled that she is coming home, and the news has made me happy. of my plan to put you in charge of the factory. The men are very restless.

Devotedly,

DAD.

Sintonville, 1924 Jan 19 PM 1 48

xC 890 39 DL

Mr. Gerald B Weathers

1116 Bleecker Street

New York

Received your wire accepting offer Stop Men say they will be glad to have you here but they want to go back to old

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system Stop They are tired of communism and want old wages restored Stop I want you as superintendent in any event Stop Letter follows

DAD.

Sintonville, January 19, 19—.
In your reply please refer to:
JW: CL File 61W

DEAR BOY:

I really will have to apologize for the men. I am disappointed in them. I never thought they would desert us at the crucial moment. We had another general meeting and the principal speaker said: "For God's sake, Mr. Weathers, don't make us swallow any more of this common-ism." And that orator was applauded with yells and screeches and whistles until I thought the walls were going to collapse.

They are strong for you, Jerry. Don't take it as a personal affront. They will be delighted to have you as general superintendent, if you and I will only find a way to restore the old per diem and bonus system that we had.

They have taken the clock to pieces and examined the insides of the works, and they have found that putting it together again wasn't so easy as taking it apart.

But can't you come on to Sintonville, anyway, and take the job, and run a sort of limited communistic system here? Let the men feel that they own the establishment. They know something about our end of the business, now, and one or two of them even came up to me and expressed sympathy. One of them said, "You've got a hell of a job, Mr. Weathers, and I don't see why you don't go crazy when you have to make up the pay-roll every week."

That's it, Jerry—we understand each other, now. And, even if I have spent twenty thousand dollars on this campaign of experimentation, I think I can charge it justly to advertising and promotion, for I have educated a lot of my best customers.

Wire me that you're coming, anyway.

Hopefully, your

DAD.

Sintonville, January 20, 19—.
In your reply please refer to:
JW: CL File 61W

DEAR BOY:

Your first telegram was welcome, but your second was a thriller. I didn't know you were as thoroughly fed up with communism as the employees are here. But it is enough to know that you are coming home, upon receipt of this letter from me, confirming everything. Welcome to the serried ranks of capital, Son!

I had another very pleasant surprise this morning. Your mother wired me from St. Louis—for money!

That settles it—the world has set itself right again, after all. I wired Mama that both you and Eleanor were coming home to Sintonville—and I know that she will come, too.

And this morning when Miss Larrimore opened your telegram and handed it to me, her hand trembled, and, before I knew what was happening, her little old bobbed head was bowed over her typewriter, and she was crying.

I'm not saying what I was doing, Jerry.

You young rogues—you have been keeping something from me. But thank the Lord, even if she is going to get married, I can keep her in the family.

Wire us what train you are coming on.

As ever,

DAD.

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The Gladiators

BY LAWRENCE PERRY
Author of "For the Game's Sake," etc.

THE world's champion pugilist is about to defend his title against a powerful contender. . . .

Twilight has sunk into darkness as you enter a portal and encounter all the mystery of a nocturnal scene so vast, so unreal, that anything in the way of a dominant impression eludes the mind. Perhaps this is because the picture involves so many bewildering transformations from sharp details to things vaguely discerned.

The ring, elevated to a height of five feet, stands out in greenish brilliance, like a gem, beneath clusters of powerful electric lamps whose rays are reflected pitilessly downward, while elsewhere throughout this throng of quite ninety thousand men and women the eye catches amazing effects—groupings of pallid faces and white-shirted forms tricked out in splashes of electric illumination; huge segments of comparative, or complete, gloom in which vague suggestions of movement and a bourdon of vocal sound betray the host of humans therein enshrouded.

It is a strangely assorted throng, ranging in its component elements from the gangman to the politician; from the captain of industry, the judge, the popular actor, to the social exquisite. Sartorially you may readily follow the gamut from the cheap summer fustian of the lower east and west sides to the tweeds of Fifth Avenue and the flannels of the Hempsteads and Westchester.

Every one is there, representing every social class and every mental, moral, and physical gradation. In the sections better favored for observation there is no more reason for the person of sensibilities to feel out of place than at the first night of a Broadway musical comedy; a first night under an unreal moon and vague stars.

A gong is clanging insistently. A man with a penetrating whine is trying to make some announcement and the amplifiers set at the ringside like ventilators upon the deck of an ocean liner impart to his voice the volume and carrying power of the voice of Æolus.

Yet words are indistinguishable because they are caught and blended into a welter of confusion that involves not so much human sounds as—at least so it seems—a vast distillation of unrest, of feverish expectancy, of passions, inherited straight from the Forum Boarium, 264 B. C., straining at inadequate vents.

Out somewhere in the arena, wholly lost to view, a band is braying. All about is surging movement; turgid streams block the aisles that radiate to the ring from all sides. Wailing cries of ice cream and peanut butchers rise and are lost. From the outer gloom comes a flurry of angry voices, a scuffle of vague forms. Two—or more—spectators have come to violent issue over the matter of a seat. The police rush in. The incident is closed.

The atmosphere is intense with the feeling that anything can, or may, happen.

From the direction of one of the lower portals suddenly rises a vast, dominating, recognizable sound—a cheer. There is a general rising movement of the crowd in that section, a wave that communicates its impulse until it becomes general. The eye detects a swiftly moving current at the head of an aisle—a squad of policemen followed closely by a group of alert keen-faced men in sweaters or shirt sleeves bearing towels, pails, bottles, and in their midst a young giant in a bath-robe of subdued color, his gleaming black hair bobbing above the heads of those through whom he passes.

The champion! The volume of sound grows prodigious; for now at last there is sufficient vent for pent-up emotion. The protagonist climbs through the ropes.

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He glances down at the occupants of the ringside seats, scowling. For when the champion is ready to fight his mood is not amiable. Even for friends who hail him he has but a brief, almost unrecognizing nod.

The ring is filling with photographers. The announcer and his vocal amplifiers are lost now, utterly obliterated. Ordered sequences of whatever sort have vanished, save in the ring where the champion has taken his seat in his corner and his seconds are deftly performing their scientifically ordained tasks.

Another cheer, not so loud, nor so long, but with the note of hysteria undiminished. The contender is climbing through the ropes. The champion, mindful of his proud position, rises to meet the newcomer, takes him by the hand, says a few amiable words.

All the tenseness, all the individual emotions that have characterized the arena are now concentrated within the confines of this rope-enclosed battleground with its felt and canvas-covered floor, this classic "circle" which is eighteen feet square.

The referee in his white shirt and white flannel trousers, himself a veteran pugilist, calls the fighters and their managers to the centre of the ring and elucidates the rules of combat, which are many and various. But before this, each combatant has had his hands taped with soft bandages by his manager, the process being jealously watched by an observer from the other camp lest hard substances be concealed beneath the tape.

And in the meantime, taking advantage of the deep gestative silence that has fallen, the announcer summons to the ring champions in the various weight divisions of pugilism, or boxers, who, if not champions, are none the less prominent, and introduces them to the multitude with such details concerning their exploits or future plans as his unctuous mind suggests.

Suddenly the photographers, the managers, and seconds disappear from the ring. The referee stands alone, leaning against the ropes, casual, apparently indifferent. The fighters slip off their bathrobes and sit tensely.

A bell clangs. The two men advance swiftly to the centre of the ring. The big fight is on. . . .

Social economists are invited to contemplate the foregoing transcript. One of the anomalies of an anomalous age is the fact that professional boxing and all its concomitant facts and elements have been ignored by them. One would hesitate to say it has significance in terms of sport since it is so completely mercenary, so utterly dominated by the financial aspect. But most certainly it means a great deal sociologically.

Is it a valuable vent for the masses, an outlet for emotions, reactions that might otherwise reveal trends far less amiable and harmless? Quite probably. . . . Right here alone is a vast field for study that would repay the effort involved. Marcus Aurelius did it in his time; Seneca, the younger Pliny, Cicero, did not neglect it.

There are the international aspects. The sport is sweeping the world and the enthusiasts of many nations think in similar terms and share reactions and impulses in kind and acknowledge a common technical jargon. There may be a significant fact here.

Economically, staggering figures confront the modern commentator. The scene described in the foregoing, one of several in which Jack Dempsey, the world's heavyweight champion pugilist, has participated, involved gate receipts of more than a million dollars. In the past five years Dempsey has received a million and a quarter dollars in return for thirty-nine rounds of boxing.

Of a dozen leading American boxers every one is very well-to-do and several are extremely wealthy.

Yet men who are not old can remember when an English lightweight had to borrow ten cents to cross the ferry to Maspeth, L. I., where he was to box as contender for a championship title. In most commonwealths in those days professional bouts were banned by law and fights were stealthily arranged and held in obscure places. Fighters were characterized for the most part by a low order of intelligence, with sensibilities certainly not acute. Their haunts were mainly roadhouses and saloons; they were para-

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sites, among whom usually were to be included their managers, who battened upon them and secured what earnings they had not thrown away in dissipation of various sorts.

It was not at all unusual for even a champion to be in dire need a few months after his earning capacity as a boxer had ceased.

To-day all this is changed. In many of the more populous States professional boxing is conducted with all the sanction of organized baseball. Commissions made up of reputable citizens are appointed to see, first, that the law under which boxing is conducted is rigidly observed, second, that boxers and managers shall live up to their agreements with one another and in turn meet their obligations to the promoters, and, third, that the proper tax upon boxing shows be turned in to the State. In New York, since the Walker Boxing Law has been in effect, a stupendous sum has been placed in the State treasury. And so in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, where a vast proportion of the "big money" bouts are annually held.

A paid attendance of more than ninety thousand spectators—all told a hundred thousand — saw Dempsey defeat the French boxer, Carpentier, in the great wooden saucer built for the occasion upon Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City. Receipts for that battle, which lasted four rounds, were over a million dollars. About the same figures apply to the Dempsey-Firpo bout at the Polo Grounds in September, 1923. It lasted two rounds.

In two bouts between Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler, leading contender, at the time, for the lightweight title, the attendance—first at Jersey City and then at the Polo Grounds—was 118,522 and the receipts $620,510. Harry Wills, the negro heavyweight champion, received about $150,000 for boxing Luis Firpo at Jersey City last September, and Firpo received about $120,000.

These figures, of which many no less impressive could be cited, give an adequate idea as to the immense popularity of bouts among outstanding fighters.

But sums of magnitude, of course, relate to the boxers who stand high in their profession. As with most professions, these are comparatively few. Indeed, considering the supple strength, the driving power, the nice co-ordination of eye, nerve, and muscle, and the keen mentality that are essential to the outstanding boxer, the wonder is that there are as many of them as there are. Physically speaking, he is the human animal at his very ultimate.

Among the fighters of varying weights in this country, ranging from 112 pounds, flyweight class, to heavyweights, who include all weights over 175 pounds (several thousand are listed with the various State boxing commissions), the great majority are second and third raters, mainly third. If any of them appear in the large centres, they figure in preliminary bouts, which run from four to six rounds, while good second-raters are shown in the semi-finals, from eight to twelve rounds.

But a boxer has to be an able performer before he is booked even for a preliminary bout in an important boxing club, and most of the fraternity spend their time barnstorming the smaller cities and towns, receiving from two or three thousand dollars to fifty, twenty-five, and even fifteen dollars for a bout, the pay being dependent upon their reputations and the size of the club where they are boxing.

Put alongside the picture of a great championship bout a boxing night in a small city, say of fifty thousand population, or an obscure fight club in a much larger community. The enclosing fence will be of makeshift construction, covered with tawdry advertisements, the seats inside merely pine bleachers, with camp chairs occupying the favored ringside sections.

The fighters will dress in the back room of a corner saloon, where, as a rule, Volstead is not even a name. The environment is sordid beyond words and every one associated with the show is, to put it mildly, personally uninspiring. Veritably here are the mews of society and, since they are usually located in slum districts, one wonders what the influence must be upon the hordes of children whose tenement rooms look down upon the nocturnal scene. Yet here, too, is to be found the same social medley among the spectators; the lowest and vilest cheek by jowl with business, society, the professions.

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. . . More pabulum for the social economist.

Boxers are secured through negotiations between the promoters and managers who control strings of boxers of varying weights and degrees of ability. Few, if any, boxers are free-lances; all are directed by managers who from their offices in New York and elsewhere book their fighters for bouts throughout the country.

In this way boxers—below the grade of champions and near-champions, who box only occasionally and for very large sums—are kept constantly on the road, appearing in Providence one week, Newark another, then Philadelphia, Baltimore, and so on in States throughout the country where professional boxing is legal.

They lead a hard, bruising life, these peripatetic fighters, and earn pretty much all they get—which is considerable. A boxer who has never been heard of outside his section and is by no means a good second-rater, nationally speaking, will easily earn ten thousand dollars a year.

And it should be remembered that managers usually receive 50 per cent, sometimes a little less, often more, of all the money the fighters make. The boxers do the fighting, to be sure, but the managers do the talking, attend to all business details and, for the most part, are as shrewd as ferrets. It would be flattering to most of the managers to say that their moral code is level with that of a ferret. As a class they will bear watching.

But this applies to almost every one associated with the business end of boxing. The sport is soddenly environed for the most part, a disreputable business which requires vigilant and unceasing regulation lest it perish in the flames of its own grease. The boxers are by far the most alluring element concerned.

For this, and other reasons, the sport of professional boxing, big business though it be, is none the less a mighty unstable one. Where big money exists, political situations that are unwholesome inevitably arise. Scandal lurks never afar and situations are always liable to develop that convert friendly politicians into malignant enemies. Boxing is and has always been the puppet of politics. Then, too, public opinion—to which boxing is peculiarly sensitive—is ever prone to seize upon some incident which is regarded as justifying an immolating indignation.

Gambling interests who will fix the outcome of fights if they can—and they have succeeded in doing this even in the largest cities—are the constant bane of boxing commissions. So also are the connivances of managers who make secret agreements concerning important fights in which their boxers participate to the end that one man or the other will not do his best and thus have a bout end in such manner as to pave the way for another. Such things do harm to boxing.

Again, popular interest, even without tangible evidence of what is known as double-crossing the fans, fluctuates with extraordinary swiftness. There are outdoor and indoor seasons when boxing enthusiasts will pay high prices to see almost any sort of a bout; in other seasons they will remain away no matter what the attraction.

There is, in fact, only one pugilist in this country who can be depended upon to draw a bumper crowd any time he appears, whatever the popular attitude toward boxing may be—Jack Dempsey. This is because of two things; he is colorful as to personality and is endowed with what is known as the killer instinct. He knocks his opponents out as a rule with swiftness and aplomb.

Since boxing is really a public amusement, color is an important asset to a fighter. Were a mere brute to become champion of the world he would lack many of the essentials that draw huge crowds. Fans revel in those swift lightning flashes of personality that come from their idols of the ring. There is a savagery innate in most human beings which responds inevitably when a boxer is dropped unconscious to the ring floor—precisely the same sort of mental reaction one notes in the bleachers when Babe Ruth makes a home run. But it must be done deftly, cleanly, and with no subdued suggestion of élan.

One poor bout, that is, poor from the standpoint of competition — especially where the fans have come expecting much in the way of a contest—often serves to put the most dispiriting sort of a damper

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upon the boxing game in the State in which the unsatisfactory exhibition has been held.

All in all, boxing is a precarious business in which to make permanent investment—which, among other things, accounts for the fact that promoters have not built costly boxing amphitheatres, but rely upon arenas hastily erected, or upon baseball parks, as the setting for their outdoor exhibitions. In this connection it should be noted that all really important bouts nowadays are reserved for the outdoor season, since no indoor arena is large enough to contain fans in sufficient number to realize a sum that will meet the high demands of the boxers involved and yield the promoters a profit.

Even that intrepid boxing impresario, Tex Rickard, who recently took over a huge Eighth Avenue property in New York City, has taken the precaution in his plans for the building to provide for a great variety of sports that will insure the soundness of the investment even though the State Legislature, for any one of a variety of reasons, eventually sees fit to legislate boxing out of existence.

But as rigidly as can be under the circumstances, boxing has come to be a definite business; not attractive on a bond issue basis, to be sure, but most alluring as a source of immediate return.

Taking the modern fighters as a class, they are of an entirely different breed from the average pugilist of even fifteen years ago. It is the fashion for the boxer of to-day to sport the latest sartorial modes, to speak correct English, to avoid profane language and loud conduct. Categorically they may have started in the class of elevator boys, truck drivers, slum street urchins—most of them have—but their acquisitive ability as a general thing is amazing. They learn much from knocking about the country, and they never neglect opportunities for improvement which come to them through association with their dapper managers, with newspaper men, and with the more intelligent boxing enthusiasts.

The saloon back room and the roadhouse know them no longer. Many of them are married and lead the most commonplace family lives.

And with hardly an exception the outstanding fighters are really interesting men, intelligent, self-respecting, business-like. In fact, in these days of modern boxing, a man cannot be a champion or a first-class second-rater unless he possesses a high degree of intelligence.

Such men as Jack Dempsey, who is a fascinating type for study; Tommy Gibbons, a respected citizen of St. Paul, Minn.; Gene Tunney, who lives on a country estate in Red Bank, N. J.; Jeff Smith, of Bayonne, N. J., who goes forth to fight for a devoted wife and a houseful of small children; Benny Leonard, a charming young chap—would hardly be out of place in almost any profession.

And so it goes. There are unsavory characters in all walks of life, but because of the necessity of decent conduct as a very means of livelihood there are few of this sort among the boxing fraternity.

Boxers, in short, are a clean-minded, likable guild. Perhaps because they make their living by fighting and cannot see any sense in fighting for nothing, they are not at all a quarrelsome lot. Quite the contrary. One of the rarest of news items is that of a boxer engaging in a street fight.

Meeting one another they have not the slightest animosity. It is their business to win bouts quickly and cleanly, if they can, for along that road lie fame and fortune. But angry emotions seldom enter. Boxers who are firm friends often meet in desperate fights in the ring. But after the bout they are friendly as ever. Their meeting was simply a business proposition.

Occasionally there is a touch of drama in such fights. Not long ago Young Bob Fitzsimmons, son of the late world's champion, the famous Bob Fitzsimmons, was to meet a rival heavyweight out West. This opponent was injured in the course of training and Ted Jamieson, of Milwaukee, was substituted.

Now Fitzsimmons and Jamieson were bunkies in France during the war, and Fitzsimmons, knowing he was the better fighter, declined to meet the boy. But the boxing commission forced him to do so upon penalty of losing his license. The two faced each other and Fitzsimmons held back until the referee threatened to put him out of the ring unless he showed

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a more warlike spirit. This would mean the loss of his license, and so in the remaining rounds Fitzsimmons was compelled to punish his friend quite severely. In the dressing-room afterward, Fitzsimmons wept upon Jamieson's shoulder while the beaten pal patted him upon the back, assuring him everything was all right.

But this is rather exceptional. As a rule friendship ceases when two boxers enter the ring and is not renewed until the bout is ended. Business is business. And that is all it is—business. The emotions rarely figure.

Two fighters who are matched for a bout happen to meet and at once fall into a discussion, not about their prowess, but about the prospects of a large attendance. They will even wish each other good luck. They are really a friendly crowd. After a fight in which one fighter has gained the decision he invariably crosses the ring to his opponent, pats him upon the shoulder with some such remark as, "Hard luck, old man; you put up a peach of a battle." And the reply will likely be, "Thanks; I kinda thought I ought to have got a draw at least." Or, "Well, I guess you did beat me all right; I couldn't seem to get going."

Recently as Harry Greb was going to the dressing-room after successfully defending his world's middleweight title against the English challenger, Ted Moore, William Lawrence Stribling, the sensational young light heavyweight of Atlanta, accosted him. (The two were to meet within ten days.)

"You made a nice fight, Harry," drawled the Southerner. "I'll see you in Michigan City on July 4, eh?"

"That's right," laughed Greb, "we've got a little engagement in the ring that day. Well, that will be a nice fight, too."

"I reckon it will." Stribling smiled, the two shook hands and separated.

These are little incidents that show the attitude of modern boxers one toward the other. Most of them train daily in centralized points such as the Madison Square Garden gymnasium in New York and gymnasiums in other cities devoted to fighters in training. Thus they constantly meet, indulge with one another in practice bouts, and form friendships that are subordinated only when they meet in the ring.

No sport, whether amateur or professional, is waged with more consistent regard for the spirit and letter of the rules than boxing. Fighters learn all the rules as tyros and observance seems ingrained. They have to learn them, for infractions of serious nature will incur the loss of license to box, which—since suspension in one State is reciprocally observed in others—deprives a fighter of his earning power.

Or, if the offence is not so serious as to warrant suspension, it means the loss of a bout, and that is serious, too, because a fighter's record is his chief asset in getting engagements. If managers and promoters as a class had half the sporting spirit of the fighters, the business would be much less precarious than it is.

Generally speaking, a manager has been a schoolboy pal of some boy whose ability in fisticuffs has led him to adopt fighting as a profession. If he has brains —and most of them have—he becomes indispensable to the average boxer, who usually is not qualified to cope with the shrewd business minds of promoters, who, as a rule, have grown up from managers, or with the cunning instincts of rival managers.

Some fighters and managers form lasting friendships and stick together through thick and thin. But as a general thing, as a fighter develops class, he is likely to change to some manager who, in his opinion, is better qualified to conduct him to the heights of his profession, or at least to make more money for him.

Jack Kearns took Jack Dempsey out of a boiler factory and led him to a world's championship. They are as Damon and Pythias and both have become millionaires together. And so with Billy Gibson and Benny Leonard. But such cases are rare enough.

Objections to professional boxing as a sport—and the line between the amateur and the professional fighter is so great that no amateur of whatever standing has much of a chance, if any, against even a third-rate pro—have steadily diminished.

It is commonly accepted, so far as the element of brutality is concerned, that

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more punishment is meted out, whether intentionally or unintentionally, in the average college football game than in the prize ring, at least when high-class opponents are involved.

The knockout punch is the cleanest sort of a blow. It strikes a man anywhere between the chin and the point of the jaw, temporarily shutting off consciousness and motor impulse. Ninety-eight times out of a hundred the man knocked out is upon his feet, his head cleared, within fifteen or twenty seconds.

Blood often flows from cut lips, damaged noses, but there is nothing serious about such injuries. Where blood flows so freely as to give the bout a sanguinary appearance—experienced seconds usually can check bleeding between rounds—or where blood flows into a fighter's eyes affecting his vision, a bout invariably is stopped by the referee and the opponent awarded a technical knockout.

But it must be said that blows delivered forthright by boxers of intriguing personality are what the fans pay to see. The champions are men of science, to be sure, but more especially are they men who can deliver telling blows and withstand them. Cleverness *per se* is not relished and boxers of rare expertness, who can elude the fists of any opponent and yet are unable themselves to deal dazing blows, languish for engagements.

Rival fighters do not care to meet them because of their distaste for being "shown up," as they say, and spectators have no patience with mere skill and finesse.

It is the "wallop" that brings in the gold—especially when that wallop is applied with all due deference to the drama and color of the occasion.

The Poet

BY LORRAINE ROOSEVELT WARNER

WHAT wonder if life be poetry?
He dwells in a land where trees have souls,
Where plants breathe tales of chivalry
And legends lie in their flowery bowls.
What wonder if life be poetry?

He sits at the edge of the golden sea
In a morning mist, and when night sails by
With the moon in tow and a star-flecked lee,
He watches the infinite deeps of the sky
And harks to the ocean's wailing glee.

He knows the gloom of the darkest glen,
He has trod the airiest mountain pass,
And the ride of the winds is within his ken.
He can bring a smile to the lips of a lass,
Or stir the dullest of souls of men.

He has caught the spirit of passing years
With all its passion of joy and pain,
Its fire of gladness, its river of tears.
His songs are a childlike human refrain
Down-dropped from the music of the spheres.

Small wonder that life is poetry;
He has seen the heart of the autumn wood,
He has heard the landward rush of the sea,
He has loved and suffered and understood.
Small wonder that life is poetry!

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Such Women as Ellen Steele

BY SIDNEY HOWARD
Author of "Three Flights Up"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD

ON the very day when George Kinkead first came down from general practitioner Clay in Boston to neurologist Adams in New York I began to hear his story. Adams described it from the start as a case made to my order, and Adams has an indubitable instinct for the dramatically morbid. He bursts upon me with a grisly humor in his eyes, and I know just what to expect even before he begins his "I had a chap to-day who actually believes that he . . ." I am grateful, too, and with good reason, however I might question Adams's ethics of the medical confessional. I might add, too, that were my own imagination less morbidly inclined, I should long since have discontinued our chamber of horrors friendship. But that is Adams himself and not at all the story of George Kinkead.

George Kinkead's peculiar illness broke suddenly in upon his middle forties, upon a lifetime of uninterrupted good health. It amazed and humiliated him by its fantastic, almost absurd, character. As Adams said, he spoke of it, after many weeks of real physical suffering, with the shamefaced irritability of a man who tells of his first encounter with a bedbug.

George Kinkead's illness was simply this. One night, a few months after his wife's death—months of no more strain than the most formal considerations of mourning absolutely demanded — while George Kinkead was enjoying the very sound sleep upon which he always prided himself, he was startlingly awakened. The morning after he laughed about it.

"It was just like one of those silly psychic experiences," he said to his sister at breakfast. "You wouldn't take me for a medium, would you, Minna? It just shows what fakers these spiritist people are."

Miss Minna, who had studied up on spiritism just to keep abreast and see what might be got from it, looked up with quite a flash of interest.

"I always sleep on my right side, you know," George pursued, "but I must have rolled over on my back for once. One does dream on one's back, I believe. I've never been the dreaming type. We discussed that, you remember, when you were so interested in poor Ellen's dreams after you had been reading all that trash about that dream fellow."

"Freud," said Miss Minna.

"Yes. Just the sort of thing a German *would* think of. Well, anyway, when I woke up . . . I don't remember my dream; there wasn't any dream . . . I just woke up and I was sitting bolt upright in bed and—it sounds so damnably silly—I was clapping both hands together like a child. Quite hard, too. My palms both smarted and my elbows felt strained. I must have had my arms straight out and perfectly rigid."

"How amusing!" cried Miss Minna.

George thought so, too, and went to the office and told a few of his cronies about it while he lunched at the Somerset Club. But a week after it happened again and, a little later, twice in the same night. And that amazed him and, when it became a nightly occurrence, he spoke to the doctor about it.

Was there no more to it? Think of what it meant! A substantial, hundred per cent New England aristocrat, supervising the investment of half the unearned increment of Boston, responsible to his Vermont forebears for their historical society, a widower, no longer young, a man of vaunted self-control, a public character . . . and never a night but he must waken himself at least once, sitting up in

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bed and clapping his hands together so violently that his palms smarted!

He got to the point of being afraid to go to bed. His dark-browed, pink-cheeked health turned sallow. His curly hair streaked with gray. He tried sitting up into the small hours, on the theory that the less he slept the more would his slumber resist intrusion. He took to nightcaps of ale and of medical prescription, too. And the thing went on and grew more and more frequent with every week.

Modernistic nerve men, called in by Clay, tested and questioned him. "There's no dream," he insisted. "There's not a vestige of a dream. I just wake up like that, clapping my hands, and it really feels as though some one had hold of my wrists and beat them together. I have to make a real effort to stop."

Adams came in upon the heels of a dozen consultants, Adams the radical so often rejected by medical journalism and so often acknowledged right in the end. Even Adams could learn no more than the others and avowed himself as baffled as they.

"No dreams," he said to me early in the story. "No hallucinations. No quirk that I can lay my finger on. None of your complexes to any such extremity. The mind and conscience of a baby with the constitution and nerves of a porpoise. Even now, if you please! And yet there's a twist somewhere. There must be. By Jove, it's a funny one!"

The hero or victim or blundering villain, as you please, of this neurotic romance began life as the only son of a Boston broker to whose substance and circumstance he presently succeeded as the third president of Kinkead & Co. He was nominated for the Somerset Club immediately the attending physician had established his sex as of the eligible variety. He went to the proper prep school and graduated from Harvard in 1900 with the degree of B. A. and a gentleman's amount of education and a gentleman's outlook upon the business of living.

When his father died of injuries sustained in a polo game, at the age of fifty-five, George transferred the *Transcript* subscription to his own name, and Kinkead & Co. began to specialize in the bond issues of hydro-electric developments. His sister Minna and he continued to live in the brownstone house in Marlborough Street, with *Who's Who* and *The Living Age* on the library table, purple glass in the dining-room windows, Arundel prints on the drawing-room walls, and hook rugs on the bedroom floors.

George interested himself in his forebears, thought (and Miss Minna agreed with him) that he strikingly resembled his great-uncle Richard, occasionally copied something out of the Kinkead book for the genealogical page of the aforementioned *Transcript*, and always wore a rosette of ribbons in his button-hole just exactly as the aristocrats of ancient Rome stood lares and penates about the atria of their columned homes. George collected wooden clocks and had them repaired, too, so that they really ran now and then. In the Middle West, he (and his father as well) would certainly have been eminent Rotarians. Because they were New Englanders and Kinkeads the one succeeded the other as president of the Phipps's Crossing Historical Society in Vermont, where the old Kinkead mansion still stands, and every year presided over the Phipps's Crossing Historical Pageant, with the local chapter of Redmen as Indians in burnt-orange union suits. Once George played old Colonel Kinkead (who married Betty Phipps) in the revolutionary episode, but he never repeated the effort, because the wig gave him a headache and then Miss Minna thought that with the garage man playing General Greene (and so commanding him) it might be just as well, perhaps, if . . .

His financial position was Herculean and his politics black Republican, tinged with bitterness whenever he heard the name of Theodore Roosevelt. A successful life, so regular that its single deviation seemed a waterspout in a world of mill-ponds.

The deviation occurred in 1907. In 1907 George Kinkead married Ellen Steele. Miss Steele was an actress. You can imagine.

Miss Minna Kinkead, diminutive in the grand manner, peers at life over the little shelf of her bosom with very keen interest and very little approval. Her

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one cross that she has to bear is a persistent and (seemingly) incorrigible rising of stomachic gas during and immediately after her meals. She overcomes her volcanic malady by a deep filling of the lungs, a deep depression of the chin, the pressure of the first two fingers of the left hand against firmly closed lips, and the very faintest enunciation of the syllable "ub." To be sure, the rite makes for rather brutal interruptions in her conversation, but there is nothing intrinsically violent about it. It gives her, on the contrary, quite the air of pronouncing a solemn benediction upon her wayward gastronomical eccentricity.

This, Adams (during his first amused half hour at Miss Minna's tea-table) observed for himself; though Miss Minna is not one to hold back autobiographically. She talks impressively and incessantly on any topic in which she feels a personal proprietorship, and she has no regard whatever for the more vulgar observances of bourgeois tact.

"I oleways have such difficulty in taking a specialist seriously," she said, speaking in the tensely aristocratic manner of her kind, exploding her vowels as far down in her alimentary canal as she could possibly lower them. "A specialist seems to me not so much of a doctor as a collector who looks upon his patients as though they were so many *objets* dug up in the South Sea or fetched heome from abrawd to be catilawgued. I dare say, though, that you think of your nerves and brains and psychological experiments quite as though they were really medical. I must remember to call you doctor. I oleways have the same difficulty remembering what to call my dentist."

Adams waived the title, saying that it made very little difference what she called him so that she talked freely to him and answered his questions without restraint.

Miss Minna performed her exquisitely sacerdotal rite as above described, overcame the regurgitation, and eyed him coldly. "I fear," she rejoined, "that I shall never be able to understand the morbid curiosity of the modern practitioner."

"Alas!" cried Adams. "Then you must bear with me as best you can, for without questioning you I shall never learn what I must know if I am to save your brother."

"What you *must* know, of *course*," Miss Minna replied, "but Doctor Clay, by whose advice you are put in charge of my brother's case, had the impertinence to question the sanity of our dear grandparents and even to discuss with me certain diseases which I hope we shall not have to mention to-day."

"Clay passed all that information on to me, Miss Kinkead," said Adams, "and there is no need to cover the ground a second time. I am prepared to agree with you—and so disagree with Clay—over the importance of the patient's heredity in the particular solution we are seeking. I am afraid, however, that you may find my inquiries even more annoying than Doctor Clay's."

"I will hear them, at least," said Miss Minna.

"And answer them quite patiently? They will be searching, you see, and intimate. One never knows what may have bearing upon so baffling a problem as your brother's illness. . . ." Adams leaned forward in his eagerness, he told me, and quite appealed to her. It *is* appealing and no mistake, that air of boyish absorption that comes over him when one of his precious neurotics interests him more than usual. "After all," he concluded, "I have come all the way from New York to see . . ."

"What?" snapped Miss Minna, withdrawing from him.

"All this," Adams answered, with a wave of his blandly unabashed hand.

She looked warily surprised. "What is it you want to know?" she asked.

"Everything," Adams replied. "Everything that you can possibly tell me about your brother's marriage to his late wife."

When Adams told me first about Kinkead I found myself strangely in the throes of a rising animosity against the man. This, of course, explained itself with my recollection of his marriage. I had seen his wife during my college days and managed to meet her, too, the very year Kinkead married her. I felt myself, as college boys do, very much more of the world for my acquaintance with a

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popular actress. I could tell Adams, who had not been so fortunate as I, all about her.

She was small and chiselled and she had a wild elegance and a gentility of charm, together. She was like a cameo sometimes, and sometimes like a crystal statuette. Not hard, though. Her beauty, for all the cleanness of its edges, was too flowerlike to be hard. She made you think of the lady in the nursery rhyme who will have music wherever she goes. Music was Ellen Steele's due wherever she went. She was herself so strangely like music.

She came from London, I believe, from what is called "old theatrical stock." One never knew much about her.

Those were the transition days between the theatre of the old school and our playground for press agents and sex appeal. The outside world would have held few fetishes for Ellen Steele. She would, I think, have harked back to the great departed goddesses, done her work hard, and slept soundly after. She would have had little time and less thought for *beau monde* or fourth estate.

I fancy the impresarios of her day captured her to make Shakespeare profitable. I saw her Beatrice and her Viola. Many years afterward my roommate (for this part is a college memoir) named his daughter Juliet in her honor, even though he never met her as I did. New York loved her for three winters. At the end of the third she went on tour. She got no further than Boston. There, while she was playing Juliet, she met Kinkead and married him. She announced that her marriage would not in anywise interrupt her career, but she never acted again. She died a year ago, ageless as such women should be, after sixteen years of marriage.

Why do "such women" do it? When an actress marries—there is a difference, isn't there, between an actress and a woman merely on the stage?—it is as though some one had plucked a rose in the garden and stuck it in a vase. They are defenseless creatures, I think, such women; in a strange way, quite like flowers. Unlike flowers, too, I grant you. There isn't much fanaticism about a flower, and one wouldn't think twice of an actress who wasn't a fanatic. But it seems a special kind of fanaticism, a passive kind, that permits, rather than seeks, obsession by a single-minded emotion. And, once obsessed, the very passivity is galvanized into a force capable of leaping the gap between its source and its—well, its audience. As electric current leaps the unwired spaces between tower and tower. . . . But so easily, so very easily destroyed, too . . . quite like flowers. . . .

Ellen Steele, now. She bloomed to be enjoyed, if ever woman did, and then came the man who could not enjoy her without cutting her off from all that gave her life. He might have made her happy, you say? But did he? He hardly consulted her about the vase in which she was to sink so safely and forlornly to oblivion. She came to live in the Boston house in Marlborough Street with her husband and his sister (who, of course, continued to manage everything just as she always had), and summers she went to the farm at Phipps's Crossing and watched the historical pageant and, after sixteen years of that, she died with no more issue than the faint echo of a voice and the vague shadow of a gesture to move through a generation's memories of Beatrice and Viola and Juliet. . . .

"It turned out far better than we expected." So Miss Minna to Adams, concluding what, together with my own reminiscence and rumination, I have just summarized. "She was a gentle thing, not unamenable, and, though she had no background of any sort, her natural adaptability really made things quite easy. Of course, very few people called at first, but I made the best of things. One must make the best of things, if they are humanly possible, don't you think? When George steadfastly refused to put her aside—and, I must say, I did not myself greatly like the idea of divorce—I was clever enough to point out to our friends the difference between a Shakespearian actress and the ordinary theatrical person. Eventually every one had to recognize her undeniable charm. There were moments in the first year or two when a dreadful manager used to come from New York. After those interviews she would talk, quite wildly at times, of this rôle or that, quite as though she intended to continue

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in her profession. Afterward she would cry unaccountably. She wanted children. That was natural, I know. But George, in spite of his rare self-control, is a nervous man really. He has not the temperament for children. He had me explain the situation to her, and, I must say, she behaved very reasonably and put it out of her head entirely. And George never for a moment tolerated her returning to the stage, even as an amateur when societies invited her to join with them in their private theatricals. George can be enormously firm. She realized that and made very little difficulty, even though she never wholly understood our point of view. Her people were actors, to be sure. They must often have clouded the issue for her. I'm afraid that she always a little resented George's feeling. She owed *me* consideration, too. I took every care from her shoulders. Poor child, I had to! She was never in any way fitted to manage George's house. Why, the last time I went abroad she upset things so and moved things so about that George had to cable me to return post-haste. After that she never again tried to interfere. She took up playground work in one of the missions. A good many people were doing it and, though both George and I felt that Ellen should always be very careful, still we saw no harm in it. And there George did allow her to supervise a little theatre of some kind where the children acted in Shakespeare's plays. It filled her days—she had absolutely no social gift—and I have been given to understand that some of the performances were quite good."

"And her death," Adams put in, "—sudden as that was, it must have come as a great shock to your brother?"

Miss Minna stiffened. "Of course. A great shock to all of us. Of course to my brother. He loved his wife very dearly. He had made her an ideal husband. No one could deny that."

The nurse came down about that time (I am paraphrasing Adams's account of the case, you understand) to say that Mr. Kinkead was awake and would see the doctor. Miss Minna rose to hope that "Mister—ub—Doctor Adams had learned something which might prove valuable in his treatment of her brother."

Adams had one final point to make. "Such a shock," he suggested, "such a shock as might account for your brother's present serious and puzzling condition?"

"I presume that you refer still to poor Ellen's death?" Miss Minna reflected. "You should be able to answer better than I, doctor. After all, Ellen died nearly a year ago and this strange malady began long after."

"After some months of self-control," Adams observed. "They would add up to quite a total of nervous strain."

Miss Minna stiffened. "A man can be sane," she remarked, "even about the death of his wife. Doctor Clay could find no evidence of abnormal strain before this present business began, and Doctor Clay is not only our regular physician but our intimate friend as well. He admitted that the strangest element in the case was my brother's extraordinary calm. My brother is a very sane man, Doctor Adams."

Adams did not trouble to admit the puzzle. He turned it over in his mind and let it whet his psychiatric appetite. Then, thanking Miss Minna, he thought that he had better see his patient at once.

Accounting for the season of the year, it will have been well on toward dark when Kinkead awoke that day and signified his willingness to be interviewed by his doctor. Adams found him in bed sipping cocoa in lieu of tannic stimulant, wearing a quilted blue smoking-jacket to protect his roundly fattened shoulders from the weather of the city where weather is never quite uninteresting. Adams described the look in his face as that of a cherub, injured; one of Raphael's, perhaps, out of the Sistine, doomed to sell matches on a street corner.

Most men take illness angrily. Some few gain sweetness, kindliness, and humility from illness. Many fall into doldrums of self-pity. Kinkead seemed curiously detached from himself, seemed to look at his case as a dog stares at the unfamiliar without any enlightening mental reaction to tell him what it means. "Small wonder!" Adams commented, reporting to me.

Kinkead omitted greetings and drove straight to his point. "Five times last

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She came to live in the Boston house in Marlborough Street with her husband and his sister.—Page 67.

night," he said. "One of them bruised my wrist. See?"

He held the plump, pearly member up to the light and Adams patted it lightly. "I haven't come up from New York to prescribe liniment," he said. "We must get deeper this time than we have yet if we're going to stop this business. I'm thinking there may still be a few things you haven't told me."

"I'll tell you anything, doctor," cried Kinkead. "I never spent a day in bed

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in my life before this started. I can't get up now. The only real sleep I have is in the day."

"We might wonder why nothing happens in the daytime," said Adams. "Let's just be thankful for the respite and let it go at that. We might even turn your office force around," he added, "so that you could work nights and sleep days like a night watchman."

Kinkead, past joking (one surmises that he never made great progress at it), shook his head with mournful seriousness. "I should have nothing to do in the office at night," he explained. "The Stock Exchange wouldn't be open. You couldn't persuade the Stock Exchange to turn itself inside out for one man."

"I suppose not," said Adams.

Adams had thought out an entire new series of questions for the searching of Kinkead's subconsciousness. "There it is," Adams says, speaking of that curiously unexplorable mental wilderness, "like a lock in a river. If you can make it work for you, you go on sailing upstream quite simply. I'm perpetually trying to get up and back into the mind's weir, it seems to me. Only I fail so often and accomplish nothing more than a little springing of the weir gates to let a little more of the mind's backwaters run down into the lock and lift things a bit. You've got to get the gates open. Those forgotten waters, if you leave them to their own natural leakage, make so much trouble. If only we psychiatrists could once and for all get them under control so that we could open the lock gates wide every so often for every mind."

He had determined to pry loose some sort of boyhood association with the dark which would explain this amazing behavior of the mature Kinkead. He was trying to make Kinkead admit that once, even once, his child's sleep had been terrified to wakefulness. . . .

"Kinkead doesn't hold a thing back from me," he complained afterward. "I'm confident of that. And yet I can get nowhere with him. He's so perfectly frank and so perfectly stupid. I don't believe that anything has ever really upset him. I don't believe that anything could. I don't believe that the man's mind *has* any of that subconscious weir water or hinterland, if you like another metaphor, upon which you and I draw for our temperaments and our inspirations. As for his conscience, I have never met an easier."

Only at the end of the hour did Adams, by the merest chance, come back again upon the topic of the dead wife. He saw her last photograph, recklessly encased in silver, youth and glory faded into a portly image of Indian summer.

"Mrs. Kinkead, I suppose?" he remarked.

"My poor Ellen," said Kinkead. "She would have been a great comfort to me now. She read aloud so beautifully and her reading would have made me sleep."

"She was a great actress in her day," Adams observed.

"Ah," said Kinkead. "She soon got over that. She was a sweet and loving wife. That's something more, isn't it, doctor?"

"Something else, at any rate," Adams replied.

Adams dined with the brother and sister, and enjoyed his dinner, too, and played chess afterward with the brother while the sister read the *Transcript* aloud to herself without making any sound about it. At ten, on Adams's order, Kinkead went to bed.

At ten-thirty Adams bade Miss Minna good-night, assured her that he had everything he needed and went to his room. At a quarter to eleven the nurse called him. He made certain that Miss Minna's retirement was well under way . . . "a prayer for brother George and one for poor Ellen, too, I dare say" . . . and took up his watch.

"It began at eleven-thirty," he told me, and I shall transcribe his own account with absolute fidelity. "It was a horrid business altogether. He was asleep on his right side, sound asleep and breathing deeply and quickly like a dog. The breathing came, of course, from my sleeping prescription. I saw him sit up quite as suddenly as though some one had called him, and he brought his hands together with a report that fairly frightened me. It all happened exactly as he had described it. He clapped, if you can imagine such a

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thing, like one of those French clown dolls with a cymbal at the end of each wooden arm, and his hands were limp as a duck's feet. Try it, with your hands flapping and your wrists limp . . . that way . . . and eyes wide open. . . .

"And right there was something the nurse hadn't told me about. Nurses are so accurate on temperature charts and that sort of thing and so blind really. Eyes wide open, mind you, and simply enthralled. All kinds of sight in them, too, if you know what I mean. But, above all, an expression of the most magical, the most ecstatic delight. That was the strangest of it. I wasn't prepared for that. Kinkead couldn't have known about it, because—well, because he couldn't possibly have lied about anything so vitally real as that self-evident, irrepressible delight. He looked a bond-selling, cherubic fool suddenly vouchsafed a glimpse of paradise. . . .

"'Shan't I waken him?' The nurse wakened *me*. 'He's kept it up for three minutes now. It's the veronal, of course, but, even so, it tires him dreadfully if it isn't stopped.'

"That roused me, for I give you my word I'd never seen anything like it, and I was considerably dashed. I turned on the light and it made no difference. We had to hold his arms. He's a powerful chap and it took some effort. That was odd, too, because I noticed that his shoulder muscles didn't seem to be much exerted. I had half the feeling that I was struggling with some one else for the mastery of his wrists."

"That *is* odd." I admitted.

"I thought so," Adams continued, "and, what's more, the feeling didn't leave me until we had awakened him and stopped the whole ghastly show. And we had to slap him to waken him. Without that we could make no impression on him."

"What then?" I asked.

"Oh," said Adams, "he cried, of course. They mostly do."

"Was that all?"

"All?" Adams laughed. "You would have thought it quite enough had you seen it."

"He went off to sleep again afterwards," I supposed.

"Yes," said Adams. "The veronal took him off in no time. But at twelve-forty-five we had exactly the same entertainment again. A third performance began at two minutes past three, a fourth at four-ten and a fifth at five. The fifth had hardly started before he wakened himself. The veronal was wearing off."

"Five times!" I cried.

"Do you wonder," Adams said gravely, "that the man's a wreck?"

I hazarded a solution for myself. "Have you ever read Bulwer's 'The House and the Brain'?" I asked.

Adams is hardly the man for Victorian fiction. "But it's a possibility with which you ought to reckon," I insisted, after I had outlined Bulwer's melodrama masterpiece. "Some modern Mesmer performing a wicked experiment on your broker, who seems the perfectly unresisting type . . . performing a wicked experiment or taking a wicked revenge."

Adams wasn't much impressed with Bulwer's respect for mesmerism. Adams said: "I had almost rather believe something else altogether, something entirely outside my province, something quite simple, too, if you don't mind what you believe."

"What will that be?" I pressed him.

"I told you about the look on his face," Adams answered slowly, "the really exquisite and breathless delight of his expression during the spell or seizure, or whatever you choose to call it. Well, after the third crisis, when I could be quite certain of my own nerves, I asked the nurse if she had noticed anything else. Something quite separate from any of us three in the room."

"Had she noticed anything?"

"No, and she explained my reaction to her own satisfaction but not at all to mine. I'm just a bit too seasoned for some things. And after the last riot at five in the morning, I was pretty nearly sure."

The click came in my mind which tells me always when Adams and I are thinking the same thought. I snapped up the point. "Then the cause *is* outside," I cried. "Not to be looked for in him at all—not even in his subconsciousness."

Adams demurred. "I won't let you turn this case into a ghost-story," he said, "even though I am trying to tell you that there was a sense of something in the

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room—something quite apart from the nurse or Kinkead or me. . . ."

"An inimical force!" Hadn't I just proposed that solution?

But Adams shook his head. "Something," he went on, "like an immense volume of sorrow, soundless, but very strong—though there was a sound, too. Each time, just at the end of the crisis—and the end, mind you, was too awfully like the letting go of a power—then there *was* a sound."

"What kind of a sound?"

"Hard to say," Adams mused. "An audible cessation of effort? No. More than that. Can you think what you would hear if a Fifth Avenue bus were to run over a . . ."

He paused. "A body?" I suggested.

"No," said he. "An orange."

Adams went no more to Boston but, rather feebly, as he admitted, prescribed the West Indies. The Kinkeads, brother and sister, journeyed down there and took the nurse with them. Bermuda, I think it was at first, and later they moved to Porto Rico for greater quiet. The nurse wrote reports. No improvement.

"It isn't an ordinary breakdown," I said to Adams.

"Who ever said it was?" said he.

In six weeks or so the Kinkeads returned suddenly, not to Boston this time, but to Adams's own sanitarium in Jersey, and I had new chapters from day to day, and the end.

"Miss Minna's fairly desperate," Adams reported. "Clutches my hand now and cries: 'For God's sake, doctor!' She's lost all her fine majesty and Victorian bearing. She's cleaned out and only wants her brother saved. I shall have to find them another nurse, too. My stolid old stand-by can't hold up any longer."

The case had indeed taken a darker turn. Kinkead, looking an old man now, had lost the last of his daytime respite. The seizures came upon him waking or sleeping, without warning, without mercy, and carried his sense away from his surroundings into some other place, of which, afterward, no trace of recollection remained, but where, at almost any time of day or night, his despairing sister could watch him moving and acting and going about some very definite and incomprehensible business.

Adams didn't know which was worse, the old thing or this latest phase. "It was bad enough," he admitted, "at night and in bed, and when he developed the stage of getting up out of his bed and sitting on the edge for his performances, sitting there and acting that way in his pajamas, with his hair tousled and his feet bare, it was bad, too. But to see him now move suddenly about his mysterious affairs in broad daylight, fully clothed, so evidently and normally and quietly having the time of his life, and apparently fully conscious of what he is doing, and certainly remembering nothing of what he did afterward, it's rather by way of being hellish."

It made me shudder to hear of it. "It must be horrible!"

Adams laughed suddenly. "The border line," he remarked, "between intense horror and grotesque ridiculousness is pretty easily crossed. I stand shivering as I watch him and I have to make a real effort to suppress my guffaws."

"What does he have to say for himself after the things are over?" I asked.

"Nothing any more," Adams replied. "His only strength seems to be saved for the seizures. Between them he is sick, terribly sick. You can't blame him for that. And it can't last much longer."

"Why don't you restrain him by force?" I had been wondering that for some time.

Adams shook his head rather solemnly. "My one experiment with the straitjacket nearly did for him. There seems to be plenty of fatal energy about him or after him. I don't have to help it any."

"Good heavens," I shouted. "Do you mean to say that he is actually going to die of this absurd business?"

"For all I can do, he is," said Adams. "Better men have died for less reason. You'll admit that."

But it was a staggering thing to contemplate. A man dying this way . . . this extraordinary way. . . . "To think of it," I reflected aloud, "sitting there just as though he were in a theatre!

"Just as though he were watching a play," Adams corrected.

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"But to see him . . . apparently fully conscious of what he is doing, and remembering nothing of what he did afterward, it's rather by way of being hellish."—Page 72.

"The strangest lunacy that ever was," I said. "It must be."

"It would be," said Adams, "if it were lunacy. But it's something else."

"What then?"

"That's for you to guess."

The best that Adams could do was to ease the man's final confinement. He died that spring, worn out by the incessant repetitions of his ordeal. The

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last few days no one could rouse him from his trances. He sat at a perpetual play, watching and applauding. He died not so much of mental derangement as of exhaustion, and Miss Minna went grimly back to the house in Marlborough Street, stricken, to have her mourning made over and freshened, the mourning she had worn for Ellen Steele.

"But such a thing, for her, you know . . . she wouldn't have done it."

"If you're thinking of ghostly revenge you're pretty melodramatically afield," Adams mocked.

"Why?" I asked, nettled a little.

"Because," Adams insisted, "don't you see that, according to his lights, Kinkead treated his wife very well indeed? And his sister gave her a position of the very best and acted in perfect sincerity, too. And the ghosts of you fiction folk always follow poetic justice, don't they? And Ellen Steele's ghost . . ."

"But a desire like Ellen Steele's for her particular and inspired job," said I.

"Ah," cried Adams. "There I'm with you. A desire, an obsession like that, after she was dead and past controlling it! That's another matter. Who knows what such a force may not accomplish? Who knows how long it may endure?"

"Applause, though," I complained. "Only empty applause."

"Applause, after all these centuries, has become something more of a symbol than a gesture."

I had to admit that much. "But," I said, "Ellen Steele was such a gentle creature."

"She was an actress," Adams answered. "Such women have vigor in them."

At the Edge of the Bay

BY THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

WHAT! after your six-month drowsing and indolent sleeping
The old blood beats fast again?
And all because of April and the slow weeping
Of her warm rain?

You had been content enough all winter long
To dream of old seafarers valiant in song,
But now you cry for a way through the restless foaming,
The quest of a lifting prow toward misty shores,
And foreign roadsteads at the end of an earth-wide roaming
To the creak on tholes of your oars.

Now you walk down by the shipyards and each tall mast
Moves a longing for the surge of the offshore swell,
And you learn your love for the ocean and all of its vast
Expanse in the disquiet of each ebb-tide smell.

Ever since men launched the *Argo* it has been so.
Men in this cool-breeze season have known as high
Wonder of dream-birth as ever a poet will know,
Considering how this line will let waves speed by,
And how that sheer will give grace, and how masts will show
Black against the same moon in an unsame sky.

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The Electron and the Light-Quant

WHAT ARE THEY?

BY ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN

Winner of the Nobel Prize in Physics, 1923; Author of "Gulliver's Travels in Science," etc.

THE fact that science walks forward on two feet, namely, theory and experiment, is nowhere better illustrated than in the two fields for slight contributions to which you have done me the great honor of awarding me the Nobel Prize in Physics for the year 1923.

Sometimes it is one foot which is put forward first, sometimes the other, but continuous progress is only made by the use of both—by theorizing and then testing, or by finding new relations in the process of experimenting and then bringing the theoretical foot up and pushing it on or beyond, and so on in unending alternations.

The terms of this year's award state that it is given "for work on the fundamental electrical unit and on photo-electricity." In both fields my own work has been that of the mere experimenter whose main task has been to devise, if possible, certain crucial experiments for testing the validity or invalidity of conceptions advanced by others.

The conception of electrical particles or atoms goes back a hundred and seventy years to Benjamin Franklin, who wrote, about 1750: "The electrical matter consists of particles extremely subtle since it can permeate common matter, even the densest, with such freedom and ease as not to receive any appreciable resistance."

This theoretical conception was developed in no little detail by Wilhelm Weber in papers written in 1871. The numerical value of the ultimate electrical unit was first definitely estimated by G. Johnstone Stoney in 1881, and in 1891 this same physicist gave to it the name "*the electron.*"

In 1897 the experimental foot came forward with J. J. Thomson's and Zeeman's determinations of $\frac{e}{m}$—the so-called ratio of charge to mass—by two wholly distinct methods. It was these experiments and others like them which in a few years gained nearly universal acceptance among physicists for the electron theory.

There remained, however, some doubters, even among those of scientific credentials, for at least two decades—men who adopted the view that the apparent unitary character of electricity was but a statistical phenomenon. And as for educated people of the non-scientific sort, there exists to-day among them a very general and a very serious misconception as to the character of the present evidence. A prominent literary writer recently spoke of the electron as "only the latest scientific hypothesis which will in its turn give way to the abracadabra of to-morrow."

It is perhaps not inappropriate then to attempt to review to-day as precisely as possible a few features of the existing experimental situation and to endeavor to distinguish as sharply as may be between theory and some newly established *facts*.

The most direct and unambiguous proof of the existence of the electron will probably be generally admitted to be found in an experiment which for convenience I shall call the "oil-drop experiment." But before discussing the significance of that advance I must ask you to bear with me while I give the experimentalists' answer to the very fundamental but very familiar query: "What is electricity?" His answer is naïve and definite. He admits at once that as to the *ultimate* nature of electricity he knows nothing.

*** This is the Nobel Address, hitherto unpublished, delivered in Stockholm, May 23, 1924, with additions and amplifications.

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He begins rather with a few simple and familiar experiments and then sets up some definitions which are only descriptions of the experiments and therefore involve no hypothetical elements at all.

He first notes the fact that a pith-ball or a bit of paper, after contact with a glass rod that has been rubbed with silk, is found to be endowed with the new and striking property so that it tends to move away from the rod with a surprisingly strong and easily measurable force. He describes that fact, and affirms at the same time his ignorance of all save the existence of these forces, by inventing a possible test of the correctness or incorrectness of Franklin's conception of a particle, or an atom, of electricity it was clearly necessary to reduce the charge on the pith-ball to the smallest possible amount, to change that charge by the most minute possible steps, and then to see whether the forces acting upon it at a given distance from the glass rod (*i. e.* in a constant field) have any tendency to increase or decrease by *unitary* steps.

The success of the experiments first performed in 1909, was wholly due to the design of the apparatus, *i. e.*, to the relation of the parts.

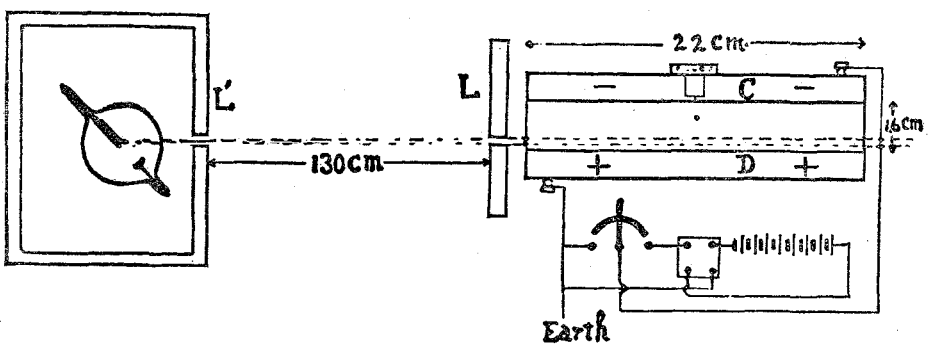

FIG. 1.—A droplet from an oil-spray is blown over plate *C*. It drifts through a pinhole in *C* into the space between *C* and *D*, where it is kept moving up and down by throwing on and off the electric field between *C* and *D*. Its charge may be changed by ionizing the air underneath it by X-rays passing through holes in the lead screens *L'* and *L*.

new word and saying that the pith-ball has been put into a *positively electrified state*, or simply has received *a charge of positive electricity*. He then measures the amount of its charge by the strength of the observed force.

Similarly he finds that the pith-ball, after contact with an ebonite rod that has been rubbed with cat's fur, is attracted, and he proceeds to describe this experiment by saying that it has now received a *charge of negative electricity*. Whenever the pith-ball is found to have been put, by contact with any body, or by any other process, into a condition to behave in either of the foregoing ways, it has *by definition*, received a charge of either positive or negative electricity. The whole of our thinking about electrical matters starts with these two simple experiments and these two definitions.

In order now to get the most crucial

The pith-ball itself which was to take on the smallest possible charge had of course to be the smallest spherical body which could be found and yet which would remain of constant mass; for a continuously changing gravitational force would be indistinguishable in its effect upon the motion of the charged body from a continuously changing electrical charge.

A non-homogeneous or non-spherical body also could not be tolerated; for the force acting on the pith-ball had to be measured by the speed of motion imparted to it by the field, and this force could not be computed from the speed unless the shape was spherical and the density absolutely constant. This is why the body chosen to replace the pith-ball was an individual oil-droplet about a thousandth of a millimetre in diameter blown out of an ordinary atomizer and

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kept in an atmosphere from which convection currents had been completely removed by suitable thermostatic arrangements. The glass rod, the purpose of which was to produce a constant electrical field, was of course replaced by the two metal plates *C* and *D* (Fig. 1) of an air condenser, one of the plates (*D*) being attached to the positive, the other (*C*) to the negative, terminal of a battery, and a switch being added as shown in the figure so as to make it possible to throw the field on or off at will.

In order to be able to measure very accurately the force acting upon the charged oil-droplet, it was necessary to give it about a centimetre of path in which the speed could be measured. This is one of the most important elements in the design, the overlooking of which has caused some subsequent observers to fall into error. The centimetre of path and the constancy of field then fixed the approximate size of the plates, the diameter of which was actually twenty-two centimetres. They were placed 16 mm. apart.

The field strength, too, about 6,000 volts per cm., was vital and new in work of this kind. It was the element which turned possible failure into success. Indeed, nature here was very kind. She left only a narrow range of field-strengths within which such experiments as these are all possible. They demand that the droplets be large enough so that the so-called Brownian movements* are nearly negligible, that they be round and homogeneous, light and non-evaporable, that the distance be long enough to make the timing of the rate of motion of the droplet accurate, and that the electrical field be strong enough to more than balance gravity by its upward pull on a drop carrying but one or two electrons. Scarcely any other combination of dimensions, field strengths, and materials could have yielded the results obtained. Had the electronic charge been one-tenth its actual size, or the so-called "sparking potential" in air a tenth of what it is, no such experimental facts as are here presented would ever have been seen.

The observations which gave an unambiguous answer to the question as to the atomic nature of electricity consisted in putting a charge upon the drop, in general by the frictional process involved in blowing the spray, letting the charged drop drift slowly down through a pinhole in the centre of plate C into the space between *C* and *D*, in then measuring both its speed of fall under gravity when the electrical field was off and its speed of rise against gravity when the electrical field was on, and then in repeating these measurements after the charge on the drop had been changed in a considerable number of different ways; for example, by ionizing the air just beneath it by alpha, beta, or gamma rays from radium, by illuminating the surface of the drop itself with the ultra-violet light, by shooting X-rays both directly at it and beneath it, etc. The results of these changes in charge, as is now well-known, and as is shown in particular cases in the accompanying table, were:

TABLE

Time of fall 1,303 cm. under gravity	Time of rise 1,303 cm. in field	Mean times of rise in field	Divisors for speeds due to field	The electron in terms of a speed
Sec.	Sec.			
120.8	26.2			
121.0	11.9			
121.2	16.5	67.73	1	3.007
120.1	16.3	26.40	2	3.009
120.2	26.4	16.50	3	2.993
119.8	67.4	11.90	4	3.008
120.1	26.6			
....	16.6	Mean		
120.2	16.6	time		
....	16.4	of fall		
120.2	68.0	under		
119.9	67.8	gravity		
....	26.4	120.35		

(1) That it was found possible to discharge the droplet completely so that within the limits of observational error—a small fraction of 1 per cent—*it fell its centimetre under gravity, when the* 10,000-*volt electrical potential was on between C and D, in precisely the same time required to fall the same distance when there was no field.*

(2) That it could become endowed with a particular speed in the electric field (that corresponding to 67.7 sec. in the

* Rapid, irregular motions of agitation of very minute particles in liquids or gases which are actually due to the bombardment that these minute particles experience from the flying molecules which surround them.

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particular case shown), which *could be reproduced as often as desired, but which was the smallest speed that the given field ever communicated to it*—nor was this change in speed due to the capture of a single electron a small one, difficult to observe and measure. It was often larger than the speed due to gravity itself and represented, as in the case shown, a reversal in direction, so that it was striking and unmistakable.

If a man had seen a football which some one told him was the electron, he would be far less certain that what he had seen corresponded to reality than is the man who has become familiar with the foregoing experiment. *By its aid he can count, in the manner shown in the table, the number of electrons in a given small electrical charge with exactly as much certainty as he can attain in counting his fingers and his toes.* It is true that when he has

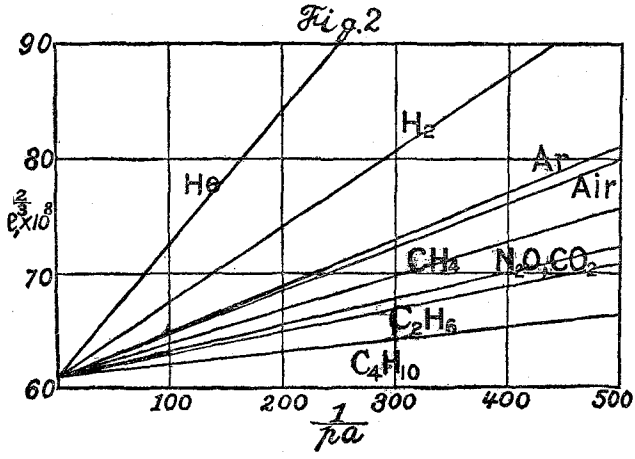

FIG. 2.—The convergence of all the above lines upon the same intercept on the vertical axis is excellent proof that it is one and the same electron which is a constituent of all kinds of atoms.

(3) That *speeds exactly two times, three times, four times, five times*, etc. (always within the limits of observational error —still less than a per cent) *could be communicated to the droplet, but never any fraction of these speeds.*

He who has seen that experiment, and hundreds of investigators have observed it, has literally *seen* the electron. For he has measured (in terms of a speed) the smallest of the electrical forces which a given electrical field ever exerts upon the pith-ball with which he is working and with the aid of whose movements he defines electricity itself. Further, he has found that that something which he has chosen to call electricity may be placed upon or removed from his pith-ball only in quantities which cause the force acting upon it either to drop to zero or else to go up by definite integral multiples of the smallest observed force.

counted up to 200 electrons in a given charge his observational error begins to make it impossible to distinguish between 200 and 201; so that the conclusion that large electrical charges are built up in the same manner as are the charges that he can count is of course in the nature of a generalization, but obviously not one of much uncertainty.

But the electron itself, which man has measured in the manner just described, is neither an uncertainty nor an hypothesis. It is a new experimental fact that this generation in which we live has for the first time seen, and which any one who wills may henceforth see.

The measurement of the electron, not as above in terms of the speed that it imparts to a given oil-drop, but in absolute electrostatic units, involved observations of the foregoing sort upon thousands of drops of various sizes, made from a num-

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ber of different substances, surrounded by a large number of different gases at widely differing pressures, varying from atmospheric down to a millimetre and a half of mercury.

It involved also years of work in finding accurate values of gaseous viscosities, and in determining just how the so-called Law of Stokes must be modified to yield the complete law of fall of a particle through a gas at any density whatever. But all this is only of interest here in showing as Fig. 2 does,* *how inevitably all observations on all gases and all substances converge upon the same absolute value of the electron, at the intercept on the $e^{2/3}$ axis of the figure.* It is from this intercept that the value of the electron, $e = 4.774\ (\ddagger .005) \times 10^{-10}$ absolute electrostatic units, is directly obtained.

After ten years of work in other laboratories in checking the methods and the results obtained in connection with the oil-drop investigation published from 1909 to 1923, there is practically universal concurrence upon their correctness, despite the vigorous gantlet of criticism which they have had to run.

Electrons, of both the positive and negative variety, are then merely observed centres of electrical force, just as was the charged pith-ball from which we got our original definition of an electric charge, the difference being that electrons are *invariable* in their charge while pith-ball charges vary because they are built up out of different numbers of electrons. Further, since Rowland proved years ago that electrical currents are simply electrical charges in motion, the proof that electrical charges are built up out of a definite number of discrete electrical particles, electrons, carries with it the proof that electrical currents such as pass through incandescent lamps consist merely in the drifting of immense swarms of these electrons through conductors.

The dimensions of electrons may in general be ignored, *i. e.*, they may both, for practical purposes, be considered as point charges, though, as is well known, the positive has a mass of 1845 times that of the negative. Why this is so no one knows. It is another experimental fact.

It is also well known that we can now count the exact number of positives and of negatives in every atom; that we can assign all of the positives to the nucleus; that we find the negatives scattered partly through the outer regions and partly held within the nucleus; that the number of outer negatives varies from 1 in hydrogen by unit steps up to 92 in uranium; and that the number of negatives in the nucleus is given by the difference between the atomic weight and the atomic number.

Shall we ever find that either positive or negative electrons are divisible? Again no one knows; but we can draw some inferences from the history of the chemical atom. This is sometimes said by the unthinking to have exploded, but of course every scientist knows that it has never lost an iota of its old reality nor of its old vitality. From an experimental point of view the atom of the chemist was all contained in the facts of definite and multiple proportions in combining powers. For the purposes for which the concept was used, viz., those of chemical combination, the chemical atom is just as much the ultimate unit now as it ever has been.

Similarly, it is not likely that the field in which the electron has already been found to be the unit, namely that of atomic structure, will ever have to seek another unit. The new *facts* which this generation has discovered are certainly the permanent heritage of the race. If the electron is ever subdivided it will probably be because man with new agencies, as unlike X-rays and radioactivity as these are unlike chemical forces, opens up still another field where electrons may be split up without losing any of the unitary properties which they have now been found to possess in the relationships in which we have thus far studied them.

The second domain in which, as your award indicates, I have been attempting to take another step, and to assist in bringing the experimental foot up to or even beyond the theoretical, is the field of ether-waves. In this domain I have been seeking since the year 1904 to find some crucial test for the Thomson-Planck-

* This is taken from a repetition of my observations in different gases by my assistant, Doctor Yoshio Ishida. For similar observations upon different drop-substances, see "The Electron," revised ed. 1924, University of Chicago Press.

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Einstein conception of localized radiant energy.

This conception in its most general form was introduced by J. J. Thomson

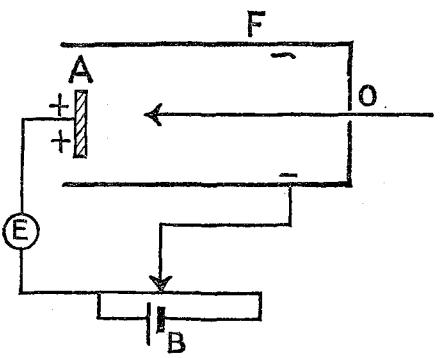

FIG. 3.—Monochromatic light passes through *O* and falls upon the metal *A*, from which it ejects electrons. The kinetic energy with which these electrons are ejected from *A* is measured by the positive potential difference which must be applied between *A* and *F* just to prevent these electrons from arriving at *F* and thus causing a current to flow through *E*.

in 1903 to account for two newly discovered experimental facts, viz.:

(1) That X-rays pass over all but an exceedingly minute fraction, say one in a thousand billion, of the atoms contained in the space traversed without spending any energy upon them, but here and there find an atom from which they hurl an electron with enormous speed;

(2) That ultra-violet light has the amazing property, discovered by Lenard in 1902, of ejecting electrons from metal surfaces with an energy which is the same whether the distance of the light is large or small, *i. e.*, which is independent of the *intensity* of the source.

This Thomson semicorpuscular conception of localized radiant energy was taken up in 1905 by Einstein who, by combining it with the facts of quanta discovered by Planck through his analysis of black body radiation, obtained an equation which, from Einstein's point of view, should govern the intercharge of energy between ether-waves and electrons, viz.:

$$\tfrac{1}{2}\,mv^2 = h\nu - p.$$

It is very easy to see how Einstein arrived at this equation from the conception of the nature of light-waves with which he started. His fundamental assumption —a very radical one from the point of view of nineteenth-century physics— was that, though light does indeed consist of waves radiating in all directions from the source and waves which may have any frequency ν, yet the energy contained in these waves is not spread continuously over the surface of the sphere representing at any instant the so-called wave-front, as is the case in water-waves or sound-waves, but rather remains concentrated in a definite number of rays or darts of light (light-quanta), the total energy in each dart being proportioned to its frequency and equal to $h\nu$, where h is a universal constant connecting frequency and energy.

It is clear that with this assumption, no matter how far one may be from the source, the energy always available in the light-dart should be $h\nu$. If this energy, in being transferred to an electron in a metal, ejects it from the metal with the kinetic energy $\frac{1}{2}\,mv^2$, and if p represents the amount of work done in getting the electron loose from the metal, then it is at once obvious from the principle of the conservation of energy that the energy of the escaping electron $\frac{1}{2}\,mv^2$ must equal the originally available energy $h\nu$, minus the amount p used up in getting it out. This is all that is stated in the foregoing equation.

Now as to the experimental facts: after ten years of testing and changing and learning and sometimes blundering, all efforts being directed from the first toward the accurate experimental measurement of the energies of emission of photoelectrons, now as a function of temperature, now of wave-length, now of material (contact E. M. F. relations), this work resulted, contrary to my own expectation, in the first direct experimental proof in 1914 of the exact validity, within narrow limits of experimental error, of the Einstein equation, and the first direct photoelectric determination of Planck's "h."

In one particular experiment, for example, light of known frequency ν, say that of the ultra-violet wave-length 2535 angstroms, was obtained from a quartz-mercury arc and a beam of it made to enter a highly exhausted chamber where

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it passed through an opening O (Fig. 3) in a metal cylinder F and then fell upon freshly cut sodium metal A. In so doing it ejected electrons from A with an energy which could be accurately measured by the number of volts of retarding potential which had to be applied by means of battery B (Fig. 3) between A and the surrounding metal chamber F just to prevent these electrons from reaching F. This critical potential is the point in Fig. 4 at which the curve expressing the relation between photo-currents and volts for the line labelled $\lambda = 2535$ hits the volt-axis. The frequency of the incident light was then changed and the experiment repeated with all the different wave-lengths which are recorded above the curves shown in Fig. 4.

This point of intersection is seen from Fig. 4 to move definitely and unambiguously to the right as the wave-length changes from 2535 through five different stages up to 5461. (The lower half of the figure is simply the right-hand continuation of the upper half.) Fig. V then shows how beautiful and exact a linear relation exists between the critical volts, *i. e.*, the energy of emission, and the frequency, while the figures in the lower right-hand corner of Fig. 5 show that the relation between energy and frequency comes out, in this case, 6.56×10^{-27}, which is exceedingly close to the best determinations of Planck's h which have now been made by other methods. The accuracy here attained in the determination of h, about half of a per cent, was much the best available at the time these experiments were performed.

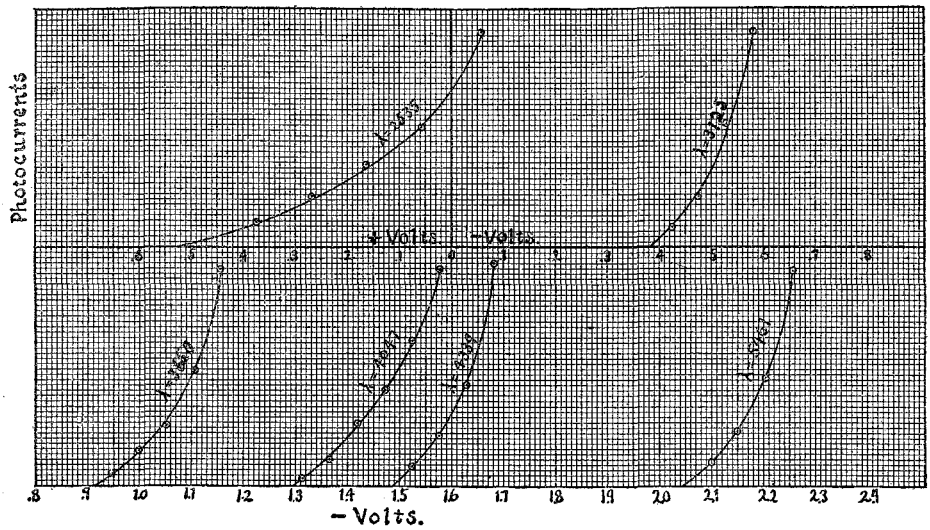

FIG. 4.—The diagram shows how unmistakably the energy of ejection of electrons from A (Fig. 3) by light diminishes as the wave-length increases (or as the frequency decreases) by five successive steps from that of the extreme ultra-violet line, λ-2535, to that of the strong green line in the visible part of the mercury spectrum, λ-5461. This is seen in the steady progress toward the right of the intercepts of the photo-current curves. (The lower half of the diagram is the right end of the upper half placed below it solely for convenience.)

This work, like that on the electron, has had to run the gantlet of severe criticism, for up to 1916 not only was discussion active as to whether there were any limiting velocity of emission of electrons under the influence of light, but other observers who had thought that a linear relation existed between energy and frequency had not found the invariable constant h appearing as the ratio. But at the present time it is not too much to say that the altogether overwhelming proof furnished by the experiments of many different observers working by different methods in many different laboratories, that Einstein's equation is one of exact validity (always within the present small limits of experimental error)

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and of very general applicability, is perhaps the most conspicuous as well as the most astonishing achievement of experimental Physics during the past decade.

A brief historical summary of this remarkable advance is as follows: A year or two after the foregoing photoelectric work was completed Duane and his associates at Harvard found unambiguous ejected from different atoms and different levels in a given atom by high frequency radiations, and thus beautifully verified, in this high frequency field, precisely the same Einstein equation, $\frac{1}{2}mv^2 = h\nu - p$, which I had found to hold for ultra-violet and visible frequencies.

Parallel with these developments has come the very full working out of the

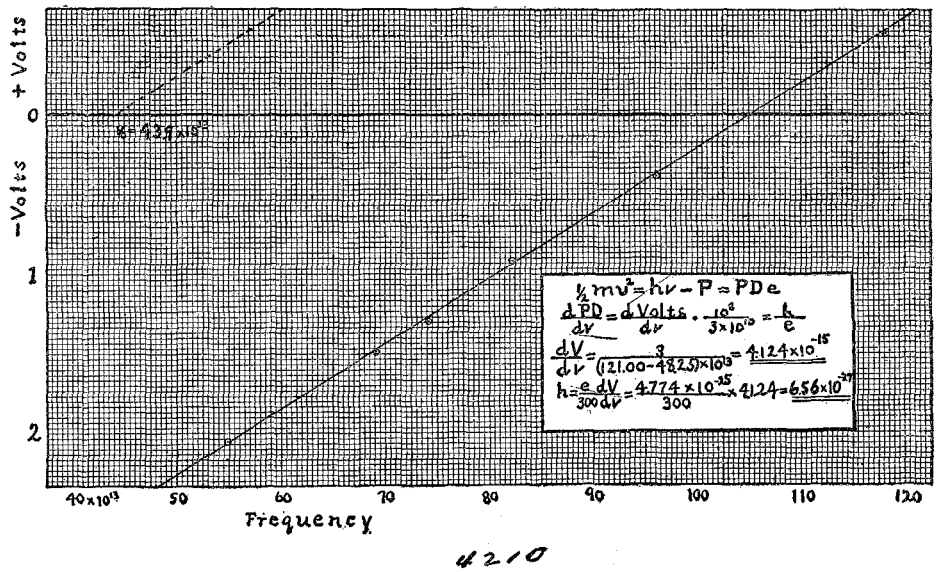

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FIG. 5.—The diagram shows not merely that a very exact linear relation exists between energy of electronic emission (the intercepts of Fig. 4) and the frequency of the light which ejects them, but also, in the lower right-hand corner, that the numerical value of this ratio is 6.56 x 10-27, which agrees accurately with other determinations of Planck's "h." This was the first *direct* determination (1914) of this very fundamental constant.

proof of a relation which is just the inverse of Einstein's. They bombarded a metal target with electrons of known and constant energy and found that the maximum frequency of the ether-waves (general X-radiation) thereby excited was given, with much precision, by $\frac{1}{2}mv^2 = h\nu$.

D. L. Webster, now at Stanford University, then proved that the characteristic X-ray frequencies of atoms begin to be excited at just the potential at which the energy of the stream of electrons which is bombarding the atoms has reached the value given by $h\nu = \frac{1}{2}mv^2$, in which ν is now the frequency of a so-called absorption edge.

In France de Broglie, and in England Ellis, on the other hand, measured with great precision the speed of electrons large field of so-called ionizing and radiating potentials. This has also involved the utilization and verification of the same reciprocal relation between frequency and electronic energy which is stated in the Einstein equation and which constitutes in its inverse form the cornerstone of Bohr's epoch-making treatment of spectral lines. This work on ionizing potentials all takes its start in Franck and Hertz's fundamental experiments, but the field has been most actively and successfully explored since 1916 in America, especially by Foot and Mohler, Wood, Davis, and Goucher, McLennan, and others.

In view of all these methods and experiments the general validity of Einstein's equation is, I think, now universally con-

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ceded and to that extent the reality of Einstein's light-quanta may be considered as experimentally established. This alone, with the consequences which flow from it, represents an advance of extraordinary significance. It is this which gives to Physics its most intense interest at the present time. The facts of relativity are unimportant in comparison. However Einstein's photoelectric equation came into being, the fact that ether-waves may

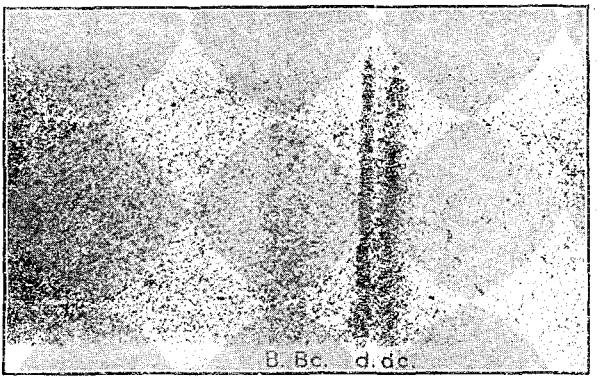

FIG. 6.—The Compton effect.

This photograph was taken by Messrs. Becker, Smythe, and Watson at the Norman Bridge Laboratory in April, 1924. It shows the frequencies of two different *X*-radiations, marked *a* and *B*, definitely reduced and the corresponding spectral lines shifted toward the red, *i. e.* to *ac* and *Bc*, because of the fact that these radiations have impinged upon the electrons in aluminium. This important new phenomenon was quantitatively predicted by A. H. Compton from the simple assumption that the ordinary laws of impact hold when an assumed Einstein light-quant encounters an electron. It is, then, the latest success of the Einstein conception.

be absorbed by electrons in atoms and these electrons shot out with an initial energy $h\nu$ (ν being the frequency of the incident ether-waves) and the inverse fact that, when electrons of known energy, $\frac{1}{2}mv^2$, are shot into atoms, they stimulate ether-waves whose limiting frequency can be computed accurately from the foregoing relation, represent a recent experimental discovery of quite as much significance for the future of Physics as the discovery of the atomic nature of electricity itself. *If the light-quant be defined as the definitely transferable, and in that sense unitary, energy-quantity $h\nu$, then the existence of the light-quant is an established experimental fact.*

But the conception of *localized* light-quanta out of which Einstein got his equation must still be regarded as far from being established, since it has not yet been found possible to reconcile it with the numerous well-established facts of interference. Whether the mechanism of interaction between ether-waves and electrons has its seat in the unknown conditions and laws existing within the atom, or is to be looked for primarily in the essentially corpuscular Thomson-Planck-Einstein conceptions as to the nature of radiant energy, is the all-absorbing uncertainty upon the frontiers of modern Physics.

In 1921 I thought I had taken another step toward its solution in proving that in the photoelectric process the light energy $h\nu$ is taken up, not only by electrons within atoms, but also by the free (*i. e.* the conduction) electrons in metals. For this seemed to take the absorbing mechanism out of the atom entirely and to make the property of imparting the energy $h\nu$ to an electron, whether free or bound, an intrinsic property of light itself.

But a beautiful discovery by Klein and Rosseland a year later in Bohr's Institute made this conclusion unnecessary. For it showed, as Doctor Epstein of The California Institute first pointed out, that there was an intermediate process, namely "a collision of the second kind" by which the energy might be transferred, without loss, *indirectly* from the light wave to the conduction electron, thus obviating the necessity of a *direct* transfer. The act of absorption could

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still, then, be an atomic process and the absorbed energy afterward passed on by a collision of the second kind to a free electron. This important discovery then left the evidence for localized light-quanta just where it was before.

Within the past year, however, a young American physicist, Arthur H. Compton, of the University of Chicago, by using the conception of localized light-quanta has brought forward another new phenomenon which at least shows the fecundity of the Einstein hypothesis. Compton goes a step farther than Einstein, in that he assumes not only the existence of light-quanta, but also that in the impact between a light-quant and a free electron the laws of conservation of energy and of conservation of momentum both hold. This assumption enables him to compute exactly how much the frequency of ether-waves which have collided with free electrons will be lowered because of the energy which they have given up to the electron in the act of collision, and therefore the loss which their own frequency, *i. e.*, their own $h\nu$, has experienced. He then finds experimentally that there is approximately the computed lowering in frequency when monochromatic X-rays from molybdenum are scattered by carbon. Further, Ross at Stanford University has checked this result by the photographic method.

On account of the fact that Duane and his coworkers at Harvard University could not find a trace of the Compton effect, Messrs. Becker, Smythe, and Watson have very recently at the California Institute at Pasadena repeated the same type of scattering experiments as those made by Ross, using, however, aluminium as a scatterer and have found on one plate, taken with high resolution, the so-called alpha doublet line of molybdenum shifted as a clearly observable doublet toward longer wave-lengths. Further the amount of the shift was here measurable with an accuracy of about 1 per cent *and agreed within this narrow limit with that predicted by Compton's equations.* Fig. 6 shows one of these new photographs in which both the α and the β lines of molybdenum are shifted toward longer wave-lengths the correct amount, *i. e.* to αc and βc through being scattered by aluminium. It may be said then without hesitation that it is not merely the Einstein equation which is having extraordinary success at the moment but the Einstein conception as well.

But until it can account for the facts of interference and the other effects which have seemed thus far to be irreconcilable with it, we must withhold our full assent. Possibly the recent steps taken by Duane, Compton, Epstein, and Ehrenfest may ultimately bear fruit in bringing even interference under the control of localized light-quanta. But as yet the path is dark.

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Who Own the Railroads?

BY EDMUND A. WHITMAN

THERE is a persistent rumor, frequently fostered by railway executives, that stockholders own the railroads. Nothing could be further from the truth. There are multitudes of owners of railroad securities, but that they own the railroads is a complete misconception of the facts. Ownership implies the right to manage and dispose of property at will, or at least subject to limited restrictions; but what control do the stockholders have over the roads it is alleged that they own?

In the first place, no man, or body of men, can build a railroad, or even an extension of an existing road, without an adjudication by a public body that "public convenience and necessity require" such construction. When the road is built it cannot be sold, mortgaged, or leased without the consent of such body; neither can it, or any part of it, be discontinued or abandoned, even temporarily, without such consent. Moreover, in the operation of the railroad the public dictate the rates that may be charged, the wages to be paid, the hours the employees shall work, and the number of employees who shall operate trains. The public direct the establishment of new stations and spur tracks, control the changes of grade, overhead or depressed crossings, and may direct the distribution and supply of cars and locomotives and various details of car and locomotive design. Even in corporate transactions such as purchasing supplies, the issue of new securities, the consolidation with, and acquisition of, other railroads, all are subject to public control in a greater or less degree, and, finally, no one may be a director or officer of more than one railroad without the consent of the public.

This enumeration is not inclusive of all the elements of public control, being but a part of what the Supreme Court has called "this vast body of acknowledged powers," but it is sufficient to indicate that if the stockholders have any ownership in the physical properties of a railroad it is of the shadow and not the substance. These "powers," now exercised by the federal government, were earlier the prerogatives of the several States.

It is frequently said that these limitations are burdensome restrictions imposed upon the owners of the railroads, but in fact they are the very attributes of ownership, and that ownership is in the public. There is, of course, a distinction between beneficial ownership and a bare title. The railroad corporation holds the title to the railroad property, but its beneficiaries are not the stockholders but the public. The corporation may own property only indirectly devoted to transportation and may, and many do, own securities issued by other railroad corporations. These may be disposed of at will, but the disposition and control of such property as is directly devoted to transportation is outside of that category.

This thesis challenges analysis and demonstration.

Consider first the nature of a railroad and its function in the community. Courts are fond of a juicy morsel in repeating that the railroads are "clothed" or "affected" with a public interest which confers upon the public the right of regulation, but the public have gone far beyond the stage of regulation. The grain elevator and the stockyard are also "clothed" with a public interest which brings with it a measure of public regulation, but no one need apply for public permission to build, sell, or abandon an elevator or stockyard. The Supreme Court, has, in effect, approved this thesis in the Kansas Industrial Court case when it refused to allow the regulation of wages in a packing house, although in the Adamson Law case it had upheld that power in the case of railroads. The "clothing" of the railroad is of quite a different kind, and

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the difference is in kind and not in degree.

The railroad corporation is invested with governmental power to take private property against the will of the owner. In some States the roadway is exempted from local taxation. The reason for this is manifest. The public welfare, nay, the existence of our present civilization, is dependent upon the existence and maintenance of railroads. A stoppage of railway transportation to-day would quickly bring starvation to millions and the destruction of inland industries. The people, or what was left of them, would relapse into the conditions of Colonial times. To the man in the street, and generally to the man in the easy chair, the railroad is nothing but a somewhat inconvenient means of transportation of himself or his family when the Ford or the limousine is not available. They both are apparently oblivious of the fact that practically every bit of food that enters their mouths, every garment they wear, the materials of the buildings they inhabit and in which they spend their working hours, not to mention the Ford and the limousine, have been transported on some railroad. The railroads, therefore, are not merely clothed with a public interest, they are the public interest itself. Everybody is dependent upon their operation. We talk about public utilities, but no other utility affects every one in the whole country.

In the early days of railroad building, the problem was presented whether the community should build the railroads itself or intrust that function to individuals. As early as 1828 the Legislature of Massachusetts appointed a commission to survey routes for railroads and to report "whether the said roads should be constructed by the State alone, whether in part by the State and in part by individuals or corporations, or whether by the latter alone." Massachusetts finally determined upon the policy of intrusting the construction of railroads to corporations chartered for the purpose, although frequently contributing largely from the public purse, but always reserving the right of retaking the roads when the stockholders had been reimbursed with interest at the rate of ten per cent and with full power in the Legislature to regulate rates. Massachusetts was thus continuing its practice of Colonial times, when it frequently expended public money in the construction of highways and bridges, and later, when charters were granted for toll roads, the Legislature invariably reserved the right to dissolve such corporation "whenever it shall appear to their satisfaction that the income arising from the said toll shall have fully compensated the said corporation for all moneys they may have expended in purchasing and taking care of said road, together with interest thereon at the rate of twelve per centum by the year, and thereupon the property of the said road shall be vested in this Commonwealth and be at their disposal."

Whether the railroad was to be built by the State or by a private corporation was purely a question of finance. In the one case the State raised the money from the public by pledging its credit, and in the other the corporation sold its stock or pledged its credit to the same public, and very likely to the same individuals. It was, in effect, the same money whatever the method adopted to procure it.

It seems clear that in the early days of railroad building, the choice fell upon private individuals rather than the public not through any belief in the superior efficiency of private management, for either system was wholly untried, but because the steam railroad was an experiment the success of which was far from assured, and the community, as a whole, preferred to offer the bait to private investors of a large return rather than run a risk to the public credit.

This bait was nothing more nor less than a farming out of the power of taxation of the State; that is, the power of exacting from the public the money necessary for the maintenance of a public service. The late Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in his first report as Railroad Commissioner of Massachusetts, in 1871, set this out most clearly. He says: "All sums exacted from the community for transportation, whether of persons or of property, constitute an exaction in the nature of a tax—just as much a tax as water rates, or the assessments on property, or the tariff duties on imports."

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The public can no more avoid its contribution to railroad rates than it can to the internal revenue taxes on the tobacco it smokes. Inasmuch as the tax affects everybody it makes little real difference how it is levied or collected. With all public service the method of payment therefor is wholly a question of expediency. The collection of ashes and refuse in cities, for example, is sometimes at the public expense, and sometimes a charge is made to the householder. Should the State see fit to restore the toll houses to the highways and charge a toll for their use, such an exaction would clearly be a tax. The railroads might well give free service were it not for the maxim of taxation that the best system is the one that plucks the most feathers with the least squawking and, in consequence, the burden is less easily perceived if it is borne in the first instance by passengers and shippers. The direct incidence of the tax is thus shifted, although the ultimate burden is not widely different when the expense of transportation is paid from the public treasury. In European states where state ownership of railroads prevails, the gross receipts from railroad operation go into the public treasury and are often pledged to secure foreign loans, while the operating expenses are paid from the general tax levy, and whether the railroad is operated at a profit or a loss is purely a matter of governmental bookkeeping. Clearly, where no dividends are paid, rates are strictly an exaction from the public to pay for a public service.

It is evident that such farming-out cannot safely be left unrestricted. In the farming-out days of the Roman Empire, the governor of a province was required to pay a fixed sum to the central government as the share of the province of the imperial budget, and the governor received his compensation as tax gatherer in whatever he could exact above that sum. The railroad corporation, on the contrary, reserves a limited sum and holds any surplus of receipts to the order of the public. The Transportation Act aims to permit the railroad corporation to collect enough to maintain the road and equipment and return to the security holders sufficient to induce and encourage the investing public to make such further investments as may from time to time be required to meet the demands for increased service. In the early days this object was reached by legislative limitation of the dividend rate—in Massachusetts ten per cent. Later, railroad commissions were appointed to control rates, and more recently the Transportation Act has partly revived the earlier plan of limiting the dividends to be paid. Local communities through which the road runs are permitted to help themselves to portions of the tax so levied by what is termed the imposition of taxes on the property of the railroad, but what is, in reality, an application to local needs of a portion of the tax collected from the public as a whole. The so-called "recapture" provision of the Transportation Act (Sec. 15a), by which all earnings over a six per cent return are divided between the earning road and a public fund, has been upheld by a judge of a United States court as an exercise of the power of taxation, and his decision has been sustained by the Supreme Court. It is taxation in the sense that it is a division of an exaction from the public for the performance of a public function.

The tax collected is thus limited, but in so doing the public have seemingly forgotten that the railroads must increase their facilities to meet the requirements of growing communities, and the money therefor must come either through the public credit or directly from the public. Money is not to be coaxed from the pockets of the investing public unless a satisfactory return is assured. This return must, of course, vary with the risk assumed. For a railroad in a new and sparsely settled community a high bid for money must be made, while a thickly settled and highly industrialized community may secure money on practically its own terms. Only about ten years ago New England railroads could secure additional funds at as low a rate as the cities which they served. Shares in the Boston and Providence railroad, paying a dividend of ten per cent, sold in the market for some years at three hundred dollars per share, returning to the purchaser three and a third per cent on his investment. Not even the State bettered that rate.

Various legislative devices have been

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adopted to secure this result. At one time all new issues of stock were sold at auction to the highest bidder. At another time, the public service commission fixed the price below which new stock could not be issued. If the commission fixed too low a price, valuable "rights" accrued to stockholders. All these methods were aimed at securing the necessary funds for railroads at the lowest cost to the community, and scant attention was paid to claims of stockholders that they should be allowed to make their own investments on their own terms.

The bait to the investing public was twofold—the somewhat shadowy protection of the fifth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and the self-interest of the public that nothing would be done to discourage further investments when needed. At the present time, neither of these has sufficient force to induce investments in new issues of railroad shares, and loaning money through the purchase of bonds is becoming more hazardous.

But to go back to the functions of the railroad corporation. The appointment of the management of the operations of the road was delegated to the stockholders, as it seemed only just that the persons who furnished the money should control those to whom they were to look for the return on their investment; but the managements, that is the presidents and boards of directors, are none the less public officers though privately appointed. Mr. Adams insists on this, saying, "they are essentially trustees," not only for the security holders to secure a return on the investment, but also for the public to see that it gets the efficient service so necessary to its welfare. This doctrine of trusteeship does not rest on Mr. Adams alone. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has on various occasions considered the relations of the railroads to the public. Chief Justice Shaw remarked, in one opinion: "It is true that the real and personal property necessary to the establishment and management of the railroad is vested in the corporation; but it is in trust for the public. The company have not the general power of disposal incident to the absolute right of property; they are obliged to use it in a particular manner, and for the accomplishment of a well-defined public object." Chief Justice Taft used similar language in the recent "recapture" decision.

A trustee holds the legal title to property for management, but the real owner is his beneficiary for whom he manages it. The railroad corporation is a governmental device to secure the necessary money with which to build and equip the railroads, and is a convenient intermediary between the general and the investing public. Nowadays it performs the additional function of holding off government ownership with the attendant evils of political interference, although even that function is near the vanishing point, and whether political or labor union interference is the most harmful may be an open question. The combination is most deadly.

At the present time, and with most railroads, the stockholders have, in practice, no control of the management. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, reports that nearly one half of its stockholders are women, holding one third of the stock, with an average holding of forty-seven shares. Of the one hundred and forty thousand stockholders the average holding is only seventy shares. It is manifestly out of the question for this vast number of people with small individual interests to unite in any concerted movement, and boards of directors are usually self-perpetuating. As a recent writer has said, "authority to act is largely delegated to executive committees, and the entire directorate meets only at stated intervals and then pretty largely to felicitate the officers and employees and to approve the work of the management." The stockholders are a pitiably helpless lot, and it has long been a financial axiom that a minority of a third, or even less, can always control the election of directors. This minority is not infrequently controlled by banking interests, and necessarily and properly so. The great body of stockholders cannot or, at least, do not provide the money for extension and expansion, and such money is, and must be, under existing conditions raised from the investing public through bankers who purchase, or underwrite, new issues of securities and place them with the public,

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who take them, in many cases, through their confidence in the knowledge and good judgment of the bankers who offer them.

From the nature of the case the bankers are selfishly interested to see that their customers are not disappointed in their investments, and to that end the banker seeks representation on, and is interested in the choice of, the boards of directors, and frequently dictates their financial policies. A few years ago the bankers who raised the money for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad stipulated as a condition that no dividend should be paid for a term of years so that all net earnings should be reinvested in the improvement of the road, thus increasing the earning power without increasing the amount of securities upon which a return must be paid.

Bankers, as a rule, are not trained railroad men, and the main function of a board of directors is to select a competent president and support him in his policies and appointment of subordinates. Managerial ability is rare and competition for it is keen, and the public must expect to pay for it. The railroad problem to-day is largely a question of management, and, as the president of the General Electric Company has recently stated, the conflict to-day, and particularly with railroads, is not so much between labor and capital, as between labor and the management, where management is as much an employee as labor itself. The active management rarely has any substantial holding of stock. The executives, being, as has been pointed out, public officers privately appointed, have a double obligation and allegiance. It is their duty to use their utmost exertions to see that the investors in the railroad securities, both bonds and stock, secure an adequate, or the stipulated, return, and they also owe a duty to the public whose road they are operating to furnish cheap and efficient service. The time is now past, if indeed it ever existed, when railroad corporations could pay dividends commensurate with those paid by wholly private enterprises. It must not be forgotten that, however profitable the operations of a railroad may be, the stockholders can only share therein through the declaration of dividends, and surplus earnings may be absorbed by further investment in plant or by increased wages of operatives or, under the Transportation Act, to improve transportation on less fortunate railroads.

The wage problem has been too long neglected by the public, who still do not seem to realize that the wages are paid from public taxation just as directly as the wages of the post-office employees. The management resists increases in wages if the effect of such increases is to imperil the payment of dividends, but if the dividend is assured, there is little incentive to the management to oppose wage increases in the absence of strong popular support. Controversies with employees are never agreeable, and it is only human nature to avoid them.

The public is vitally interested in its every-day life in efficient service and low rates, and so far as rates represent excessive returns to capital or abnormal wages to labor, self-interest is opposed to both. Selfishly it is its interest to pay no more to capital than is necessary to secure further needed supplies. Altruistically it seems to desire that railroad labor should receive a return sufficient to secure that shadowy and illusive thing known as the American standard of living, and in that altruistic spirit it is ready to close its eyes to all sorts of excessive demands. It awakens no general interest to be told that Rule 60 of the national agreements with the Federated Shop Crafts, issued when the roads were under federal control, requiring the roads to pay their employees for an hour a week extra for punching the time clock "regardless of the number of hours worked during the week," cost the Boston and Maine Railroad some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a single year. It is of no personal interest that the United States Labor Board awarded an employee of a Western railroad thirty-four dollars and eighty-four cents for one hour's work when he travelled to an outside terminal, slept there, did his hour's work, and travelled back. His claim under "the rules" was for time and a half and double time for overtime for the period of his absence from his home station. Truly the rules emulate certain well-advertised pills—they work while you sleep. These illustrations were taken quite at random from

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editorial articles in the Boston *Herald* some two years ago, but the readers could not be induced to comprehend that these absurdities were paid for by the public and every one paid his share, minute in each instance, but colossal in their sum total. There still persists a feeling that these payments are the spoils of a war between capital and labor and represent justifiable loot from rapacious capital in which the public as a whole has no interest except to cheer on the victor. The time may, nay must, come when the public worm will turn and the railroad labor unions will find this elaborate structure of absurd and selfish rules toppling about them like a house of cards.

The disinclination to controversy over wages has been heightened by the attitude of the National Government, particularly during the war-time administration. The Adamson Act and the action of the director general in encouraging and approving agreements with the various labor unions have fettered the hands of the railroad executives to such an extent that there is left little incentive to resist further encroachment by the unions. Now that these agreements have been turned back to the managements and unions to readjust, the unions show little inclination to surrender the advantages they have gained. The provisions of the Transportation Act tend to make these conditions permanent. The attitude of the unions is that of the famous remark about the public attributed to Commodore Vanderbilt.

One alarming condition is the insistence of the unions on the right of promotion by seniority. It is true that the agreements provide that, ability and merit being equal, seniority shall prevail in promotions in the classified service, but the management is no longer allowed to settle questions of ability and merit, as all decisions are ultimately appealable to the Labor Board, sitting in Chicago, who frequently upset the judgment of the executive officers, laying down as a principle that "the intent of this rule is to establish seniority as the *first* consideration in selecting the successful applicant for a bulletined position." Vacancies must be posted upon the local bulletin boards.

Some curious cases occur. The management of a transcontinental railroad appointed a man, not an employee of the railroad, to have charge of the shipping of wool at Miles City, Mont., as that point was sharply competitive and the appointee was personally acquainted with the shippers of wool and could attract business. The wool-shipping season is short, so that the office was open only fifty-five days and the appointment was necessarily temporary. An employee of the road, who was entitled to the place on the basis of seniority, applied therefor and was rejected because the position was temporary, he was already employed, and he had no personal acquaintance with the district. On appeal, the Labor Board declared him entitled to the job and, as the office had long since been closed for the season, ordered the railroad to pay him the difference between the salary he had received in his regular job and what he would have received had he obtained the desired place.

The deadening thing about this application of the seniority principle is that it puts upon the railroads much the same burden that encumbers the army, where a second lieutenant has been reasonably sure of becoming a colonel, and perhaps a general, if he lived long enough. In time of peace that may do no harm, but General Pershing's main task in France was weeding out the incompetents and replacing them with men of energy, capacity, and leadership. The railroads sorely need all three of these qualities, and the public authorities should take steps to see that the railroad managements secure them.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a rival in magnitude and capitalization of any railroad system, annually sends its agents to colleges to interest young men of promise in telephony as a career. The General Electric Company and the larger New York banks also make special efforts to enlist brains and enterprise, but we do not hear of the railroads making any such advances. Educated young men of promise are not entering the service of our railroads and, what is even more disheartening, are not encouraged to do so by the active managements. This somewhat rigid doctrine of seniority interferes with holding out inducements to such men, as, in the very

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necessary years of apprenticeship, promotions in the ranks by merit are so difficult as to be practically impossible. If the railroads leave it to other lines of business to attract to their service young men of energy and capacity, they are doomed to the class of second or third rate enterprises, and that whether there is government or private management—not ownership. The public cannot afford to have its most important public function poorly managed. Mr. Plumb did not succeed in convincing the public that the employees can either supply capable management or attract needed new capital, but his thesis was that any one with a certain amount of practical experience could manage a great railway system.

The late E. H. Harriman, while president of the Union Pacific Railroad, initiated a plan by which a three-years' course of practical training in the various departments of operation could be given young men to prepare them for promotion to executive positions, but the plan had to be abandoned owing to the opposition of the employees. If a young man seeks to learn the railroad business and starts at the bottom of any department and desires to shift to another department to gain wider experience, he finds himself at the bottom of the list in that department, and his experience in other departments counts for nothing when he seeks promotion, no matter how far he may have progressed therein.

If the thesis has been demonstrated that the railroads belong to the public and railroad securities to the investors, that rates are exactions in the nature of taxes levied on the community, then important corollaries necessarily and logically follow.

Railroad employees are as much employees of the public as are the postal employees, and a strike of such is a strike against the public welfare and is unthinkable. The Supreme Court in upholding the Adamson Law indicated this view in intimating that compulsory arbitration might be applied to the railroads. That the telephone service, except in New England, is so free from strikes bespeaks the absence of the labor union. While the seniority rule has its merits, it must not be allowed to trammel harmfully superior officers in the exercise of that human quality known as judgment of men. Outside of firemen, the railroad employees do not even have anything approaching the civil service examinations of postal employees as a basis for promotion.

That rates, or taxes, should be kept at the lowest point, it is essential that the management, meaning thereby the executive officers, should be of high capacity and ability. The present tendency is toward mediocrity and to "men of routine."

The management cannot furnish efficient service without money both for transportation expenses and for extensions to meet increased demands for service. The public must see, as they are not now doing, that the rates are sufficient not only adequately to maintain the condition of road-bed and rolling stock but to offer a return on the invested capital. New money cannot be attracted unless satisfactory return is assured. At the present time, the source of new money through the issue of additional stock is dried up. It is poor policy to club a man with one hand while with the other you are beckoning him to make a further investment. There is a limit also to the amount of money that can be borrowed through the issue of bonds, and the time is likely to come, and may come soon, when interest charges cannot be met and that source will also dry up. When that point is reached the public will be faced either with government management of the railroads under labor union domination, for the present elaborate system cannot easily be changed, or governmental aid through advances from the public treasury in the form of permanent loans. This stage has already been reached in the case of New England roads, where the national government has loaned a huge sum which must necessarily be a permanent investment so long as bonds of these roads in the hands of the public are selling at less than fifty per cent of the amount originally loaned thereupon. Government management is now on trial on the Boston elevated railroad system.

There are certain other considerations not well understood by the public. As has been pointed out above, the States and municipalities have been permitted to help themselves out of the railroad

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receipts by what is usually referred to as taxes. The extent of this local plundering has been but little appreciated. *The Railway Age* recently said:

"It seems now to have become standard practice for the taxes of the railways to exceed the dividends paid to their stockholders. In 1913 their dividends were $322,300,000, while their taxes were $118,400,000. In 1920 their taxes for the first time slightly exceeded their dividends. In 1922 their taxes amounted to $304,885,000, while the total dividends paid by them amounted to only $271,577,000. In 1913 it took one-eighth of the net earnings of the railroads to pay their taxes. In the first six months of 1923 it took one-fourth of their net earnings to pay their taxes. Those who clamor loudest for reductions of rates are also among the most active in causing the increases in taxes which contribute largely to making reductions of rates impossible."

Appreciation of this situation led Senator Borah to warn the Senate that "it will be very difficult to reduce freight rates if we continue in this country to increase taxes upon the railroads as we have for the last four years." This robbing Peter to pay Paul must have some limit, and localities must be compelled to pay their own bills from their own resources.

The public have not been wholly to blame for the existing situation of their railroads. Certain notorious stock jobbing operations, which did not necessarily affect the roads themselves, whatever losses or profits may have accrued to the holders of railroad securities, have brought railroad management into a certain amount of disrepute. Perhaps in consequence the managers have neglected opportunities to enlist the financial interest of employees and patrons. The stock of the Massachusetts railroads was at one time held, to a large extent, by riders and shippers. Every well-to-do family along the line of the old Fitchburg Railroad owned one or more shares of stock to secure the privilege of a free ride to Boston on annual meeting day. Massachusetts towns had substantial holdings of stock, such towns, not the cities, having voted aid to the railroads of more than two and a quarter million dollars. The State of Massachusetts at one time owned seventy per cent of the capitalization of what is now the Boston and Albany Railroad.

The roads of the great West, however, were largely the pioneers in developing the country, and there was no local capital to be drawn upon. Seemingly as a result, the roads have not attempted to emulate some of the other great public utilities. The Southern California Edison Company, with gross earnings of twenty million dollars a year, reports that of its "more than sixty-two thousand stockholders over ninety-five per cent are consumers and of more than five thousand employees over ninety-two per cent are stockholders."

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with its two hundred and sixty-five thousand stockholders, has one hundred and forty thousand employees who have bought stock or are buying it on the instalment plan.

The Great Northern Railroad has recently inaugurated a campaign to induce its employees to become stockholders, with, it is reported, fair success, but that the unions as a whole will consent to release their strangle-hold on the earnings of the railroads for highly uncertain dividends seems unlikely. Still, the railroad managers have an open field with both employees and patrons and one that has been only too little cultivated, although the present prospects of enlisting the interest of either employees or patrons are not particularly bright.

The railroads need a greater appreciation on the part of the rate-paying public that they own them and that investors, both large and small, have been induced to invest their savings in railroad securities in the expectation of a return equal to what the same money invested in other equivalent ways would give. Unless that expectation can be realized, this source of railroad capital must cease. The defects of government ownership are avoided by leaving the selection of the management to the investors, but that management cannot render efficient service unless untrammelled by laws and rules preventing, or hindering, them in having the same control as management in other lines of business. Unless the public can be made to get this point of view, railroad service is headed for the rocks.

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The President

BY EDWARD W. BOK

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,
They were souls that stood alone."
EMERSON.

THE flames of war were rising over the land. The pressure upon the President had been, for months, intense and insistent. Appeals poured in asking that the President take action. The newspapers, particularly along the Eastern seaboard, clamored loudly. Government officials, delegations, and organizations of all kinds joined in the demand. Even the personal friends of the President echoed the insistent cry.

"Have we no self-respect?" wrote one editor.

"Are we to stand before the world afraid?" asked another.

"Have we a coward in the White House?" came from a famous orator.

Silence hung over the White House. To those who called upon him, friend and stranger alike, the President looked grave, shook his head, and merely said, "War is a frightful thing." Then, one day, he went a step further and said, "I can only watch and wait."

Derision now broke out in the newspapers. "Watch and wait, forsooth. How long? Until our name is a reproach to courage and a byword for cowardice?"

The business interests of the country insisted that the uncertainty of war was endangering the economic structure of the country. Even the churches began to counsel war "for God and the right."

In volume and violence grew the demand. Stronger words now found their way into the newspaper editorials. "Coward" was frequently met with. "Bungler," cried an orator. "Deaf to reason and unwilling to listen," was the universal opinion.

Not a word came, however, from the man in the White House, whereupon he was told that "silence may at times be golden, but there are also times when it may spell cowardice."

Weeks grew into months, and yet the President sat calm and, to all outer appearances, undisturbed.

He was now adjudged "remote." Friends and officials ceased to counsel. He was "only willing to commune with himself and not with others." If advice was offered "it was met with rebuff." He was told that "he was untrained for the position and unable to grasp the situation." He "had proclaimed himself for an ideal and then had not the courage to fight for it."

So it went on. Patiently sat the President, and when friends told him of the widespread impatience he replied wearily, "Yes, I know. But they don't have to make the decision."

II

THEN, one day, came the hour for action. "At last," was the exultant cry.

The people got ready. Orators orated. Bands played. Registration places opened over night. The "regulars" marched through the streets to their armories. Women began to sew, and girls said goodbye to their sweethearts. Men too old to go into service wrote the President and told him how to conduct the War. All got busy,—for human slaughter!

Then followed another cannonade on the doors of the White House. Matters were not moving fast enough,—particularly to suit those who could not enlist. Now came "the right to know." What plans had the President? Why did he not reveal them to the people? Had he any? When Cabinet members were asked about preparations, they nodded toward the White House. When members of Congress were approached, they answered, "The President." Nobody knew but the President.

Again the President was silent.

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"Is this a one-man war?" the editors now asked.

"Are the people to be told nothing?" inquired another.

"Will the President kindly oblige?" sarcastically suggested a third.

"Watching and waiting again," ironically said a fourth.

From no quarter came encouragement to the man holding his lonely vigil in the White House. Gradually it became apparent that all was not harmonious in the Cabinet. There was little or no support of the President in Congress.

III

THEN came a victorious battle, and newspapers cried out in exultation, and the people shouted and cheered,—until the tidings of the dead and wounded were learned. Then sober thought reigned.

Again a battle,—and again a long list of boys killed in action.

"Is victory to be bought at such a fearful price?" the people asked.

To which the President replied "There is only one kind of war."

Soon the question was asked for the first time, "How long will this last?" And it was not long before appeals came to the President to "stop the war."

"But it was only a short time back that you urged me to start the war," was the answer from the White House. "You can't start and stop a war as you can a watch."

The same voices which only a few weeks before had called the President a coward afraid to fight, now began to tell him that he was "regardless of human life." He was "thirsting for blood to realize his ideal!"

"This fearful thing must stop," was the repeated word at the White House as the casualty lists grew by leaps and bounds. Folks began to recall the President's earlier words that war was "a frightful thing."

The President was again "willful, remote, insensible to argument, unwilling to listen to counsel." Or he was "filled with a self-importance. Although with no military training or background of statesmanship, he is attempting to run the war himself. No one is consulted. Advice falls on barren ground."

The President was "playing a lone hand." The American Ambassador to the Court of Saint James's hinted that he could receive no definite information from the White House or Department of State on those questions which involved the nation to which he was accredited. Cabinet members said in confidence that the first information they had of orders which came within the scope of their departments they learned from the newspapers at their breakfast-tables.

The President was running the war; no one else. He would listen to no one; he would counsel with no one. "The lonely man in the White House" became a universal characterization of the President.

So the war went on to the dissatisfaction of every one.

When in a momentous address the President defined the crisis in human civilization which he was trying as an honest and high-minded leader to meet and solve, showing the people most truly and clearly the right way and the wrong, it was only to be met by the criticism that he was "a spinner of fine phrases."

IV

THEN came the first rumors of peace. But again silence hung heavily over the White House.

"Have not the people the right to know what is going on?" again became the cry.

"Whose war is this, pray?" came the ironical query.

"No morsel of hope or comfort to those whose boys are at the front comes from the solitary figure on Pennsylvania Avenue," complained one editor.

"We shall know in time," counseled another editor. "In a year or two, perhaps. That is, if the President wills it. Remember, he is watching and waiting."

The closing days of the war thus dragged on, and little came from the White House. Meanwhile the President toiled and passed many a sleepless night, perceptibly aging, physically spent, steadily advancing, step by step, to that day when, as a bolt from the blue, he fell,—just as truly a soldier in the war as any one of "his boys," as he used to call them, that fell on the battlefields.

As always happens, there followed an aftermath of sorrow, and it was not long before those who pushed him aside during his life-time began to see that he knew better than they. Calumny ceased.

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Praise took its place. The man who was President was now standing, as we must all stand, before God for that judgment that faileth not.

"A true picture, very true," commented the Critic when he had read what is written above. "But don't you think that if the President had not been so remote, or seemed so self-centred, so willing to commune only with himself, he would have avoided much of the anxiety which he thus brought upon himself, and which after all was the direct cause of his downfall?"

"Downfall?" I repeated. "Whose downfall?"

"Woodrow Wilson's," answered the Critic.

"But this sketch is not of Woodrow Wilson," I ventured.

"Of whom, pray, is it then?" was the astonished query.

"Of Abraham Lincoln."

Idealism in Education

BY FREDERICK E. BOLTON
Dean of the School of Education, University of Washington, Seattle

THAT the school should be adapted to the changing needs of civilization is a trite saying. That the present-day school should fit the pupil for the present-day busy, bustling, industrial, and commercial conditions has become almost as generally accepted and as commonplace. The great slogan of the industrial and commercial world is efficiency. "Training for efficiency," "how to secure efficiency in business organization," "efficiency in farm management," etc., are typical of hundreds of articles in the popular and scientific magazines. How to secure more units of output with fewer units of outlay is becoming a great and enticing game. The dollars gained are again staked in the game of trying to secure still more units of output with still fewer units of outlay, so that the units of gain may be greater to again stake upon fewer units of outlay, in the hope of securing still more units of gain, etc., etc.

The school is regarded by many merely as a means of preparing pupils for efficiency in the various vocations. It has steadily modified its curricula in the attempt to meet this imperious demand. In the early days of this country the school attempted to educate for efficiency in a limited number of vocations—the so-called learned professions of law, medicine, and the ministry. But those vocations were quickly overcrowded, and education was demanded for the masses instead of for the few in the selected classes. Even seventy-five years ago the college curriculum was exceedingly limited in scope. Hawthorne wrote to his mother at graduation: "I do not wish to be a lawyer and live off men's quarrels; neither do I wish to be a physician and live off men's ills; nor do I wish to be a minister and live off men's sins; there is nothing left for me to do but to write books." It would be fortunate for the world if all who could not be happy or efficient in law, medicine, or the ministry, could write such books as Hawthorne wrote. But even with the addition of authorship to the limited range of vocations for which the schools and colleges gave some training, the circle was altogether too limited.

As a consequence, very recently the scope of education has been infinitely extended, and we have attempted to reorganize the curricula in such a way as to provide a great variety of vocational training. The elementary and high schools have manual training, shop work, forge work, domestic science, bookkeeping, commercial law, stenography, typewriting, commercial German, Spanish, French, Esperanto, etc. The universities have added many of the foregoing, besides pharmacy, dentistry, education, fine arts, engineering, journalism, etc. Besides these there have arisen schools of

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agriculture, and technical high schools and colleges, normal schools, and schools for various arts, trades, handicrafts, and occupations. The number and variety of courses within these schools are almost bewildering to contemplate. So great has been the effort to provide efficiency in some definite vocation that the dissection of courses has become almost humorous. I noticed only a short time ago twelve distinct college courses in poultry-raising. I also noticed that dairying had been divided into many courses, one of which was an entire course in ice-cream making.

Vocational training is undoubtedly a good thing. The man without a regular vocation in which he is reasonably efficient is a dangerous man. The nation without industrial vigor and efficiency is a decadent nation. Germany glimpsed that idea and tried to forefend the deficiency. England is awakening to her impending dangerous industrial condition and is striving to remedy it through vocational and technical education. Every man ought to have a means of gaining a livelihood. Every nation must encourage the handicrafts, trade, and commerce, and seek efficiency in all of them. But are these all, and are they most fundamental? While Spencer is right in maintaining that utilitarian ends are fundamental in life's activities and therefore should be in education, must we not interpret anew the term "utilitarian"?

A great philosopher once characterized a university as a "place where *nothing useful* under the sun is taught." That definition does not aptly characterize a modern university. It is rather a "place where *everything useful* under the sun is taught." This is a grand conception if we properly interpret the word "useful." If we accept the definition of Sir William Hamilton that "everything is useful that is not useless," then according to that interpretation whatever contributes to human welfare or happiness is useful. The one who paints a great picture, composes or executes a great symphony, or pens a great poem, is no less useful to society than the one who builds a bridge, discovers a scientific formula, or harnesses steam and electricity.

The ideal of "training for efficiency" in the gainful vocations is crowding out all other ideals, and its dominance means danger. Efficiency in a gainful occupation as an ideal unmodified by higher ideals means selfishness and sordidness. That ideal of efficiency is tending to crowd out all opportunity for fostering the development of altruism and all the finer sentiments that are contributory to it.

The dollar-sign has become so thoroughly accepted as the sign of success and efficiency that whenever a successful man is mentioned, the automatic inquiry is likely to be: "How much is his salary?" "How many shares of stock does he own?" "How many railroads or corporations does he control?" The men who voluntarily engage in some occupation regardless of financial remuneration and solely because it offers opportunity for service are rare indeed. Witness this in the decreasing number who enter the ministry, teaching, and certain fields of authorship. Also witness the same tendency in the tons of driveling stuff that is published in magazines, books, and newspapers under the name of literature. This last certainly indicates efficiency in studying and catering to the perverted instincts of a certain reading public. But what about the soul growth and expansion of the writers and the intellectual and moral uplift of the readers?

While this is a great age of organization, have we yet grasped the real meaning of organization? Men frequently join a club, a lodge, or a society with the avowed idea of making the organization a means of their own advancement. They believe that belonging to many lodges and clubs may further their own cause financially, politically, or socially. Much in the same way many young men go to the high school and to college. They believe that somehow through the acquaintances made and the diploma secured—not always earned—their chances in business, or in politics, will be furthered. When a young man is offered a position, his first question is apt to be: "How much is there in it?" Not: "How much can I put into it?" "How much service can I render?" "How much can I do for which I am not paid?"

Similarly, we have conceived of national organization. That country is apt to be regarded as the greatest, the mightiest, which can achieve the most for itself, can most completely dominate all others

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for its own selfish ends. We ask how extensive are its dominions, how strong its army, how efficient its navy, how rich its mines, how fertile its fields, how shrewd its men. Should we not ask instead: How fine are its schools, how justly governed its cities, how empty its jails and poorhouses, how unnecessary its hospitals, how justly its laws administered, how free from vice, graft, and corruption, how charitable and magnanimous its people?

The fact that present-day civilization is so devoid of higher idealism; the fact that selfishness and its attendant phenomena of greed, graft, bribery, and corruption are so shamelessly apparent; the fact that our law-courts are so remiss in the administration of justice, that our jails and almshouses are so crowded; the fact that the dollar-sign is the chief mark of greatness; all these facts and hundreds more point unequivocally to the next necessary step in education.

Every means must be employed to instil worthy ideals of conduct and character; every possible attempt must be made to awaken dormant consciences, to arouse the nobler sentiments, and to inspire manly and womanly impulses. Emotions are the mainsprings of life. Properly develop the nobler emotions and all else will follow—even efficiency. Instead of following Huxley's definition that education should develop the mind into a clear, cold, logic engine, we should follow Milton, who says that education should fit the individual to perform skilfully, justly, and magnanimously all the arts of peace and all the arts of war.

The ideal must be shifted. The school must train not for efficiency alone, but it must be the instrument of liberal culture; the means of awakening and ministering to all the higher instincts; the means of refining the soul and purging it of all that is base and ignoble; the means of stimulating to the higher forms of unselfish social service.

We shall continue to teach the vocational subjects. We shall still need the technical and trade schools. But the ideal ends to be gained must be changed. The vocational courses should have some time for literature, history, sociology, art, and ethics. The lawyer, doctor, engineer, and tradesman all need these as much as they do the technical branches. The great problems of the world which demand immediate solution, if our civilization is to endure, are not primarily questions demanding technical skill, but are social and moral questions. There is skill enough, scientific knowledge enough, available, if there were only courage enough, honesty enough, and unselfishness enough in applying the knowledge. No one of them demands any great amount of shrewdness or technical skill. A strict application of the ten commandments would solve almost every really great question confronting the world.

Should not the centre of gravity in the elementary and high school courses and elementary college courses be in those subjects that deal with these ideals for which I have contended; those subjects which do not prepare even remotely for the trades, crafts, or professions; those which have no relation to the development of efficiency in any specific occupation; but rather deal with the fundamental principles of human conduct? Conduct is the supreme test of life. Should not those subjects which promote ideal types of conduct have a larger place in the curricula?

Governor Gifford Pinchot recently said in his address to Pennsylvania school teachers, "To be successful, life needs to be more than practically efficient. It must be broad and fine as well. For that reason I am a strong believer in giving such time as can properly be devoted to them to the arts, including music, for I have come to realize the value of training not only for the work of life but for the great and beautiful things of life as well."

If the inculcation of worthy ideals is a more important educational end than "training for efficiency," then literature, history, poetry, music, and art, all of which deal with the emotions and uplifting ideals, are fundamental and not to be considered solely as an ornamental factor of education. Poetry, art, and music are just as important for the hewers of wood and drawers of water as for the men whose lives are spent in the realm of scholarship. Æsthetic and moral inspiration are the only factors in their lives which make for contentment and happiness and tend to lift them to higher levels of work and happiness.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WE *flew* from London to Paris. For the first time in my life, I travelled in an airplane. There is a daily service both ways, and there are passengers who take it as a matter of course. In our air-bus, some were reading newspapers, and some were asleep. My own sensations were different from what I had expected.

Our machine carried fourteen passengers, and an immense amount of baggage. When we arrived at Croydon, outside of London, where we were to take the plane, the weather turned sour—fog, rain, gloom. We were informed that we should have to wait, possibly not start at all. Thus, instead of soaring at noon, we did not get away until two o'clock; the weather had shown no indication of improvement, but the telegraphic reports from the Channel were encouraging. Every one of us had been weighed, and assigned to a particular seat in the airship, with the idea of trimming her properly. Pieces of cotton were doled out, and our ears plugged, so that the noise of the machinery became a muffled and rather agreeable accompaniment.

I had supposed that we should soar into the air and skim along like a bird. But it seemed to me that we rose like a freight-train, and plodded through the air with an elephantine motion. This was the only thing disconcerting; I wanted to be higher up and to fly faster. It seemed to me—it still so seems—incredible that such an enormously heavy mass of machinery and perishable freight could wallow along through the atmosphere without crashing to the ground. Why should we stay up at all?

The ordinary time consumed in a flight from London to Paris is two hours and a half; we took three hours and forty minutes. Our height never exceeded fifteen hundred feet, and our speed never went over eighty miles an hour, which, in an airplane, is slow. The continuous bad weather was the cause of our leisurely progress. We were in fog and rain the whole time, so that horizontally we could see almost nothing and I wondered how the pilot could see ahead fifty yards; but vertically the view was perfect, and every detail of the English and French landscape was crystal clear. The English country is surpassingly beautiful envisaged from aloft; the villages look as clean as if they had been manicured; and during our flight over the Channel, I knew what Tennyson meant when, in his description of the eagle, he wrote:

> The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.

We had a rather violent head wind, and as the sea was white, it was evidently rough; but, looking down from fifteen hundred feet, the waves were flattened into wrinkles. The whole journey was an experience I would not have missed for anything; but I still cannot understand why that mass, containing tons and tons of weight, remained in the air. I am, however, glad that it did.

Instead of arriving at Paris in daylight, we arrived in the rainy evening; and even so, it was an hour later than I had expected, as France was still on daylight-saving time. England had gone back to winter time at the equinox, September 21; France held on until October 4. The London *Times* expressed the hope that in 1925 London would not return to sun time until later; and indeed it is a mistake to give up daylight saving time before the middle of October. One has broad daylight at six o'clock in the morning, while the precious afternoon is sadly foreshortened. Daylight-saving time, earnestly advocated by Benjamin Franklin in the eighteenth century, is a blessing to the vast majority of people.

Yesterday we motored out to Chartres, to see the cathedral for the fifth time, and also to see if I cared to revise my nomina-

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tion of the plain tower for the Ignoble Prize. We were fortunate enough to have sunshine, a rare thing in northern France between October and May; and we had every opportunity to study the cathedral, without and within. I came to it with a fresh mind, as eleven years had passed since I last saw it; but I found my previous impressions abundantly confirmed. The interior, with its marvellous stained glass, is still to me the most impressive of all the churches I have seen anywhere; but that plain tower, before which the artists, architects, and guide-books fall down and worship, is to me without significance. There are plenty of ordinary steeples in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois that are just as good. Once more, therefore, I repeat that the plain tower of Chartres Cathedral is entitled to the Ignoble Prize.

In thinking over the plays I saw in London last month, only two made any deep impression. Of course September is out of the season; yet in London, and with so many theatres in activity, such a residuum is small. Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" I enjoyed even more than in New York; but whether this was because it was better done, or merely because it was the second time, I hesitate to say. Such a play ought to improve with every visit; that has been my invariable experience with first-rate dramas. Still, I am inclined to think the London performance was superior. In spite of the fact that a truly great author is more likely to be right than any critic of his work, I feel more and more certain that the Epilogue is a mistake and never should have been acted or published. I am glad to say that two of Shaw's foremost contemporaries feel even more certain about this than I. Very fine as "Saint Joan" is, I am a little surprised at the rapturous acclaim it received from the professional theatrical critics in London. Never before had he had such a good press. It is almost universally called a work of genius—which it assuredly is—and its author's masterpiece, which I doubt.

I counsel every one interested in the theatre, in the life and times of Joan of Arc, and in the extraordinary personality of her latest biographer, to buy and read Shaw's play and preface. It is curious that he, who has always hated romance, should have selected so romantic a heroine; but those who, on seeing the play, had imagined a new and different Bernard Shaw, ought to find, on reading the preface, that he is the same man. It is partly imagination, partly perversity, and partly hatred of modern medical science that account both for his sympathetic attitude toward the Maid and for his defense of her executioners. He believes that the mystical twentieth century explanation of Joan is nearer the truth than the sceptical nineteenth century attitude. Perhaps the following extract from his preface marks Shaw's farthest advance in religion as distinguished from ethics.

> But that there are forces at work which use individuals for purposes far transcending the purpose of keeping these individuals alive and prosperous and respectable and safe and happy in the middle station in life, which is all any good bourgeois can reasonably require, is established by the fact that men will, in the pursuit of knowledge and of social readjustments for which they will not be a penny the better, and are indeed often many pence the worse, face poverty, infamy, exile, imprisonment, dreadful hardship, and death . . . the simplest French peasant who believes in apparitions of celestial personages to favored mortals is nearer to the scientific truth about Joan than the Rationalist and Materialist historians and essayists who feel obliged to set down a girl who saw saints and heard them talking to her as either crazy or mendacious. . . . And which is the healthier mind? the saintly mind or the monkey gland mind? Does not the present cry of Back to the Middle Ages mean that it is no longer our Academy pictures that are intolerable, but our credulities that have not the excuse of being superstitions, our cruelties that have not the excuse of barbarism, our persecutions that have not the excuse of religious faith, our shameless substitution of successful swindlers and scoundrels and quacks for saints as objects of worship, and our deafness and blindness to the calls and visions of the inexorable power that made us, and will destroy us if we disregard it?

The only other play in London worth seeing is "The Farmer's Wife," by Eden Phillpotts. I had never thought of Phillpotts as a playwright, but only as an amazingly prolific novelist, who wrote three or four books every year. These were chiefly studies in Dartmoor characters, but latterly he has exhibited his ingenuity in the composition of mystery tales, with a complexity rivalling that of Wilkie Collins. "The Farmer's Wife" at once gives its author a place among con-

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temporary English dramatists. It is a brilliant comedy, full of humor, and so true to life that although it is extremely local, its persons are instantly recognizable by any one who knows anything of village or country customs either in England or in America. It is playing steadily to a capacity house, and may be seen in New York also with the Coburns.

Somerset Maugham's "Our Betters," which is in its second year on the London stage, is, like most of its author's dramatic work, neither good nor bad; it seemed to me a rather faint echo of Oscar Wilde. It is, of course, flippant and cynical, but so superficial that its philosophy is not of consequence. Mr. Maugham apparently uses the stage as a pleasant means of livelihood, reserving his serious efforts for novel-writing.

"The Sport of Kings," by the genial Ian Hay, who is a prime favorite in America, is farce, a series of absurd and rather amusing situations, with no pretence to anything more. But I confess I was sadly disappointed in a so-called comedy, "To Have the Honour," written by A. A. Milne. I had so keenly enjoyed two of his pieces, "Mr. Pim Passes By," and "The Dover Road," that I supposed Mr. Milne could not be dull if he tried. The first act of "To Have the Honour" was so insufferably stupid that I did not wait for the second and third. How such a piece came to be accepted and mounted will forever remain a mystery.

Late September is a bad time in London, for the interiors of all buildings, theatres, and trains, are much too cold for comfort, and yet the calendar is not sufficiently advanced to obtain artificial heat. Every one seems to follow the example of the terrible father of Eugénie Grandet, and light no fires until a certain date, regardless of the temperature. I wore my overcoat throughout every performance I attended at the theatres; but something happened at the Royalty Theatre which is so surprising that it ought to be recorded. The auditorium resembled the others in being admirably adapted for cold storage; but in addition, this had an icy draught that hit the back of the neck with precision. As soon as the first act was over, I hastened to the box office, complained of the draught, and the girl on duty replied that she would immediately telephone somebody or other, and have it stopped. I thanked her, but of course did not for a moment dream that anything would really happen. Now as a matter of fact, in a pair of minutes the draught absolutely ceased. It is almost the first time in my life when I have known a complaint to produce a definite result.

The play was a revival of Arnold Bennett's diverting "Great Adventure," taken from his novel, "Buried Alive." The word "wigwam" is used twice, and both times was pronounced with the second syllable rhyming with "ham." In 1912 I heard Bennett's greatest success, "Milestones," written in collaboration with Edward Knoblock, and I remember in that play hearing "wigwam" pronounced thus curiously. In the course of twelve years so alert a person as Mr. Bennett should have learned the correct pronunciation.

In a few weeks "The Great Adventure" is to give place to a new play by John Galsworthy, called "Old English." I wish I could have stayed in London to see it. Mr. Galsworthy told me it was taken from one of his short stories, "The Stoic."

Before this number of SCRIBNER'S appears, Barrie's "Mary Rose" will be published, and we shall have an opportunity to study his stage directions and get at the heart of that mystery. The drama made such a powerful and permanent impression on my mind that I can truthfully say there is no forthcoming book anywhere whose appearance I await with such eager expectation. Barrie did not tell me whether or not he would ever complete "Shall We Join the Ladies?" which, given as a one-act play, made such a sensational success in London; but he did say that he had originally intended to write it in four acts, which disposes of the oft-heard assertion to the contrary.

Talk about the casualties of war! During a Zeppelin raid on London, there were gathered together in an upper room one night Thomas Hardy, Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, Arnold Bennett, and a few others; by the dim light of one candle, these men sat on the floor and held such conversation as I can only imagine. Of course they had an interesting experience, but

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suppose—! In war-time, such men should converse only over the telephone. The life of an individual is sometimes of more value to humanity than the prowess or success of a whole nation. It is quite clear to-day that in the Crimean War the preservation of a young Russian officer named Leo Tolstoi was of greater consequence to the world than the triumph of either side in the struggle.

During my stay in London two American successes—a farce and a melodrama—had their initial performances before English audiences. "The Nervous Wreck" was, during the first act, greeted with jeers and boos, as many of the spectators thought it was beyond the bounds of absurdity; but its nonsense eventually conquered, and the audience was disarmed by helpless laughter. "The Fool" made a prodigious hit, and has since been skilfully advertised in the public press, as though it were a serious contribution to religious thought, or a work full of challenging ideas. The public love it, and it seems booked for a long run. But the critic of the *Times* unmercifully slated it for its lush sentimentality, and the critic of the *Morning Post* went a little further, and used it as a club to whack Americans. After stating that in one of his previous plays, Mr. Channing Pollock "showed himself up to every trick of the trade," the *Post's* critic continued as follows:

> But something more than the qualities shown in that play is required to deal satisfactorily or even pleasingly with a semi-sacred subject such as that of "The Fool." This does not seem to be the case in America, where the success of "The Fool" has been colossal. But then, in America they have playgoers by the million desperately anxious to get some news of their souls—whether good or bad news does not seem to matter. In England such a public is comparatively small, although it is only right to say at the outset that last night's reception was overwhelmingly enthusiastic. Indeed, if the applause on a first night counts for anything, "The Fool" might be expected to run almost as long as "Chu Chin Chow."

Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings, dramatic critic for the London *Daily Express*, in an article headed "Bad Manners at First Nights," contrasts the English unfavorably with the Americans. Speaking of "The Nervous Wreck," he says:

> It opened noisily, not dirtily like "Fata Morgana," and immediately the gallery broke out into jeers. This sort of thing simply cannot happen in New York. What is disliked is listened to in silence. When playgoers disapprove actively, they walk out.
>
> I was hot with shame while this scene lasted, more especially when gallery women openly imitated the vocal tones of an immature actress in the visiting company.
>
> There was enthusiasm for "The Fool" before the curtain went up. . . . At the end of each act there were loud masculine shouts of "Bravo," an exclamation which is not commonly used by the London theatregoer. Moreover, these cries of "Bravo" always anticipated the fall of the curtain by the fraction of a second. This puzzled me for some time, until it was suggested by a friend that the enthusiasts had probably seen the play in America and knew just when it was going to stop for a bit.

During my stay in England, the papers gave many columns to the career of Viscount Long, better known as Walter Long, who died in September; and it was pleasant to observe that although he was a Conservative of Conservatives, all parties and classes united to do him honor. He was in fact almost an ideal representative of the old-fashioned country squire, devoted to the country people, playing an active part both in national politics and in outdoor sports. One reason for the universal respect accorded to him was that he never made any attempt to conceal his political and social opinions, never stooped to compromise or to curry favor with his constituency, so that everybody knew where he stood, where to find him, and where he would stand in any conceivable emergency. Absolutely honest and upright, he literally sacrificed his health in public service. Only this year appeared his autobiography, "Memories," which I advise every one to read who wishes to become acquainted with and to understand the English country gentleman. Although there was nothing subtle in his mentality, no one can read this book without respect and real affection for the author's personality and character. If such a type becomes obsolete, it will be a misfortune.

We went down to Arundel in Sussex one day, not to see the splendid castle of the Duke of Norfolk, though it is a most interesting structure, but to have a good long talk with Alfred Ollivant, the author of the greatest dog story ever written, "Bob, Son of Battle," published in England

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under the bad-selling title of "Owd Bob." This time-defying novel appeared in 1898, and I believe nearly a million copies were sold in America before it made any impression in the land of its origin. It is now recognized everywhere in Great Britain as a classic, and its author has been elected to the Athenæum Club, the final mark of literary distinction. "Owd Bob" is shortly to appear in the motion-pictures.

I saw an excellent "movie" of "Rupert of Hentzau," which leads me to remark that although Anthony Hope is not nearly so often mentioned as in the days when "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues" were new books, he can console himself with the reflection that the two Zenda stories will never be forgotten. Indeed, the word "Zenda" has been added to the English language as an adjective. It is perhaps needless to mention that the ending of the Rupert story in the films differs happily from the conclusion in the book, which pleased no one except the author.

In a recent number of this magazine, I mentioned the name of Gail Hamilton, and asked if any one remembered her. Miss Celia Baldwin of Denver sends me the following interesting letter:

> Her writings were bright, witty, and extravagant—decidedly clever. The first thing I read of her was that she went to a restaurant and ordered strawberries and cream and the strawberries were so poor that to compensate for the fraud she wrapped up a goodly amount of the sugar that stood in a bowl on the table and carried it away. She was a school-teacher; and a friend of mine who was one of her pupils told me: "We all liked her immensely but we were ashamed of the bonnet she wore and clubbed together and gave her money to buy a new one; but she took the money and bought a book with it and kept on wearing the old bonnet." She was related to James G. Blaine and did a good deal to forward his political ambitions. Her *nom de plume* was formed from the last syllable of her first name, Abigail, and the name of a town, Hamilton, her birthplace, I believe.

An attractive presentation of the personality of James G. Blaine is given by his son-in-law, Walter Damrosch, in his excellent autobiography, called "My Musical Life," which I have been rereading with much pleasure.

From a cabin seven thousand feet up in the Rocky Mountains, and seventy-five miles from the railway, Mrs. Sidney J. Kidder sends me a press clipping from the El Paso *Times*, wherein a repentant buyer of President Eliot's five-foot shelf of books wishes to sell the same for anything first offered, only the owner describes it as "*George* Eliot's *four*-foot shelf." It seems to have depreciated in more ways than one. Mrs. Kidder also commends me for my denunciation of the abbreviation of "Frisco," as have several others. An interesting column on the subject appeared in *The Register*, of Watsonville, Calif., written by F. W. Atkinson, who views "Frisco" with complacency, but threatens any one who says "Wat" for Watsonville.

The author of "Uncensored Recollections" has issued another book, called "Things I Shouldn't Tell," which I have not yet read, but I clip the following from the London *Telegraph's* review, because it is one of the most annihilating retorts on record: it seems that Count Herbert Bismarck accompanied the German Emperor to the Vatican, and this is what happened:

> When the door opening into the audience-chamber of the Holy Father was opened for the entrance of the German Emperor, and then immediately closed behind him, Herbert rushed to it and battered at it with his fist, crying: "Open! Open! at once. I am Count Herbert Bismarck." "You mustn't do that," exclaimed dear old Ripaldi, who was, as it were, the Augustus Lumley of Rome. "But I am Count Herbert Bismarck," shouted the Prussian lout. "That," said Ripaldi, with a smile, "of course explains, but it does not excuse, your conduct!"

The Literary Supplement of the London *Times*, in a review of Brian Hooker's translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which was the version used by Walter Hampden, takes a familiar deprecatory attitude toward Rostand.

> Yet it seems impossible that he should merit a high place in modern literature. And for this excellent reason: he makes little or no emotional appeal; one admires his work without being touched by it. At its best it has a hard brilliance which dazzles, without revealing very much; at its worst it is shallow and competent. Rostand was not a poet-dramatist; he was a playwright making use of poetry. He lacked insight into the spiritual activities of men and women.

How many times I have read the same thing in different words! The difficulty is here; all adverse critics of the great Frenchman vainly attempt to explain the

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tremendous impression he made on the world, because they seek every explanation except the right one—which is, that he was a man of genius. To them it seems incredible that one man should have had the fourfold gift of drama, poetry, romance, and humor; but Rostand, like Shakespeare, possessed it in all richness. And when I find a critic who is not "touched" by the emotional power of "Cyrano de Bergerac," I can only feel sorry for him, and rejoice that there are a hundred and forty and four thousand who have been transported by the spiritual insight and genuine passion of the play. *Transported* is the right word; and it is, as George Saintsbury said of the poetry of Victor Hugo, the supreme test. It is my belief that, entirely apart from its literary art, "Cyrano de Bergerac" was a positive contributory force to the gallantry and all but superhuman endurance of the French troops in the World War. Whatever cold-blooded critics may say, the masterpiece of Rostand has entered into the very heart of France—yes, of the whole world.

A tempest in a teapot is brewing in Paris this very week. Lucien Guitry, the distinguished actor, is appearing every day at the Théâtre Edouard VII, in Molière's "École des Femmes." The performance is preceded by a clever, witty, and iconoclastic lecture by Antoine, who declares that the company at the Comédie-Française do not know how to act Molière, and succeed only in boring the audience; if one wishes to see Molière truly presented, he will have his opportunity in a few minutes. This speech naturally aroused the State Theatre, which will undertake to make a satisfactory and crushing rejoinder to Antoine and Guitry next Sunday, by the simple method of giving its own presentation.

That Parisians are not now hostile to German art, is abundantly proved by the fact that "Parsifal" and "Die Walkuere" are given at the Opéra this week. Even more striking is the production of that one hundred per cent German play, "Old Heidelberg," which yesterday finished a long run at the Porte Saint-Martin. I went to see this greatest and best of all college plays, and although it seemed strange to hear the German student songs sung in French, it was a thoroughly competent and delightful performance. The house was packed, and every one seemed to enjoy the glorification of the old German university town, and at the parting of Karl Heinz and Käthie (Charles Henri and Catherine) the good Frenchmen around me were weeping unrestrainedly. I did not see a German in the audience.

This play has the elements of true drama, in its contrasts, in its humor, in its sentiment. It will be remembered that it was often given in America by Richard Mansfield, and again at the New Theatre.

The most amusing French comedy now running in Paris is "Knock" (pronounce the initial K) or, "Le Triomphe de la Médecine," written by Jules Romains. This is a delightful satire on physicians, on patients, and on humanity. Young Doctor Knock is just the opposite of Monsieur Coué. Coué endeavors to persuade sick people that they are well; Knock persuades well people that they are sick, a much easier task. He enters a village where illness is practically unknown, but he soon has all the inhabitants in a sanatorium, by the simple process of beginning with free examinations. He shows his visitor a chart: "this is the way your liver ought to look," whereupon he exhibits another and most horrible chart—"and this is the way your liver really does look." Diagnoses take place on the stage; and the various village types that enter the doctor's office are amazingly well done. Those who come to scoff depart in terror, with a long list of medicines, appointments, and bills in store for them.

I regret to see a particularly detestable habit of speech becoming daily more common in England. Perhaps it is vain to protest against it, but I will. This is the false use of the word *like*. For example: *like he does*. I cannot be persuaded that this is really any better English than *hadn't ought*, or that distressing word *alright*, which follows the false analogy of *already*.

Among distinguished Americans now in Paris is that master of American slang, Ring W. Lardner. If he wishes to compete with his characters, I suppose he is speaking every day the French of Stratford Attaboy.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

ON November 10, 1924, there occurred in New York an event which must always be marked with a white stone in the history of American art. On that day the Metropolitan Museum opened the doors of its new American Wing, the building given to the city by Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. De Forest. Behind the south façade, formerly that of the old Assay Office in Wall Street, are rooms preserved bodily from the past or constructed in such wise as to revive the environment of the Forefathers. Within them are assembled furniture and other objects illustrating our æsthetic beginnings. Paintings and prints complete the ensemble. To explore the American Wing is to apprehend in singular vividness the spirit in which those men who made the Colonies and those who founded the Republic lived their lives at home and superimposed urbanity upon the site of the primeval wilderness. Many museums in the United States are giving earnest attention to our earlier arts and crafts. But the Metropolitan was the pioneer in this matter, taking a crucial step when it organized the American section of its exhibition for the Hudson-Fulton Celebration in 1909; it has ever since been unremittingly active in support of the subject, and now, thanks to the gift of this building, it makes a demonstration that is unique not only in this country but in the world.

Europe has of course shown us the way where the honoring of native art is concerned. She has an older ancestry and in consequence greater riches. Paris, for example, has so much that it must be divided among different treasure-houses. She has the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, the Cluny, and the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. We gather the collections in which we emulate all four under one roof. The circumstance gives a delightful opportunity to the student. Here he may, with extraordinary ease, literally "survey mankind from China to Peru" and observe the art of his own country in a perspective embracing all the nations and all the centuries. For my own part I find the American Wing more interesting, as I see it groping about for a place of its own in the cosmos that embraces Egypt and all the rest. It does not hurt but rather aids the imagination to come from antiquity into this modern world of ours, and the trustees have done a clever thing in so framing the plan of the new wing that it is entered from the old main building. The only fly in the ointment consists in the fact that the visitor is thus kept from seeing first the Assay Office façade. This was designed by Thompson about a hundred years ago. In its classical dignity it proclaims the severe mood which belonged to our formative periods, and there would be a certain fitness in bringing the spectator into contact with it at the very outset. However, the scheme is too admirable as it stands for this point to be stressed, and in the arrangement of the wing the transition from European to American sentiment is felicitously marked. In the little gallery through which the approach is made, there hangs the big portrait of "The Washington Family," which Edward Savage painted in 1796. When I first saw this in an exhibition at the Union League Club a year or so ago I longed to see it again in the Metropolitan Museum. It is inspiriting to find it actually there and in an ideal position.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE American Wing does much the same sort of thing as was done in the Swiss National Museum at Zurich a quarter of a century ago. It reconstructs characteristic interiors, endeavoring to minimize the conventional museum effect and to renew instead that of a veritable habitation. Space must naturally be reserved for circulation, but so far as is consistent with this the furniture, pictures, and so on are so disposed as to re-create the atmosphere in which the original owners of these things had their being. The only marked concession to the scientific side of

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museum administration lies in the careful fixing of a chronological sequence. Thus the entrance (on the top floor of a three-story building) takes you into the seventeenth century. Off of the central beamed hall, whose trusses have been modelled after those of the Old Ship Meeting-House at Hingham, Mass., are small rooms in which you may trace our earliest modes of interior design. The type commemorated is, of course, the house and not the hovel, the dwelling which is the mirror, so to say, of the upper middle class, the merchant class, the prosperous class which, if it went in for plain living, was at all events wont to do its high thinking in simple comfort. It is with a double purpose that I pause here to pay tribute to Mr. R. T. H. Halsey, the distinguished collector of Americana, who has labored heroically over a long period in supervision of the American Wing. With his own scholarship and with that of the many experts whom he has whole-heartedly called to his aid, he has established the wing not only with great charm, but in what would appear to be remarkable historical accuracy. We owe him much for that and we owe him thanks, too, for those numerous articles in the Museum "Bulletin" into which he has packed the lore of his subject. I shall turn to him for more than one illuminating passage. He has seen his subject steadily and seen it whole. On the top floor the seventeenth century is luminously unfolded. The eighteenth century is also illustrated there, and on the floor below we are initiated more fully into its characteristics. On the floor below that there lie perfectly exposed before us the traits of the early Republic.

The Washington Family.
From the painting by Edward Savage.

To what do all this reconstruction and elucidation lead? To what reflections and conclusions do they carry us? The visitor to the American Wing will miss the service it is there to render who fails to grasp it as the embodiment of an idea. It is based upon archæological research but it is concerned essentially with warm human things. It answers first and last

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the question of countless inquirers, the question as to how the instinct for art was implanted and nourished in the genius of the American people.

THERE is pleasant testimony to the frame of mind with which we started in one of those fragments which Mr. Halsey has ferreted out. It occurs in Edward Johnson's "Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England" of 1642. "Further the Lord hath been pleased," he says, "to turn all the wigwams, huts, and hovels the English dwelt in at their first coming, into orderly, fair, and well-built houses, well-furnished, many of them." You may see the proof of this in the American Wing, going first into the room based on the kitchen of the Capen house which was built in the seventeenth century at Topsfield, Mass. It is an affair of the baldest simplicity but that simplicity is not rude; it is seemly and dignified. In the neighboring room, reproducing the parlor of the Hart house at Ipswich, the level of taste is slightly lifted. The "summer beam" is chamfered, taking on thereby a little more interest than attaches to its prototype, and above the fireplace there is a moulding on which a pattern of red and black hints at an unexpected craving for color. When you get into the Hampton room, in which the walls are covered with the original New Hampshire panelling, you note an extraordinary progress in taste. Primitive as it is in epoch this room nevertheless shows in its investiture, especially in a corner cupboard and in the panelled ceiling, a strong desire to overlay luxury upon comfort. The evolution goes on into the eighteenth century through the room from Portsmouth, Rhode Island, on this floor, and is continued through the remaining chambers on the lower floors until we reach a high pitch of sophistication. In all these developments, which I make

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Seventeenth-Century Hall in the American Wing at The Metropolitan Museum.

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Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Hampton Room in the American Wing at The Metropolitan Museum.
(Second quarter of the eighteenth century.)

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Portsmouth Room in the American Wing at The Metropolitan Museum.
(Mid-eighteenth century.)

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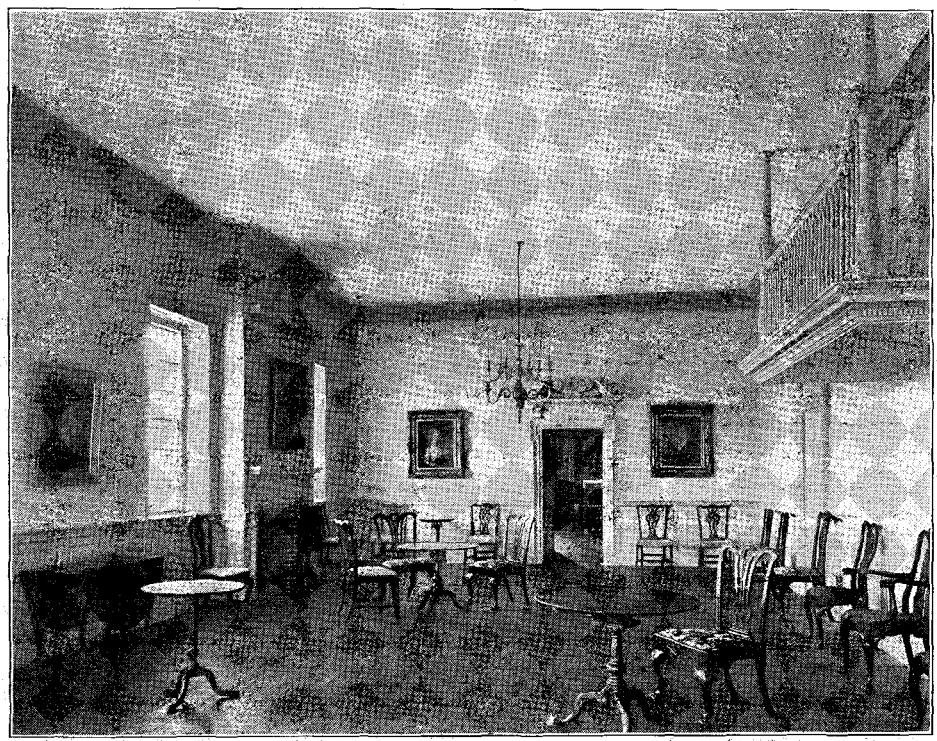
no pretense of following step by step, for minute details would hopelessly exhaust my few pages, the derivation of colonial craftsmanship from English sources is obvious. You feel it unmistakably in the furniture. It is the distinction of the American Wing that it is dedicated absolutely to work of native origin, but it



Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Ballroom from Virginia in the American wing at The Metropolitan Museum.
(Built 1780.)

forcibly brings out our early dependence in these matters upon the land from which we sprang. We were English in blood and in habit. We brought over the old Jacobean and Elizabethan chest or cabinet, and when we lacked it our carpenters and wood-carvers did their best to copy the old designs and the old style. I may cite here an apposite passage from Dunlap:

> The artists who visited the colonies found friends and employers; they did not need protectors. They exchanged the products of their skill and labour for the money of the rich, and received kindness and hospitality "in the bargain." Our first visiters were probably all from Great Britain; and none staid long. The pilgrims who sought refuge from oppression and the other pioneers of colonization, had their thoughts sufficiently employed on the arts of necessity and the means of subsistence or defence. Their followers brought wealth and pictures and imported from *home* the articles of luxury and the materials for ornamental architecture. As wealth increased, art and artists followed; and as the effects of that freedom which the colonists enjoyed was felt native artists sprung up and excelled the visiters from the father land.

The interesting thing to get at here is the question of the Colonial point of view, whether it was consciously artistic or whether it regarded art as wholly related to that instinct for comfort and luxury to which I have alluded. Did that liking for what the English liked, and that disposition to cultivate the same style, flower in a definite appreciation of art as art? Mr. Halsey quoted in the "Bulletin" last summer an advertisement published by John Smibert, who was a dealer as well as a painter in Boston, which

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points to the existence of the amateur. It runs:

To be sold at Mr. Smiberts in Queen Street on Monday the 26th instant. A Collection of valuable Prints, engraved by the best Hands after the finest Pictures in Italy, France, Holland, and England. Some by Raphael, Michael Angelo, Poussin, Rubens, and others the greatest masters, containing a great variety of Subjects as History &c. Most of the Prints very rare and not to be met with except in private collections; being what Mr. Smibert collected in the above mentioned countries, for his own private use and improvement.

From a photograph copyright by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1924.

The Powel Room in the American Wing at The Metropolitan Museum.
(Built in Philadelphia in the eighteenth century.)

Mr. Halsey tells me, too, that buyers of prints in the old days were more than lavish, sometimes fairly spotting a wall with engravings. The American Wing happily refrains from reproducing this foible. Both its paintings and its prints are restrained in number. Its testimony is, notwithstanding, in confirmation of the significance of Smibert's advertisement. It is clear that the Forefathers liked to embellish their walls. You may see that also in the several rooms in the wing which are adorned with Chinese painted paper or with pictorial papers printed in France. Still, the picture for its own sake was long in coming into its own. The portrait, painted or engraved, is the characteristic thing, and that functioned primarily as a record, not as a source of sensuous pleasure.

APROPOS of the sensuous note it is suggestive to observe the matter of color in the early American social fabric. I have glanced at the modest gleam of decoration in red and black over the mantelpiece in the reproduction of the Hart parlor. The rudimentary color-sense there manifested was bound to develop. It crops out more bravely in imported textiles, in hangings of painted cotton and in velvet cushions. On the rush or wooden

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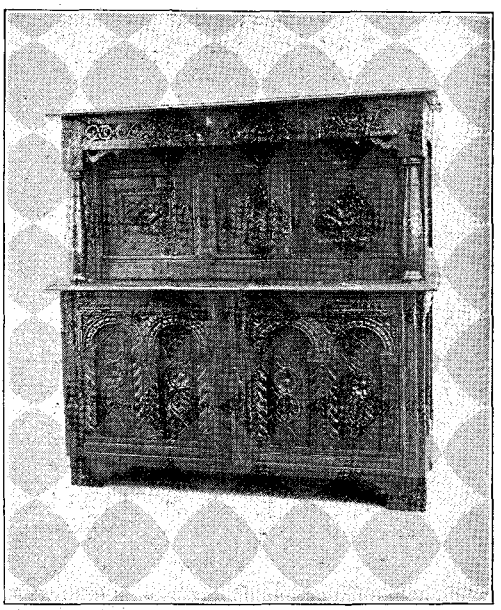
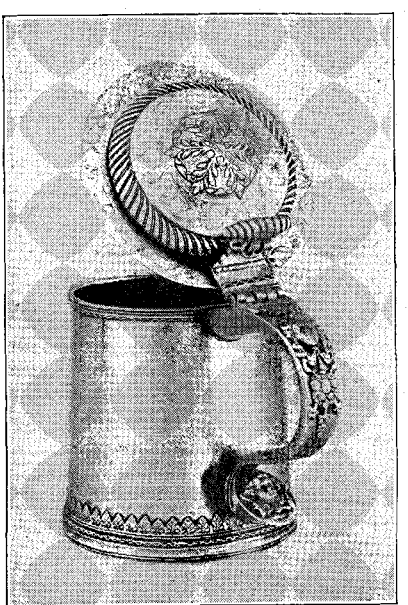


Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A carved cupboard of about 1650.

seats of some of the old chairs in the American Wing there are flung cushions of ruby or emerald velvet. The color sets off the furniture delectably to the modern eye and I can imagine the pleasure it gave to the Colonial housewife, how it brought something jocund into an otherwise sober interior. But musing in these rooms I have been greatly impressed by their sobriety. We are apt to think of the typical Colonial interior as an affair of brilliant white contrasted with glistening dark mahogany. That is a misinterpretation. In the seventeenth century panelling was left the natural color of the wood, without oiling or polishing and when it was painted it was more often gray or blue or green. I don't think, by the way, that their tints, then or later, were particularly happy. On the contrary, some of those in the American Wing are interesting only for their fidelity to precedent. Intrinsically they are of a deadly bleakness, some of the coldest, most inartistic tints I ever saw. The panelling in the room from Woodbury, Long Island, for example, may have pleased the farmer for whom it was made, but if the color he saw was what we see—and there is no reason to doubt it—we may be sure that he stayed a farmer unillumined by any of the subtleties of art.

I DONT think they were very subtle folk, these ancestors of ours. I don't think there was anything recondite about their æsthetic outlook at all. Indeed, it is an open question as to whether the word "æsthetic" had any great status in their vocabulary. As I have indicated, I do not see them as collectors in the strict sense, even though they had their occasional collections of prints and ceramics. I see them, rather, just as people of good breeding and consequent good taste. Art as the American Wing puts it before us, art as it was brought over from England, and somewhat artlessly nurtured here, was wreaked upon nothing more nor less than social amenity. And in its very detachment from the *milieu* of the collector, the connoisseur, it kept itself free to strengthen the one quality which was to prove, æsthetically, our salvation. The seasoned collector pays a certain penalty for his rôle. It makes him a complex being and makes his taste eclectic. We began with a strong tincture of fairly classical simplicity, and the outstanding lesson of the American Wing is that it stayed with us for full two hundred years. We wax in sophistica-



Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A silver tankard made in New York by Peter van Dyck, 1684–1750.

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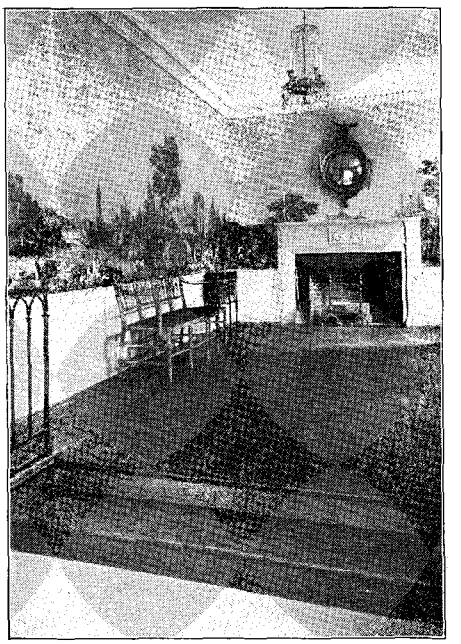
tion as time goes on. We are susceptible to rococo influences now and then. (There is a piquant instance in the room with painted decorations on the second floor, brought from Marmion in Virginia.) But chiefly our sophistication finds its efflorescence in grace and elegance. Our good taste stands firm. Our restraint is unshaken. You can see our evolution in perhaps its most eloquent phases if you observe the big ballroom taken out of Gadsby's Tavern at Alexandria, Virginia, and the room from the Powel House in Philadelphia. To the former, I may note in passing, Washington came for his last birthnight ball, in 1798, riding over from Mount Vernon, only eight miles away. The Powel room is richer than the ballroom, serving to show how wealth asserted itself, but both have the same austere stateliness.

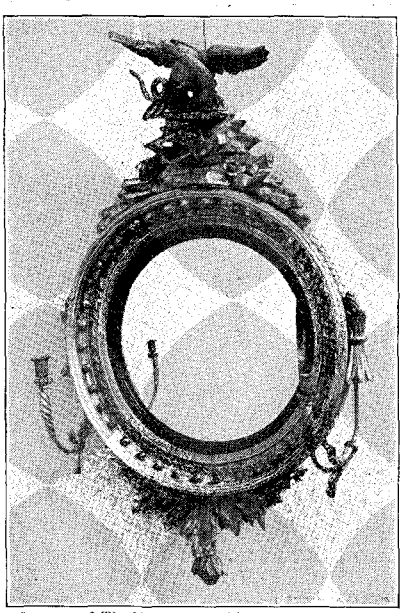
It is beautiful to see how the purity and reserve in matters of style, which we have now to gain through education, were then practised by our craftsmen and their patrons quite naturally and as a matter of course. The visitor to the American Wing will see clearly enough, if he gives his mind to it, the idea and the ideal there enshrined. He will see that the Forefathers liked as part of their measured, well-mannered mode of carrying themselves in the world a cool, serene, and handsome environment. They liked gracious lines, telling particularly in the delicately wrought mouldings of wainscot, panelling, and cornice. They liked a brilliant chandelier, a shining lustre. With high appreciation and always without extravagance they welcomed Chippendale and Sheraton, and took to their hearts the architectural motives of Robert and James Adam. They were always without extravagance, I have said, and I repeat the words because they affirm a fastidiousness at the core of the subject. There was luxury in that old America beyond a doubt. When John Adams made a note of the dinner that he had at "Mr. Nick Boylston's" one winter night in 1766, he added these words: "Went over the house to view the furniture, which alone cost a thousand pounds sterling. A seat it is for a nobleman, a prince. The Turkey carpets, the painted hangings, the marble tables, the rich beds with their crimson damask curtains and counterpanes, the beautiful chimney-clock, the spacious garden, are the most magnificent of anything I have ever seen." Gorgeous it must have been to leave



Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Alcove in the American Wing at The Metropolitan Museum.

(The cornice designed by McIntire; the mantel by Bulfinch.)



Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

An early American girandole.

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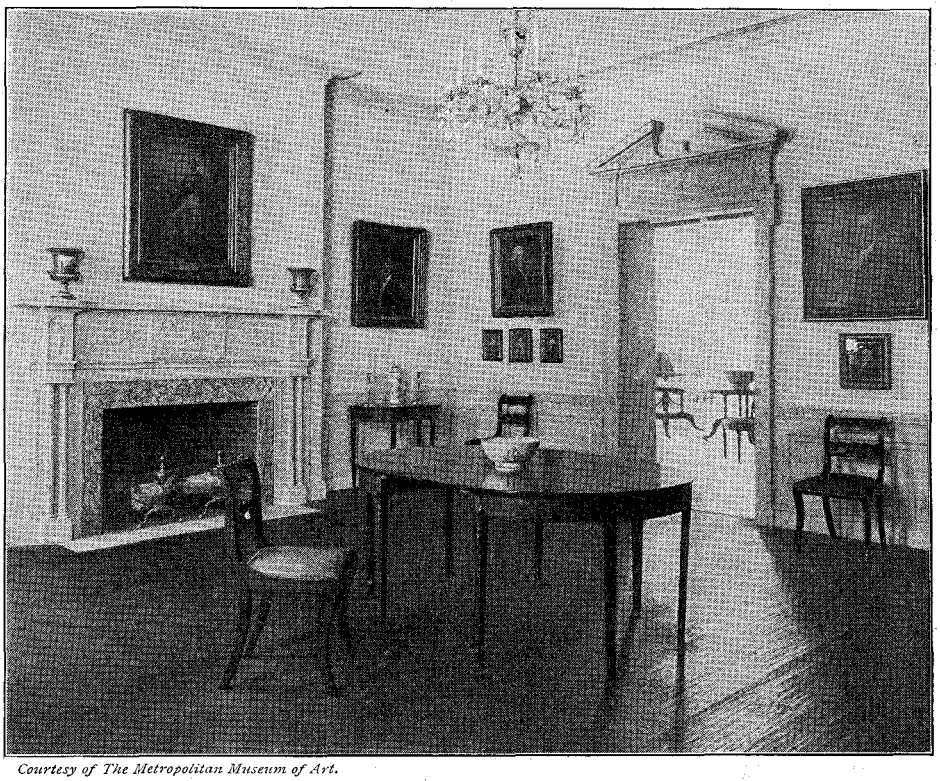

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Charles A. Munn Room in the American Wing at The Metropolitan Museum.
(The woodwork, from Philadelphia, dates from 1815.)

Adams so breathless, but it is certain that it had a fundamental simplicity infinitely removed from one of those exotic interiors in which your modern Mæcenas is lodged.

It is the key to the American Wing, this simplicity, and with it there goes a kind of beauty. Both elements pervade the whole broad scheme, the rooms as rooms and the pictures that they make of our earlier civilization. Moreover, the spirit of the place is exemplified again in those smaller objects which diversify and fill out the general design. Consider the pottery, the glass, and the silver, especially the silver. Our craftsmen were never more judicious or more suave than when they worked in silver. It is of the craftsmen, to tell the truth, more than of the artist in the ordinary acceptation of the term, that you think in the American Wing. American painting has its place here, but the portraits by Stuart, Peale, Trumbull, Morse, and so on are displayed less for themselves than as details. Though I am tempted to speak of some of these canvases, which represent some highly important painters, beginning with Strycker, and include some notable pieces in the Charles A. Munn bequest, it is the grand design which I am more concerned to emphasize. It has been carried out in the grand style. In a thousand ways the Metropolitan Museum has made itself indispensable to the nation, but never hitherto has it rendered a service so intensely national in character. Americans need to know the soil in which the evolution of their art is rooted. Here, as in a laboratory, it is made plain to them. The wing has an educational value beyond measurement.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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GAVARNI.

From the etching by Flameng after Gavarni's portrait of himself.

—See "The Field of Art," page 216.

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